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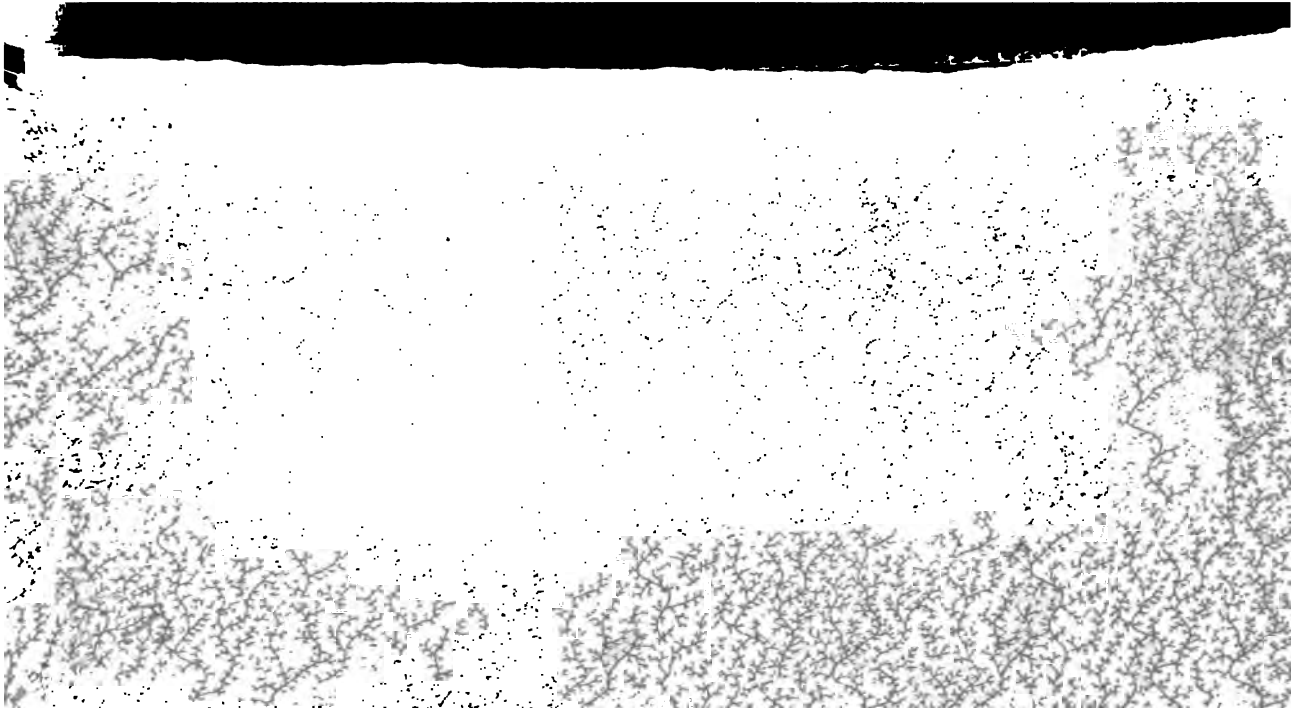

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THE

OBSERVER:

BEING A COLLECTION OF

MORAL, LITERARY AND FAMILIAR

ESSAYS.

VOLUME THE FIRST.

——MULTORUM PROVIDUS URBES
ET MORES HOMINUM INSPEXIT.——
(HORAT.)

LONDON:
PRINTED FOR C. DILLY IN THE POULTRY.
M.DCC.LXXXVI.

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THE

THE OBSERVER.

N° I.

WHEN a man breaks in upon a company of ſtrangers, to which he is not invited, the intruſion does or does not demand an apology, according to the nature of the buſineſs which brings him thither: If it imports the company only, and he has no intereſt in the errand, the leſs time he ſpends in ceremony the better; and he muſt be a very ſilly fellow indeed, who ſtands ſhuffling and apologizing, when he ought either to warn people of their danger, or inform them of their good fortune: But where this is not the caſe, and the man, ſo intruding, has nothing more to ſay for himſelf, than that he is come to ſit down in their company, to prattle and tell ſtories, and club his ſhare to the general feſti-

vity of the table, it will behove him to recommend himſelf very ſpeedily to the good graces of his new acquaintance; and if his converſation furniſhes neither inſtruction nor amuſement, if he ſtarts no new topics, or does not talk agreeably upon old ones, 'tis well if he does not make his exit as abruptly as he entered.

In like manner, every author finds a material difference in his firſt approaches to the public, whether his ſubject recommends him, or he is to recommend his ſubject: If he has any thing new in art or ſcience to produce, any thing important to communicate for the benefit of mankind, he need be under no difficulty in demanding their attention to a buſineſs, which it is ſo much their intereſt to hear and underſtand; on the contrary, if he has nothing to tell his readers, but what they knew before he told it, there muſt be ſome candor on their part, and great addreſs on his, to ſecure to ſuch an author a good reception in the world.

I am at this inſtant under all the embarraſſments incident to a man in the laſt-mentioned predicament: I am exceedingly deſirous to make my beſt bow to the good com-

pany I am intruding myſelf upon, and yet equally anxious, that in ſo doing I may neither make my firſt advances with the ſtiff grimace of a dancing-maſter, nor with the too familiar air of a ſelf-important. As I pretend to nothing more in theſe pages, than to tell my readers what I have obſerved of men and books, in the moſt amuſing manner I am able, I know not what to ſay to them more than humbly to requeſt a hearing; and, as I am in perfect charity and good-humour with them, ſincerely to hope that they on their parts will be in like good-humour and charity with me.

My firſt wiſh was to have followed the ſteps of thoſe Eſſayiſts, who have ſo ſucceſsfully ſet the faſhion of publiſhing their lucubrations from day to day in ſeparate papers. This mode of marching into the world by detachments has been happily taken up by men of great generalſhip in literature, of whom ſome are yet amongſt us. Though Mr. Addiſon, in his Spectator, N° 124, has aſſerted, that *a man who publiſhes his works in a volume, has an infinite advantage over one who communicates his writings to the world in looſe ſheets and ſingle pieces*, it does not appear that he is ſerious in

his aſſertion; or, if he is, it is plain that his argument draws one way and his example another; *I muſt confeſs*, ſays he, *I am amazed that the preſs ſhould be only made uſe of in this way by news-writers and the zealots of parties; as if it were not more advantageous to mankind to be inſtructed in wiſdom and virtue, than in politics; and to be made good fathers, huſbands, and ſons, than counſellors and ſtateſmen.* This will ſuffice to convince us that Mr. Addiſon ſaw the advantages of this mode of publication in ſuch a light as led him to make choice of it himſelf, and to recommend it to others; for it is not to be ſuppoſed, that he would have prefixed a motto to this very paper, purporting that *a great book is a great evil*, and then argued ſeriouſly in recommendation of that evil.

Some of the moſt pleaſing volumes now in our hands are collections of eſſays publiſhed in this manner, and the plan is ſtill capable of a variety, that is in no danger of being exhauſted; add to this, that many years have now elapſed ſince any papers of this ſort have been publiſhed: the preſent time therefore on this account, as well as from other circumſtances peculiar to it, may ſeem favourable to

the undertaking: but there are good reaſons, why writers have deſiſted from purſuing any further theſe attempts of working through a channel, which others are in poſſeſſion of, who might chance to levy ſuch a toll upon their merchandize as would effectually ſpoil their market.

The miſcellaneous matter I propoſe to give in theſe ſheets naturally coincides with the method I have taken of diſpoſing them into diſtinct papers, and I ſhall proceed to publiſh in like manner till my plan is compleated, or till any unforeſeen event cuts ſhort the proſecution of it. For me to conceive, in an age ſo enlightened as the preſent, that I can offer any thing to the public, which many of my readers will not be as well informed of as myſelf, would be a very ſilly preſumption indeed: ſimply to ſay that I have written nothing but with a moral deſign would be ſaying very little, for it is not the vice of the time to countenance publications of an oppoſite tendency; to adminiſter moral precepts through a pleaſing vehicle ſeems now the general ſtudy of our Eſſayiſts, Dramatiſts, and Noveliſts. The Preacher may enforce his doctrines in the ſtile of authority, for it is his profeſſion

to ſummon mankind to their duty; but an uncommiſſioned inſtructor will ſtudy to conciliate, whilſt he attempts to correct. Even the Satiriſt, who declares war againſt vice and folly, ſeldom commits himſelf to the attack without keeping ſome retiring-place open in the quarter of panegyric; if he cuts deep, it is with the hand of a ſurgeon, not of an aſſaſſin. Few authors now undertake to mend the world by ſeverity, many make it their ſtudy by ſome new and ingenious device to ſoften the rigour of philoſophy, and to bind the rod of the moraliſt with the roſes of the muſe.

I have endeavoured to relieve and chequer theſe familiar eſſays in a manner that I hope will be approved of; I allude to thoſe papers, in which I treat of the literature of the Greeks, carrying down my hiſtory in a chain of anecdotes from the earlieſt poets to the death of Menander; to this part of my work I have addreſſed my greateſt pains and attention. I believe the plan is ſo far my own, that nobody has yet given the account in ſo compreſſed and unmixt a ſtate as I ſhall do, and none I think will envy me the labour of turning over ſuch a maſs of heavy materials for the ſake of ſelecting what I hoped would be acceptable in the

the relation. Though I cannot ſuppoſe I am free from error, I can ſafely ſay I have aſſerted nothing without authority; but it did not ſuit the purpoſe of the work to make a diſplay of thoſe authorities, as it was my wiſh to level it to readers of all deſcriptions. The tranſlations I ſhall occaſionally give will be of ſuch authors, or rather fragments of authors, as come under few people's review, and have never been ſeen in an Engliſh verſion; theſe paſſages therefore will have the merit of novelty at leaſt with moſt readers, and if I ſucceed in naturalizing to any degree authors, whoſe names only float amongſt us, I ſhall not think that what has been the heavieſt part of my undertaking has been the moſt unprofitable. As I mean this to be a kind of *liber circumcurrens*, I have thought it not amiſs to intitle it *The Obſerver*.

N° II.

THERE is a pretty numerous ſect of philoſophers in this kingdom, whom I cannot deſcribe by any apter denomination, than that of *Dampers*. They are to be known

in ſociety by a ſudden damp, which they are ſure to caſt upon all companies, where they enter. The human heart, that comes within their atmoſphere, never fails to be chilled; and the quickeſt ſenſe of feeling is as effectually benumb'd, as the touch is with the torpedo. As this ſect is of very ancient ſtanding in the world, and has been taken notice of by ſeveral heathen writers, I have ſometimes thought that it might originate in the ſchool of Thales, who held water to be the firſt principle of all things. If I were certain that this ancient philoſopher always adminiſtered his water cold to his diſciples, I ſhould incline to think the preſent ſect of *Dampers* was really a branch from the Thaleſian root, for it is certain they make great uſe of his firſt principle in the philoſophy they practiſe.

The buſineſs of theſe philoſophers in ſociety is to check the flights and ſallies of thoſe volatile beings, who are ſubject to be carried away by imagination and fancy, or, in other words, to act as a counterpoiſe againſt genius; of the vices of mankind they take little notice, but they are at great pains to correct their vanity. They have various receipts for curing this evil; the ordinary method is by keeping

ſtern

ſtern ſilence and an unmoved viſage in companies which are diſpoſed to be chearful. This taciturnity, if well kept up, never fails in the end to work a cure upon feſtivity according to the firſt principle of Thales: if the *Damper* looks moroſe, every body wonders what the moody gentleman is diſpleaſed with, and each in his turn ſuſpects himſelf in the fault; if he only looks wiſe, all are expecting when the dumb oracle will utter, and in the mean time his ſilence infects the whole circle; if the *Damper* ſeaſons his taciturnity with a ſhrug of the ſhoulders, or a ſhake of the head, judiciouſly thrown in, when any talkative fellow raiſes a laugh, 'tis ten to one if the mortified wit ever opens his mouth again for that evening; if a ſtory is told in his company, and the teller makes a ſlip in a date, or a name, a true *Damper* may open, provided it is done agreably to the rules of his order, by ſetting the ſtory-teller right with much gravity, and adjuſting the miſtake ſo deliberately, that the ſpirit of the ſtory ſhall be ſure to evaporate, before the commentator has properly ſettled his correction of the text. If any lucky wit chances to ſay what is called *a good thing*, and the table applauds, it is a *Damper*'s duty to

aſk

aſk an explanation of the joke, or whether that was all, and what t'other gentleman ſaid, who was the butt of the jeſt, and other proper queſtions of the like ſort. If one of the company riſques a ſally for the ſake of good-fellowſhip, which is a little on the wrong ſide of truth, or not ſtrictly reducible to proof, a *Damper* may with great propriety ſet him right in the matter of fact, and demonſtrate, as clear as two and two make four, that what he has ſaid may be mathematically confuted, and that the merry gentleman is miſtaken. A *Damper* is to keep ſtrict watch over the morals of the company, and not to ſuffer the leaſt indiſcretion to eſcape in the warmth of conviviality; on this occaſion he muſt be ready to call to order, and to anſwer for his friend to the company, that he has better principles than he affects to have; that he ſhould be ſorry ſuch and ſuch an opinion went out againſt him; and that he is certain he forgot himſelf, when he ſaid ſo and ſo. If any glance is made at private characters, however notorious, a *Damper* ſteps in with a recommendation of candour, and inveighs moſt pathetically againſt the ſin of evil-ſpeaking. He is never merry in company, except when any one in it is apparently

parently out of ſpirits, and with ſuch an one he is always exceedingly pleaſant.

A *Damper* is ſo profeſt an enemy to flattery, that he never applies it in ever ſo ſmall a degree even to the moſt diffident: he never chears a young author for fear of marring his modeſty, never ſinks truths becauſe they are diſagreable, and if any one is raſhly enjoying the tranſports of public fame on account of ſome ſucceſsful production in art or ſcience, the *Damper* kindly tells him what ſuch and ſuch a critic has ſcoffingly ſaid on the occaſion, and, if nothing better offers, lowers his triumphs with a paragraph from a news-paper, which his thoughtleſs friend might elſe have overlooked. He is remarkably careful not to ſpoil young people by making allowances for ſpirits or inexperience, or by indulging them in an opinion of their perſons or accompliſhments. He has many excellent apothegms in his mouth ready to recommend to thoſe, who want them, ſuch as *to be merry and wiſe*;—*a grain of truth is better than an ounce of wit*;—*a fool's bolt is ſoon ſhot, but a wiſe man keeps his within the quiver*;—*he that was only taught by himſelf had a fool to his maſter*;—and many more of the like ſort.

The

The following letter will ſerve to ſhew in what ſort of eſtimation this ſect of *Dampers* was held by a Roman author, who was one of the fineſt gentlemen of his time.

PLINY to RESTITUTUS*.

I cannot forbear pouring out my indignation before you in a letter, ſince I have no opportunity of doing ſo in perſon, againſt a certain behaviour which gave me ſome offence in an aſſembly, where I was lately preſent. The company was entertained with the recital of a very finiſhed performance; but there were two or three perſons among the audience, men of great genius in their own and a few of their friends eſtimation, who ſat like ſo many mutes, without ſo much as moving a lip or a hand, or once riſing from their ſeats, even to ſhift their poſture. But to what purpoſe, in the name of good ſenſe, all this wondrous air of wiſdom and ſolemnity, or rather indeed (to give it its true appellation) of this proud indolence? Is it not downright folly, or even madneſs, thus to be at the expence of a whole day merely to commit a piece of rudeneſs, and leave him an enemy, whom you viſited as a friend? Is a man

* MELMOTH's Tranſlation.

conſcious

conſcious that he poſſeſſes a ſuperior degree of eloquence than the perſon whom he attends upon in ſuch an occaſion? So much the rather ought he to guard againſt every appearance of envy, as a paſſion that always implies inferiority, wherever it reſides. But whatever a man's talent may be, whether greater or equal or leſs than his friend's, ſtill it is his intereſt to give him the approbation he deſerves: if greater or equal, becauſe the higher his glory riſes, whom you equal or excel, the more conſiderable yours muſt neceſſarily be; if leſs, becauſe if one of more exalted abilities does not meet with applauſe, neither poſſibly can you. For my own part, I honour and revere all, who diſcover any degree of merit in the painful and laborious art of oratory; for eloquence is a high and haughty dame, who ſcorns to reſide with thoſe that deſpiſe her. But perhaps you are not of this opinion; yet who has a greater regard for this glorious ſcience, or is a more candid judge of it than yourſelf? In confidence of which, I choſe to vent my indignation particularly to you, as not doubting you would be the firſt to ſhare with me in the ſame ſentiments.

Farewell.

The Romans were much in the habit of reading their unpubliſhed performances to ſelect parties, and ſometimes no doubt put the patience and politeneſs of their hearers to a ſevere trial: I conceive that this practice does not obtain to any great degree amongſt us at preſent; neither is it a thing to be recommended to young authors, except under peculiar circumſtances; for they certainly expoſe themſelves and their hearers to a ſituation very delicate at beſt, and which ſometimes leads to unpleaſant conſequences. I am aware how much is to be expected from the judicious remarks of a critic, who will correct *with all the malice of a friend*; yet a man ſo qualified and diſpoſed is not eaſily found, and does not often fall within the liſt of an author's acquaintance; men, who read their works in circles, or to any but the moſt ſelect friends, read for no other purpoſe but for admiration and applauſe; they cannot poſſibly expect criticiſm, and it is accordingly agreed upon by all, but the ſect of the *Dampers*, either to keep out of ſuch circles, or to pay their quota when the reckoning is caſt up. Few, but men of quick and lively parts, are forward to recite in ſuch ſocieties, and theſe are the very men who

who are moſt pained by neglect; for I think it is a remark, with as few exceptions to it as moſt general remarks have, that brilliant talents are attended with extreme ſenſibility, and the effects of ſenſibility bear ſuch reſemblance to the effects of vanity, that the undiſcerning multitude are too apt to confound them. Theſe are the men, who, in their progreſs through life, are moſt frequently miſunderſtood, and generally leſs pitied than they ought to be.

Now a *Damper* will tell you that he is conſulting ſuch a man's good, and lowering his vanity, when he is ſporting with his feelings, and will take merit to himſelf for the diſcipline he gives him; but humanity will reflect, that the ſame ſpirits, which are prone to exult upon ſucceſs, are proportionably agonized by the failure of it, and will therefore prompt us to a gentler treatment of ſuch perſons.

The ſums which are expended in this nation upon thoſe refined enjoyments, which are produced by the expertneſs of the hands and the ingenuity of the head, are certainly very great; and men are therefore apt to exclaim, "See "what encouragement this country gives to "arts and ſciences!" If money were the ſtandard

dard meaſure of encouragement, there could be no diſpute in the caſe; but ſo long as men have a feeling for their pride, as well as for their pocket, money alone will not encourage and promote the genius of a nation; it is the grace of doing a favour, which conſtitutes its merit; it is from the manners of the great that the man of riſing talents is to draw that inſpiriting conſideration of himſelf, that ſtimulating pride of nature, which are to puſh his efforts towards perfection.

A limner will take a canvaſs and chalk out a man's face he has never ſeen before, and hang on his robes, or his garter, if he has one, or will put a horſe in his hand, if he likes it better, or make a battle in the back ground, if he was ever within hearing of one, and when the job is finiſhed will be paid the price of his labour, like any other mechanic; the money he may ſpend or put to uſe, and, if cuſtomers come in, he may raiſe his price upon them, and the world may call thoſe profits an encouragement; but the painter is ſtill a tradeſman, and his ſitter, not a patron, but a cuſtomer: The mercer, whoſe damaſk clothes the walls of the nobleman's ſaloon, and the artiſt, whoſe pictures hang round it, are in the

ſame

ſame predicament as to encouragement, whilſt neither of them are admitted into the houſe they contribute to adorn.

As I have made this remark with a reference to the *Dampers* in high life, I am aware that there are many eminent encouragers of the arts and ſciences amongſt the rich and liberal; nay ſo general is their protection, that it comprehends a numerous importation of exotic tooth-drawers, dancers, and milliners, who find that England is the nurſery of genius: even the magnifying philoſopher of Piccadilly (unleſs he multiplies as well as magnifies) has ſhewn his *wonders* ſo frequently and to ſuch prodigious numbers, that it is to be doubted, if they ſhall continue to be *wonders* much longer.

There were men in ancient Greece no doubt, who talked, though Zeno choſe to hold his tongue, when certain ambaſſadors had invited him to ſupper, that they might report his ſayings to their ſovereign; *What ſhall we ſay of you to our maſter?* the foreigners demanded; *Say that I had the wiſdom to hold my tongue*, replied the Stoic. Though I am clearly of opinion that this great maſter of ſilence was an intolerable *Damper*, and made a very

poor return to theſe ſame hoſpitable ambaſſadors for their good entertainment of him, yet I am not quite ſo ready with my anſwer to a certain female correſpondent, who in conſequence of ſome diſcourſe upon *Dampers* the other day, in a company where ſhe was preſent, favoured me with the following ſhort, but curious, epiſtle.

" Sir,

" I HAVE the misfortune to be married to " an elderly gentleman, who has taken ſtrange " things in his head of late, and is for ever " ſnubbing me before folks, eſpecially when " the Captain is in company. 'Twas but " t'other night he broke up a party of hot-" cockles in the back parlour, and would not " let the Captain take a civil ſalute, though " I aſſured him it was only a forfeit at queſ-" tions and commands.

" I don't know what he means by ſaying " he will put a ſpoke in my wheel, but I ſuſ-" pect it is ſome jealouſy matter.

" Pray, Sir, is not my huſband what you " call a *Damper?* Yours,

" LUCY LOVEIT."

N° III.

N° III.

THE deſire of praiſe is natural, but when that appetite becomes canine, it is no longer in nature: a taſte of it is pleaſant to moſt men; temperance itſelf will take a little, but the ſtomach ſickens with a ſurfeit of it, and the palate nauſeates the debauch.

Let the paſſion for flattery be ever ſo inordinate, the ſupply can keep pace with the demand, and in the world's great market, in which wit and folly drive their bargains with each other, there are traders of all ſorts; ſome keep a ſtall of offals, ſome a ſtorehouſe of delicacies; a ſqueamiſh palate muſt be forced by alluring provocatives, a foul feeder will ſwallow any traſh that he can get hold of.

In a recent publication of the hiſtory of the Emperor Charles the Fifth, written by Sepulveda of Cordova (a contemporary and favorite of that famous monarch,) the Academy of Hiſtory at Madrid in their dedication to his preſent Catholic Majeſty, addreſs him in the following words—*Nam quem tu, Carole Rex, ut nomine refers, ita etiam bellicâ laude jampridem æmularis.* When theſe courtly academi-

cians have thus mounted their peaceable ſovereign on the war-horſe of the victorious Charles, they ſeriouſly proceed to tell him, that *being fully equal to his predeceſſor in his martial character, he is out of all diſtance ſuperior to him in every other kingly quality; more wiſe, more politic, more magnanimous, and (as the preſent work can teſtify) a greater friend to learning than all that ever went before him, and, if they may riſque a prediction, there will probably be none to come in competition with him hereafter.*

If his Catholic Majeſty ſhall ever come to an underſtanding of this paragraph, and ſtrike a fair compariſon between himſelf and his illuſtrious nameſake, I ſhould not be ſurprized if the next work his academicians ſhall be employed in proves the fortifications of Ceuta.

When I compare the ſtate of flattery in a free country with that, which obtains in arbitrary ſtates, it is a conſolation to find that this mean principle is not natural to mankind; for it certainly abates in proportion as independency advances. This will be very evident to any one, who compares the flattery of Elizabeth's and James's days with the preſent. Ben Johnſon for inſtance was a ſurly poet, yet how fulſome

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are his maſques! In his *News from the New World* he ſays of James—

" Read him as you would do the book
" Of all perfections, and but look
" What his proportions be:
" No meaſure that is thence contriv'd,
" Or any motion thence deriv'd,
" But is pure harmony."

This poet, though he was rather a clumſy flatterer of his prince, was ingenious enough in the mode he took for flattering himſelf, by introducing a kind of chorus, wherein he takes occaſion to tell his hearers, that *careleſs of all vulgar cenſure, as not depending on common approbation, he is confident his plays ſhall ſuper-pleaſe judicious ſpectators, and to them he leaves it to work with the reſt by example, or otherwiſe.* It is remarkable that this paſſage ſhould be found in his *Magnetic Lady*, and that he ſhould ſpeak with ſuch confidence of one of his worſt productions, as if he was determined to force a bad comedy upon the hearers by the authority of his own recommendation. This is an evident imitation of Ariſtophanes, who in his comedy of *The Clouds* holds the ſame language to his audience, fairly telling them *he ſhall eſtimate their judgment accord-*

ing to the degree of applauſe they ſhall beſtow upon his performance then before them: in concluſion he inveighs againſt certain of his contemporaries, Eupolis, Phrynichus, and Hermippus, *with whoſe comedies if any of his audience is well pleaſed, that perſon he hopes will depart from his diſſatisfied; but if they condemn his rivals, and applaud him, he ſhall think better of their judgment for the future. Act* 1. *Sc.* 6.

The caution authors now proceed with ſhews the refinement of the times; ſtill they can contrive in a modeſt way to ſay civil things of themſelves, and it would be hard indeed to diſappoint them of ſo ſlight a gratification—for what praiſe is ſo little to be envied, as that which a man beſtows on himſelf? Several of our diurnal Eſſayiſts have contrived under the veil of fiction to hook in ſomething recommendatory of themſelves, which they mean ſhould paſs for truth; ſuch is the intelligent taciturnity of the Spectator, and the ſolemn integrity of the Guardian.

The latter in one of his papers notices the ambition of ſome authors to prefix engravings of their portraits to their title pages; his ridicule has not quite laughed this faſhion out of countenance, for I perceive it is ſtill in exiſtence,

ence, and I frequently meet the face of an old acquaintance looking through the windows of a bookſeller's ſhop. One very ingenious gentleman, whoſe *beauty* is amongſt the leaſt of his recommendations, has very prudently ſtamped his *age* upon his print. In the ſame ſhop window with this gentleman I obſerved with great pleaſure an elegant author ſtanding by him, as erect as a dart, firm and collected in the awful moment of beginning a *minuet*. I own I regret that the honeſt butler, who has regaled the age with *a treatiſe on ale and ſtrong beer*, has not hung out his own head in the front of his book, as a ſign of the *good entertainment* within.

But of all the inſtances of face-flattery I have lately met with, that of a worthy citizen ſurprized me moſt, whoſe compting-houſe I entered the other day, and found an enormous portrait of my friend in a flaming drapery of blue and gold, mounted upon the back of a war-horſe, which the limner has made to rear ſo furiouſly, that I was quite aſtoniſhed to ſee my friend, who is no great jockey, keep his ſeat ſo ſteadily: he confeſſed to me that he had conſented to be drawn on horſeback to pleaſe his wife and daughters, who choſe the attitude;

for his own part it made him quite giddy to look at himſelf, and he frequently deſired the painter not to let the horſe prance ſo, but to no purpoſe.

Too great avidity of praiſe will ſometimes betray an author into a ſtudied attempt at fine writing, where the thought will not carry the ſtile; writers of this ſort are like thoſe taſteleſs dabblers in architecture, who turn the gable-ends of barns and cottages into caſtles and temples, and ſpend a world of plaiſtering and pains to decorate a pig-ſtye. They bring to my mind a ridiculous ſcene, at which I was preſent the other day; I found a lady of my acquaintance buſily employed in the domeſtic education of her only ſon; the preceptor was in the room, and was ſtanding in an attitude very much reſembling the erect gentleman I had ſeen that morning in the bookſeller's window: The boy kept his eyes fixt, and ſeemed to govern his motions by certain ſignals of the feet and arms, which he repeated from the preceptor. In the courſe of my converſation with his mother, I chanced to drop my glove upon the floor, upon which he approached to pick it up, but in a ſtep ſo meaſured and methodical, that I had done the office for myſelf,

before he had performed his advances. As I was about to reſume the converſation, the mother interrupted me, by deſiring I would favour her ſo far as to drop my glove again, that Bobby might have the honour of preſenting it to me in proper form: All this while the boy ſtood as upright as an arrow, perfectly motionleſs; but no ſooner had I thrown down my gauntlet, than he began to put one foot ſlowly in advance before the other; upon which the preceptor of politeneſs cried out, *One!—Firſt poſition!*—The boy then made another movement of his feet, upon which the maſter repeated—*Two!—Second poſition!*—This was followed by another, and the echo again cried out—*Three! very well—Third poſition! Bend your body ſlowly!*—At the word of command the automaton bent its body very deliberately, its arms hanging down in parallel perpendiculars to the floor, like the fore-legs of a quadruped. The glove being now taken up by the right hand, was placed with great decorum upon the back of the left hand; the trunk of the animal was ſlowly reſtored to its erect poſition, and the glove preſented with all due ſolemnity. As I was in hopes the ceremony was now over, upon hearing

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the teacher cry *bravo!* I thought it time to make my compliment of *Thank you, pretty Maſter!* but I was again in a miſtake, for the mother begged me not to hurry her dear Bobby, but allow him time to make his bow, and ſtill hold the glove in myhand: This was an operation of no ſlight conſequence, for in the time it took him up, a nimble artiſt might have made the glove: At laſt however it was over, and the boy was putting himſelf in order of retreat, when the maſter obſerving that I had omitted the neceſſary bend of my wriſt upon receiving the glove, for want of which the whole had been imperfect, propoſed a repetition of the manœuvre, in which Bobby ſhould be the dropper, and himſelf the picker up of the glove. This propoſal ſtruck me with ſuch horror, that taking a haſty leave of the lady, in which, firſt, ſecond and third poſition were probably huddled all together, I departed, repeating to myſelf in the words of Foigard, *All this may be very fine, but upon my ſoul it is very ridiculous.*

N° IV.

N° IV.

LADY THIMBLE is one of thoſe female pedants, who with quick animal ſpirits, a pert imagination, great ſelf-conceit, and a homely perſon, ſets herſelf up for a woman of talents: She has as much of the learned languages, as a boarding-ſchool girl carries home of French upon her firſt holidays, when Miſs aſſures you ſhe can call for what ſhe wants, and, though ſhe wont utter a word in the parlour from pretended modeſty, inſults the ignorance of the chambermaid with an eternal jargon of bad grammar, worſe pronounced. This learned lady is the only child of a wealthy trader of the city of London, who, having never advanced in his own education beyond the erudition of the compting-houſe, took care his daughter ſhould be inſtructed in every thing he did not underſtand himſelf, and as the girl grew exceedingly vain of the applauſe of the pedagogue, who read to her, the merchant grew as vain of the ſcholarſhip of his child, and would liſten to the ſound of Latin or Greek with as much ſuperſtitious reſpect,

reſpect, as a Gentoo does to the Shanſcrite language of the Brahmins.

Miſs in the mean time became an inſufferable ſlattern in her cloaths and perſon, her handkerchiefs and aprons were full of iron-moulds from the drippings of the inkhorn, and her ſtockings full of holes from her neglect of the needle: Theſe were in fact badges of affectation rather than of overſight, and you could not pay your court to her better than by rallying her about them. She wore a head of falſe hair, not becauſe her own was thin, but becauſe a wig was thrown on in an inſtant; this was ſometimes done with a negligence, that ſeemed ſtudied, and when the learned Ventoſus vouchſafed to viſit her, ſhe was ſure to wear her wig awry, as Alexander's courtiers did their heads, in honour of her gueſt: There was indeed an unſeemly humour ſettled in her noſe, but this ſhe got by ſtudying *Locke upon the human underſtanding* after dinner; before ſhe could develope the whole doctrine of *innate ideas*, the humour deepened many ſhades, which however on the whole may be allowed to be getting off pretty well for a ſtudent in metaphyſics. No face could bear the addition of a red noſe better

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than Lady Thimble's: but a more alarming accident had befallen her in her aſtronomical ſtudies, for as ſhe was following a comet in its perihelion through the ſolutions of Sir Iſaac Newton, her cap caught fire, and ſhe was forced to break off in the midſt of a propoſition, by which means ſhe dropt a ſtitch in the demonſtration, and never was able to take it up again; her ſkin being cruelly ſcorched by this ſyſtem of the comets, ſhe wears a crimſon ſcar upon her cheek, not indeed as an ornament to her beauty, but as a trophy of her ſcience.

Her works are pretty voluminous, eſpecially in manuſcript; but cenſorious people affect to whiſper, that ſhe performed one work in concert with the pedant her maſter, and that, though this compoſition was brought ſecretly into the world, it is the only one of her producing, that bids fair for poſterity: This ſtory and the remark upon it, I had from a lady, who is one of her intimate friends, but ſhe aſſured me ſhe gave no credit to it herſelf, and conſidered all ſuch ſcandalous inſinuations as the effects of malice and envy.

At the age of ſeven and twenty, by the perſuaſion of her father, ſhe was joined in the

the bands of wedlock to Sir Theodore Thimble: This gentleman had been lately dubbed a knight for his ſervices to the crown in bringing up a county addreſs; his father, Mr. David Thimble, had been an eminent taylor in the precincts of St. Clements, in which buſineſs he had by his induſtry and other methods raiſed a very reſpectable fortune in money, book-debts and remnants: In his latter years Mr. Thimble purchaſed a conſiderable eſtate in Eſſex with a fine old manſion upon it, the laſt remaining property of an ancient family. This venerable ſeat during the life of Mr. Thimble remained uncontaminated by the preſence of its poſſeſſor, but upon his death it fell into the occupation of young Theodore, who diſdaining the croſs-legg'd art, by which his father had worked himſelf into opulence, ſet out upon a new eſtabliſhment, and figured off as the firſt gentleman of his family: He ſerved as ſheriff of the county, and acquired great reputation in that high office by the elegant and well cut liveries, which he exhibited at the aſſizes; a lucky addreſs from the county gave him a title, and the recommendation of a good ſettlement procured

cured him his preſent lady, whom we have been deſcribing.

As I have been in long habits of friendſhip with the worthy citizen her father, I could not reſiſt the many preſſing invitations he gave me to pay a viſit to his daughter and Sir Theodore at their country ſeat, eſpecially as he prefaced it by aſſuring me I ſhould ſee the happieſt couple in England; and that, altho' I had frequently oppoſed his ſyſtem of education, I ſhould now be convinced that Arabella made as good a houſewife and underſtood the conduct of her family as well, as if ſhe had ſtudied nothing elſe, and this he was ſure I would confeſs, if he could prevail with me to accompany him to her houſe.

On the day following this converſation we ſet out together, and in a few hours found ourſelves at the promiſed ſpot: As I remembered this fine old manſion in the days of its primitive ſimplicity, when I was uſhered to its gate through a ſolemn avenue of branching elms, that arched over head in lofty foliage, and formed an approach in perfect uniſon with the ancient faſhion of the place, I muſt own I was much revolted to find that Sir Theodore had begun his improvements with a ſpecimen

of his father's art, by cutting an old coat into a new faſhion: My favorite avenue no longer exiſted; the venerable tenants of the ſoil were rooted up, and a parcel of dotted clumps, compoſed of trumpery ſhrubs, ſubſtituted in their places; I was the more diſguſted, when I perceived that by the nonſenſical zigzaggery of the road, through which we meandered, I was to keep company with theſe new-faſhioned upſtarts through as many parallels, as would ſerve for the regular approaches to a citadel. At one of theſe turnings however I caught the glimpſe of a well-dreſſed gentleman ſtanding in a very becoming attitude, who I concluded muſt be the maſter of the manſion waiting our approach; and as I perceived he had his hat under his arm, expecting us with great politeneſs and civility, I inſtantly took mine from my head, and called to our driver to ſtop the carriage, for that I perceived Sir Theodore was come out to meet us. My companion was at this time exceedingly buſy in directing my attention to the beauties of his ſon-in-law's improvements, ſo that I had ſtopped the chaiſe before he obſerved what I was looking at; but how was I ſurprized to find, in place of Sir Theodore, a leaden

ſtatue

ſtatue on a pair of ſcates painted in a blue and gold coat, with a red waiſtcoat, whoſe perſon upon cloſer examination I recollected to have been acquainted with ſome years ago amongſt the elegant group, which a certain celebrated artiſt exhibits to the amuſement of ſtage-coaches and country waggons upon their entrance into town at Hyde-park Corner! I was happy to find that this ridiculous miſtake, inſtead of embarraſſing my friend, occaſioned infinite merriment, and was conſidered as ſo good a joke by all the family upon our arrival, that I am perſuaded it was in the mind of the improver when he placed him there; for the jeſt was followed up by ſeveral other party-coloured perſonages caſt to the life, gentlemen and ladies, who were airing themſelves upon pedeſtals to the no ſmall delight of my companion; and though moſt of theſe witticiſms in lead were of the comic caſt, one group, of a mountebank in the act of drawing an old woman's tooth, was calculated to move the contrary paſſion; and this I obſerved was the laſt in the company, ſtanding in view from the windows of the houſe, as the moral of the fable. We now entered a Chineſe fence thro'

a gate of the ſame faſhion, to the ſide of which was affixed a board, on which I obſerved at ſome diſtance a writing in fair characters; this I ſuſpected to be ſome claſſical text, which my Lady had ſet up to impreſs her viſiters with a due reſpect for her learning, but upon a near approach I found it contained a warning to all interlopers, that men-traps and ſpring-guns were concealed in thoſe walks.

In this dangerous defile we were encountered by a ſervant in livery, who was diſpatched in great haſte to ſtop our driver, and deſire us to alight, as the gravel was newly laid down, and a late ſhower had made it very ſoft; my friend readily obeyed the arreſt, but I confeſs the denunciation of traps and guns was ſo formidable to my mind, that I took no ſtep but with great circumſpection and forecaſt, for fear I was treading on a mine, or touching a ſpring with my foot, and was heartily glad, when I found myſelf on the ſteps, though even theſe I examined with ſome ſuſpicion before I truſted myſelf upon them.

As we entered the houſe, my friend the merchant whiſpered me, that *we were now in my Lady's regions; all without doors was Sir*

Theodore's taſte, all within was her's:—But as here a new ſcene was opened, I ſhall reſerve my account to another paper.

N° V.

OUR viſit to Sir Theodore and Lady Thimble being unexpected, we were ſhewn into the common parlour, where this happy couple were ſitting over a good fire with a middle-aged man of athletic ſize, who was repoſing in an elbow chair in great ſtate with his mull in his hand, and with an air ſo ſelf-important, as plainly indicated him to be the dictator of this domeſtic circle.

When the firſt ſalutations were over, Lady Thimble gave her orders to the ſervant, in the ſtile of Lucullus, to prepare *The Apollo*, declaring herſelf aſhamed to receive a gentleman of talents in any other apartment; I beſeeched her to let us remain where we were, dreading a removal from a comfortable fire-ſide to a cold ſtately apartment, for the ſeaſon was ſevere; I was ſo earneſt in my requeſt, that Sir Theodore ventured in the moſt humble manner to

ſecond my ſuit; the conſequence of which was a ſmart reprimand, accompanied with one of thoſe expreſſive looks, which ladies of high prerogative in their own houſes occaſionally beſtow to huſbands under proper ſubjection, and I ſaw with pity the poor gentleman diſpatched for his officiouſneſs upon a freezing errand through a great hall, to ſee that things were ſet in order, and make report, when they were ready. I could not help giving my friend the merchant a ſignificant look upon this occaſion; but he prudently kept ſilence, waiting with great reſpect the dreadful order of march.

My Lady now introduced me to the athletic philoſopher in the elbow-chair, who condeſcended to relax one half of his features into a ſmile, and with a gracious waving of his hand, or rather fiſt, diſmiſſed me back again to my ſeat without uttering a ſyllable. She then informed me, that ſhe had a treat to give me, which ſhe flattered herſelf would be a feaſt entirely to my palate; I aſſured her Ladyſhip I was always happieſt to take the family-dinner of my friends, adding that in truth the ſharp air had ſufficiently whetted my appetite to recommend much humbler fare, than I was likely to find at her table. She ſmiled at this,

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and told me it was the food of the mind that ſhe was about to provide for me; ſhe undertook for nothing elſe; culinary concerns were not her province; if I was hungry, ſhe hoped there would be ſomething to eat, but for her part ſhe left the care of her kitchen to thoſe who lived in it. Whilſt ſhe was ſaying this methought the philoſopher gave her a look, that ſeemed to ſay he was of my way of thinking; upon which ſhe rung the bell, and ordered dinner to be held back for an hour, ſaying to the philoſopher ſhe thought we might have *a Canto* in that time.

She now pauſed for ſome time, fixing her eyes upon him in expectation of an anſwer; but none being given, nor any ſignal of aſſent, ſhe roſe, and, obſerving that *it was ſurprizing to think what Sir Theodore could be about all this while, for ſhe was ſure* The Apollo *muſt be ready*, without more delay bade us follow her; *Come, Sir*, ſays ſhe to me, as I paſſed the great hall with an aking heart and chattering teeth, *you ſhall now have a treat in your own taſte*; and, meeting one of the domeſtics by the way, bade him tell Calliope to come into *The Apollo*.

When I ſet my foot into the room, I was

immediately ſaluted by ſomething like one of thoſe ungenial breezes, which travellers inform us have the faculty of putting an end to life and all its cares at a ſtroke: A fire indeed had been lighted, which poor Sir Theodore was ſoliciting into a blaze, working the bellows with might and main to little purpoſe; for the billets were ſo wet, that Apollo himſelf with all his beams would have been foiled to ſet them in a flame: The honeſt gentleman had taken the precaution of opening all the windows, in ſpite of which no atom of ſmoke paſſed up the chimney, but came curling into the room in columns as thick, as if a hecatomb had been offering to the ſhrine of Delphi; indeed this was not much to be wondered at, for I ſoon diſcovered that a board had been fixed acroſs the flue of the chimney, which Sir Theodore in his attention to the bellows had neglected to obſerve: I was again the unhappy cauſe of that poor gentleman's unmerited rebuke, and in terms much ſeverer than before; it was to no purpoſe he attempted to bring Suſan the houſe-maid in for ſome ſhare of the blame; his plea was diſallowed; and though I muſt own it was not the moſt manly defence in the world, yet, conſidering the unhappy

unhappy culprit as the ſon of a taylor, I thought it not entirely inadmiſſible.

When the ſmoke cleared up I diſcovered a caſt of the Belvidere Apollo on a pedeſtal in a niche at the upper end of the room; but, if we were to judge by the climate, this chamber muſt have derived its name from Apollo, by the rule of *lucus a non lucendo:* As ſoon as we were ſeated, and Lady Thimble had in ſome degree compoſed her ſpirits, ſhe began to tell me, that the treat ſhe had to give me was the rehearſal of part of an epic poem, written by a young lady of ſeventeen, who was a miracle of genius, and whoſe talents for compoſition were ſo extraordinary, that ſhe had written a treatiſe on female education, whilſt ſhe was at the boarding-ſchool, which all the world allowed to be a wonderful work for one of ſuch an early age. There was no eſcape, for Calliope herſelf now entered the room, and dinner was put back a full hour for the luxury of hearing a canto of a boarding-ſchool girl's epic poem read by herſelf in the preſence of Apollo. The Scottiſh philoſopher had prudently kept his poſt by the parlour fire, and I alone was ſingled out as the victim; Sir Theodore and his father-in-law being conſi-

dered only as expletives to fill up the audience. Calliope was enthroned in a chair at the pedeſtal of Apollo, whilſt Lady Thimble and I took our ſeats oppoſite to the reader.

I was now to undergo an explanation of the ſubject matter of this poem; this was undertaken and performed by Lady Thimble, whilſt the young poeteſs was adjuſting her manuſcript: The ſubject was allegorical; the title was *The Triumph of Reaſon*, who was the hero of the piece; the inferior characters were the human paſſions perſonified; each paſſion occupied a canto, and the lady had already diſpatched a long liſt; if I rightly remember we were to hear the fourteenth canto; in thirteen actions the hero Reaſon had been victorious, but it was exceedingly doubtful how he would come off in this, for the antagoniſt he had to deal with was no leſs a perſonage than almighty *Love* himſelf: The metre was heroic, and many of the thoughts diſplayed a juvenile fancy and wild originality; the action was not altogether unintereſting, nor ill-managed, and victory for a while was held in ſuſpence by a wound the hero received from an arrow ſomewhere in the region of the heart; for this wound he could obtain no cure, till an ancient

phyſician,

phyſician, after many experiments for his relief, cut out the part affected with his *ſcythe:* Upon the whole the poem was ſuch, that had it not been allegorical, and had not I been cold and hungry, I could have found much to commend and ſome things to admire, even tho' the poeteſs had been twice as old and not half ſo handſome, for Calliope was extremely pretty, and I could plainly diſcover that nature meant her to be moſt amiable and modeſt, if flattery and falſe education would have ſuffered her good deſigns to have taken place; I therefore looked upon her with pity, as I do on all ſpoilt children; and when her reading was concluded, did not beſtow all that praiſe, which, if I had conſulted my own gratification more than her good, I certainly ſhould have beſtowed; the only occaſion, on which I think it a point of conſcience to practiſe the philoſophy of *the Dampers*.

At length dinner was announced, and being a part of Lady Thimble's domeſtic œconomy, which ſhe had put out of her own hands, as ſhe informed us, and in which I ſuſpect the athletic philoſopher had ſomething to ſay, it was plentifully ſerved. Sir Theodore and my friend the merchant plied him pretty briſkly with

with the bottle; but as a ſtately firſt-rate ſhip does not condeſcend to open her ports to the petty cruiſers that preſume to hail her, in like manner this gigantic genius kept the oracle within him muzzled, nor condeſcended once to draw the tompion of his lips, till it happened in the courſe of many topics, that Lady Thimble, ſpeaking of the talents of Calliope, obſerved that *miracles* were not ceaſed: *How ſhould that thing be ſaid to ceaſe*, replied the oracle, *which never had exiſtence?* The ſpring was now touched, that put this vaſt machine in motion, and, taking infidelity in miracles for his text, he carried us, in the courſe of a long uninterrupted harangue, through a ſeries of learned deductions, to what appeared his grand deſideratum, *viz. an abſolute refutation of the miracles of Chriſt by proofs logical and hiſtorical.* Whilſt this diſcourſe was going on, I was curious to obſerve the different effects it had on the company: Lady Thimble received it with evident marks of triumph, ſo that I could plainly ſee all was goſpel with her, and the only goſpel ſhe had faith in: Sir Theodore wiſely fell aſleep; the merchant was in his compting-houſe,—

" His

" His mind was toſſing on the ocean :
" There, where his argoſies with portly ſail,
" Like Seigniors and rich Burghers on the flood,
" Or as it were the pageants of the ſea,
" Did overpeer the petty traffickers——"

But all this while the young unſettled thoughts of Calliope were viſibly wavering, ſometimes borne away by the *ipſe dixit* of the philoſopher and the echo of Lady Thimble's plaudits; ſometimes catching hold of Hope, and hanging to the anchor of her ſalvation, Faith; at other times without reſiſtance carried down the tide of declamation, which rolled rapidly along in provincial dialect, like a torrent from his native Highland craggs, rough and noiſy; I ſaw her ſtruggles with infinite concern; the ſavage ſaw them alſo, but with triumph, and, turning his diſcourſe upon the breach he had made in her belief, preſſed the advantage he had gained with deviliſh addreſs; in ſhort a new antagoniſt had ſtarted up, more formidable to *Reaſon* than all the fourteen, from whoſe attack ſhe had brought her hero off with victory; and that champion, which had reſiſted the arrows of all-powerful *Love*, was likely now to fall a victim to the peſtilential breath of *Infidelity*. In this dilemma I was doubtful

doubtful how to act; I did not decline the combat becauſe I dreaded the ſtrength of this Goliah of the Philiſtines, for I knew the weapons might be confided in, which the great captain of ſalvation had put into my hands; but I diſdained to plead before a prejudiced tribunal, in which the miſtreſs of the manſion ſat as judge; and as ſleep had ſecured one of the company out of harm's way, and another was upon an excurſion from which I did not wiſh to bring him home, there remained only Calliope, and I determined within myſelf to take occaſion of diſcourſing with her apart, before I left the houſe next morning.

N° VI.

I HAD reſolved to have ſome converſation with Calliope after the athletic philoſopher's harangue againſt the evidences of the Chriſtian religion: I was at the pains of putting my thoughts together in writing before I went to bed, for I judged it beſt to give them to Calliope in ſuch a form, as ſhe might hereafter at any time refer to and examine.

I had

I had the ſatisfaction of an hour's converſation with that young lady next morning, before the family had aſſembled for breakfaſt: I could obſerve that ſomething dwelt upon her mind, and demanding of her if I was not right in my conjecture, ſhe anſwered me at once to the point without heſitation—"I confeſs to "you," ſays ſhe, "that the diſcourſe which "Dr. Mac-Infidel yeſterday held, has made "me thoroughly unhappy; things, which are "above reaſon, I can readily ſuppoſe are myſte-"ries, which I ought to admit as matter of "faith in religion; but things contrary to rea-"ſon, and facts which hiſtory confutes how am "I to believe? What am I to do in this caſe? "Have you any thing to oppoſe to his argu-"ment? If you have, I ſhould be happy to "hear it; if you have not, I pray you let us "talk no more upon the ſubject."—I then gave the paper into her hand, which I had prepared, and explaining to her the reaſons I had for not taking up the diſpute before our company yeſterday, deſired her to give my paper a ſerious reading; if there was any thing in it, that laid out of the courſe of her ſtudies, I would gladly do my beſt to expound it, and would ſhew her the authorities to which it referred:

referred: She received my paper with the beſt grace in the world, and promiſed me that ſhe would conſider it with all the attention ſhe was miſtreſs of.

In our further diſcourſe it chanced, that I let drop ſome expreſſions in commendation of her underſtanding and talents, upon which I obſerved ſhe gave me a very expreſſive look, and when I would have ſpoken of her poem, ſhe ſhook her head, and, haſtily interrupting me, deſired I would ſpare her on that ſubject; ſhe did not wiſh to be any more flattered in a folly ſhe had too much cauſe to repent of; ſhe had burnt the odious poem I was ſpeaking of, and, burſting ſuddenly into a flood of tears, proteſted ſhe would never be guilty of writing another line of poetry, while ſhe lived.

No words of mine can paint the look and action, which accompanied theſe expreſſions; much leſs can I deſcribe the ſtroke of pity and ſurprize, which her emotion gave me. It was evident ſhe alluded to ſomething that had occurred ſince the reading of the poem; I recollected ſhe was abſent all the latter part of the evening, and I felt an irreſiſtible propenſity to enquire into the cauſe of her affliction, tho' the ſhortneſs of our acquaintance gave me no right

right to be inquiſitive; ſhe ſaw my difficulty, for her intuition is very great; after a ſhort recollection, which I did not attempt to interrupt—"I know not how it is," ſays ſhe, "but ſomething tells me I am ſpeaking to a "friend."——Here ſhe pauſed, as doubting whether ſhe ought to proceed or not, and fixed her eyes upon the floor in evident embarraſſment; it will readily be ſuppoſed I ſeized the opportunity to induce her to confide in me, if there was any ſervice I could render towards alleviating the diſtreſs ſhe was evidently ſuffering—"I have no right to trou-"ble you," ſays ſhe, "but that fatal argu-"ment I heard laſt night has ſo weakened the "reſource, to which my mind in all afflictions "would elſe have naturally applied, that I re-"ally know not how to ſupport myſelf, nor "where to look for comfort, but by throwing "myſelf upon your friendſhip for advice, as "the moſt unhappy of all beings. You muſt "know I have the honour to be the daughter "of that gallant ſea officer Captain ———." Here ſhe named an officer, who will be ever dear to his country, ever deplored by it, and whoſe friendſhip is at once the joy and the affliction of my life. I ſtarted from my ſeat;

the

the ſtroke I felt, when ſhe pronounced a name ſo rooted in my heart, was like the ſhock of electricity; I claſped her hands in mine, and preſſing them exclaimed—'You have a father' —here I ſtopt—the recollection checked me from proceeding—for it was falſe.—'No, no, 'my child,' I ſaid, 'you have no father! nor 'had he a friend, who can replace your loſs; 'however, pray proceed.'—"Implicitly," replied Calliope, (for by that name I ſtill muſt beg to call her, though that and poetry are both renounced for ever.) "As you are the "friend of my father, you muſt know that he "loſt my mother, when I was an infant; two "years are now paſſed ſince he periſhed; a "miſerable period it has been to me; I am "now under the protection of a diſtant rela- "tion, who is an intimate of the lady of this "houſe, and one whoſe ruinous flattery jointly "with Lady Thimble's, has conſpired to turn "my wretched head, and blaſt the only hope "of happineſs I had in life: Theſe learned "ladies, as they would be thought, put me "upon ſtudies I was never fitted to, gave me "this ſilly name Calliope, and never ceaſed "inflaming my vanity, till they perſuaded me "I had a talent for poetry: In this they were

" aſſiſted by Mac-Infidel, who lives in great " intimacy with Lady Thimble; the adulation " of a learned man, (for that he ſurely is,) in- " toxicated me with ſelf-opinion, and the gra- " vity of his character compleated the folly " and deſtruction of mine." 'What do I 'hear,' ſaid I, interrupting her, 'the deſtruc- 'tion of your character?'—" Have patience," ſhe replied; " when I diſcloſe the ſorrows of " my heart, you will own that my deſtruction " is compleat."—Melancholy as theſe words were, the deduction notwithſtanding that I drew from them was a relief, compared to what at firſt I apprehended.—" Alas! Sir," reſumed Calliope, "I have loſt the affections of the moſt " amiable, the moſt beloved of men: He was " my father's darling, and from a boy was edu- " cated by him in the profeſſion of the ſea; he " ſhared every ſervice with my father except " the laſt fatal one, in which your friend un- " happily was loſt; Providence, that ordained " the death of the one, has in the ſame period " enriched the other; he is lately returned from " the Weſt Indies, and by his duty has been " confined to the port he arrived in, ſo that " we have not met ſince his return to Eng- " land: Here is the firſt letter he wrote to me

"from Plymouth; read it, I beſeech you, and "then compare it with the fatal one I receiv-"ed laſt night." Calliope put a letter into my hands, and I read as follows.—

"MY DEAREST NANCY!

"I have this inſtant brought my frigate to "an anchor, and ſeize the firſt moment, that "my duty permits, to tell the lovelieſt of her "ſex, that I have luckily come acroſs a prize, "that makes a man of me for life; A man "did I ſay? Yes, and the happieſt of men, if "my dear girl is ſtill true, and will conſent to "ſhare the fortune of her faithful Henry.

"I cannot leave Plymouth this fortnight, "therefore pray write to me under cover to "my friend the Admiral. Yours ever,

"HENRY CONSTANT."

When I had returned this letter to Calliope, ſhe reſumed her narrative in the following words: "The joy this letter gave me ſet "my ſpirits in ſuch a flow, that in the habit I "was of writing verſes, I could not bring my "thoughts to run in humble proſe, but giving "the reins to my fancy filled at leaſt ſix ſides "with rhapſodies in verſe; and not content "with this, and fooliſhly conceiving that my "poem would appear at leaſt as charming to

"Henry,

" Henry, as the flattery of my own ſex had " perſuaded me it was to them, I incloſed a " fair copy and ſent it to him in a packet by " the ſtage-coach; the next return of the poſt " brought me this fatal letter I received laſt " night."

" MADAM,

" Though there cannot be in this world a " taſk ſo painful to me, as what I am now " about to perform, yet I think it an indiſ- " penſible point of honour to inform my late " moſt lovely and beloved Nancy, that if I am " to ſuppoſe her the author of that enormous " bundle of verſes I have received from her " hand, it is the laſt favour that hand muſt " beſtow upon her unhappy Henry.

" My education you know; for it was " formed under your moſt excellent father; " I ſerved with him from a child, and he " taught me, not indeed the knack of making " verſes, but what I hope has been as uſeful to " my country, the duties of an officer. Being " his daughter, I had flattered myſelf you " would not like me the leſs for following his " profeſſion, or for being trained to it under " his inſtruction. But alas! Nancy, all theſe

" hopes are gone. My ignorance would only
" diſgrace you, and your wit would make me
" contemptible; ſince you are turned poeteſs,
" how can my ſociety be agreeable? If thoſe
" verſes you have ſent me are all of your own
" making, you muſt have done little elſe ſince
" we parted, and if ſuch are to be your ſtudies
" and occupations, what is to become of all
" the comforts of a huſband? How are you
" to fulfil the duties of a mother, or manage
" the concerns of a family? No, no; may
" heaven defend me from a learned wife! I
" am too proud to be the butt of my own
" table; too accuſtomed to command, to be
" eaſily induced to obey; let me ever live a
" ſingle man, or let the wife I chuſe be mo-
" deſt, unpretending, ſimple, natural in her
" manners, plain in her underſtanding; let
" her be true as the compaſs I ſail by, and
" (pardon the coarſeneſs of the alluſion) obe-
" dient to the helm as the ſhip I ſteer; then,
" Nancy, I will ſtand by my wife, as I will
" by my ſhip, to the lateſt moment I have
" to breathe. For God's ſake what have wo-
" men to do with learning? But if they will
" ſtep out of their own profeſſion and write
" verſes,

"verſes, do not let them ſtep into ours to "chuſe huſbands; we ſhall prove coarſe meſſ- "mates to the muſes.

"I underſtand ſo much of your poetical "epiſtle, as to perceive that you are in the fa- "mily of Sir Theodore and Lady Thimble: "Three days of ſuch ſociety would make "me forſwear matrimony for ever: To the "daughter of my friend I muſt for ever ſpeak "and act as a friend; ſuffer me then to aſk if "any man in his ſenſes will chuſe a wife from "ſuch a ſchool? Oh grief to think! that one "ſo natural, ſo ſincere and unaffected as was "my Nancy, could be the companion of ſuch "an ugly petticoated pedant as Lady Thim- "ble, ſuch a tame hen-pecked ſon of a taylor "as Sir Theodore!

"As for the volume of verſes you have ſent "me, I dare ſay it is all very fine, but I "really do not comprehend three lines of it; "the battles you deſcribe are what I never "ſaw by ſea or land, and the people who fight "them ſuch as I have never been accuſtomed "to ſerve with; one gentleman I perceive "there is, who combats ſtoutly againſt *Love*; "it is a good moral, and I thank you for it;

" coſt what it may, I will do my beſt to imi-
" tate your hero. Farewell.

" I muſt be only your moſt faithful friend,
" HENRY CONSTANT."

N° VII.

Magnum iter ad doctas proficiſci cogor Athenas.
(PROPERT.)

I WAS agreeably ſurprized the other day with an unexpected viſit from a country friend, who once made a conſiderable figure in the faſhionable world, and, with an elegant taſte for the fine arts, is poſſeſt of many valuable paintings and ſculptures of his own collecting in Italy: He told me, that after ſix years abſence from town, he had made a journey purpoſely to regale his curioſity for a few days with the ſpectacles of this great capital, and deſired I would accompany him on his morning's tour to ſome of the eminent artiſts, and afterwards conduct him to the theatre, where he had ſecured himſelf a ſeat for the repreſentation of Mr. Southern's tragedy of the

Fatal

Fatal Marriage. Though I had juſt been honoured with a card from Vaneſſa, purporting that ſhe ſhould hold *The Feaſt of Reaſon* that evening at her houſe, where my company was expected, I did not heſitate to accept the invitation of my country friend, and excuſe myſelf from that of Vaneſſa, though I muſt confeſs my curioſity was ſomewhat roufed by the novelty of the entertainment to which I was bidden. Our day paſſed ſo entirely to the ſatisfaction of my candid companion, that, when we parted at night, he ſhook me by the hand, and with a ſmile of complacency declared, that a day ſo ſpent would not diſgrace the diary of Pericles.

When I had returned to my apartment, this alluſion of my friend to the age of Pericles, with the recollection of what had paſſed in the day, threw me into a reverie, in the courſe of which I fell aſleep, whilſt my mind with more diſtinctneſs than is uſual in dreaming, purſued its waking train of thought after the following manner.

"I found myſelf in a ſtately portico, which being on an eminence, gave me the proſpect of a city, incloſing a prodigious circuit, with groves, gardens, and fields, ſeemingly ſet apart

for martial exerciſes and ſports; the houſes were not cluſtered into ſtreets and alleys like our great trading towns, but were placed apart and ſeparated without any regular order, as if each man had therein conſulted his own particular taſte and enjoyments. I thought I never ſaw ſo delightful a place, nor a people who lived ſo much at their eaſe: I felt a freſhneſs and ſalubrity in the climate, that ſeemed to clear the brain, and give a ſpring to the ſpirits and whole animal frame: The ſun was bright and glowing, but the lightneſs of the atmoſphere and a refreſhing breeze qualified the heat in the moſt delicious manner. As I looked about me with wonder and delight, I obſerved a great many edifices of the pureſt architecture, that ſeemed calculated for public purpoſes; and wherever my eye went, it was encountered by a variety of ſtatues in braſs or marble; immediately at the foot of the ſteps, leading to the portico, in which I ſtood, I obſerved a figure in braſs of exquiſite workmanſhip, which by its attributes I believed deſigned to repreſent the heathen deity Mercurius. In the centre of the city there was an edifice incloſed within walls, which I took to be the citadel; a rapid ſtream

of

of clear water meandered about the place, and was trained through groves and gardens in the moſt pictureſque and pleaſing manner, while the proſpect at diſtance was bounded by the ſea.

"As I ſtood wrapt in contemplation of this new and brilliant ſcenery, methought I was accoſted by a middle-aged man in a looſe garment of fine purple, who wore his hair after the manner of our ladies, braided and coiled round upon the crown of his head with great care and delicacy to a conſiderable heighth; and (which I thought remarkable) he had faſtened the braids in ſeveral places with golden pins, on which were ſeveral figures of ſmall graſhoppers of the ſame metal; behind him walked a ſervant-youth, or ſlave, carrying a light wicker chair for his maſter to repoſe in, a cuſtom that ſeemed to me to argue great effeminacy; and looking about me I found it was pretty univerſal, many of the bettermoſt ſort of citizens being ſeated in the ſtreets, converſing at their eaſe, though there was certainly nothing in the climate, that made ſuch an indulgence neceſſary.

"As I was eyeing this gentleman with a ſurprize, that I muſt own had ſome ſmall tincture

of

of contempt in it, he turned himſelf to me, and in the moſt complaiſant manner imaginable accoſted me in my own language, telling me, he perceived I was a ſtranger in Athens, and if I was curious to ſee what was remarkable in the place, he was ready to dedicate the day to my ſervice. To this courteous addreſs I returned the beſt anſwer I was able, adding that every thing was new to me and many things appeared admirable. You will ſay ſo, replied he, before the day is paſt, and yet I cannot ſhew you in the ſpace of a day the hundredth part of what this city contains worth a ſtranger's obſervation: Of a certain Arts and Sciences are now carried to their utmoſt pitch, and no future age I think will ſucceed, in which the glory of the Athenian commonwealth, and the genius of its citizens ſhall be found ſuperior to their preſent luſtre.

"The portico, in which you ſtand, continued the Athenian, is what we call *Pœcile*, or the *painted Portico*; the brazen ſtatue at the foot of the ſteps was raiſed by the nine Archons in honour of *Mercurius Agoræus*, or the *Forenſal*; and dedicated by them to the tribes: That by its ſide is the ſtatue of Solon, the other at ſome diſtance is the lawgiver Lycurgus.

Lycurgus. The gate before you, on which you ſee thoſe warlike trophies, was ſo adorned in memory of the defeat of Pliſtarchus, who was brother of the famous Caſſander, and commanded his cavalry and auxiliary troops in the action recorded. Theſe paintings behind you, with which the portico is furniſhed and from which it has its name, are all upon public ſubjects in commemoration of wiſe or valiant citizens: The pictures on your right hand are by the celebrated Polygnotus, theſe on your left by Micon, equal to his rival in art, but not in munificence; for Polygnotus would accept no other reward for his works, than the fame inſeparable from ſuch eminent performances; Micon on the contrary was paid by the ſtate. There are ſeveral others by the hands of our great maſters, particularly that incomparable piece, which repreſents the field of Marathon, a compoſition by the great Panænus, brother of the ſtatuary Phidias; but this, as well as the others, will demand a more particular deſcription.

"Examine this compoſition on your right; it is the work of Polygnotus; you ſee two armies drawn up front to front and on the point of engaging; theſe are the Athenians, the

the adverſe troops are the Lacedemonians; the ſcene is Œnoe; ſuch is the contrivance of the artiſt, that you are ſure victory is to declare for the Athenians, though the battle is not yet commenced.

"In the oppoſite piece you ſee the battle of Theſeus with the Amazons; a capital compoſition by Micon; theſe warlike ladies are fighting on horſeback; with what wonderful art has the maſter expreſſed the character of athletic beauty without deviating into vulgarity and groſſneſs! If you recollect the Lyſiſtrata of Ariſtophanes you will meet an elogium on this picture; it is thus the ſiſter arts encourage and ſupport each other.

"Now turn to Polygnotus's ſide and look at that magnificent piece of art: The painter has choſen for the ſubject of his compoſition the council of the Grecian chiefs upon the violence done to Caſſandra by Ajax after the capture of Troy; you ſee the brutal character of the man ſtrongly expreſſed in the hero of the piece; amongſt that group of Trojan captives Caſſandra is conſpicuous; that figure, which repreſents Laodice, is worth your notice, as being a portrait of Elpinice a celebrated courteſan: Scrupulous people have taken

ken offence at it, but great painters will indulge themſelves in theſe liberties, and are fond of painting after beautiful nature; of which I could give you innumerable examples.

"Now let us in the laſt place regale our eyes with this ineſtimable battle of Marathon by Panænus: What think you of it? Was it not a reward worthy of the heroes, who preſerved their country on that glorious day? Which party is moſt honoured by the work, the maſter who wrought it, or the valiant perſonages who are recorded by it? It is a queſtion difficult to decide. You will obſerve three different groups in this ſuperb compoſition, deſcribing three different periods of the action: Here you ſee the Athenians and their allies the Platæans juſt commencing the action.—There, further removed in perſpective, the barbarians are defeated; the ſlaughter is raging, and the Medes are plunging deſperately into the marſhy lake to avoid their purſuers; examine the back ground, and you ſee the Phœnician gallies; the barbarians are making a bold attack, and the ſea is covered with wrecks: All mouths are open in applauſe of this picture, and it was but the other day,

that the great orator Demoſthenes referred to it in a ſolemn harangue upon Neæra, as did Eſchines in his pleading againſt Cteſiphon. All our Captains are taken from the life; that General who is encouraging his troops is Miltiades; he is the hero of the piece, and I can aſſure you the reſemblance is in all points exact: This is the portrait of Callimachus the Polemarck: There you ſee the hero Echetlus, and this is the brave Epizelus; that Athenian, who is valiantly fighting, is Cynægirus himſelf, who loſt both his hands in the action; there goes an extraordinary ſtory with that dog, which is by his ſide, and has ſeized the dying barbarian by the throat; the faithful creature would not forſake his maſter; he was killed in the action, and is now deſervedly immortalized in company with the illuſtrious heroes, who are the ſubject of the piece. Thoſe ſplendid warriors in the army of the Medes, who are ſtanding in their chariots, and calling to their troops, are the generals Datis and Artaphanes. They are drawn in a proud and ſwelling ſtile, and ſeem of a larger ſize and proportion than our Athenian champions; and the fact is, that this group was inſerted by another maſter; they are by the

the hand of Micon, and perhaps do not exactly harmonize with the reſt; the ſilly Athenians were piqued at their appearance, and in a fit of jealouſy puniſhed Micon by a fine for having painted them too flatteringly; the painter ſuffered in his pocket, but the people in my opinion were diſgraced by the ſentence: This circumſtance has given occaſion for many on the part of Micon to conteſt the honour of the painting with Panænus, who in juſtice muſt be conſidered as principal author of the work; and in courſe of time it may happen, that poſterity will be puzzled which maſter to aſcribe it to.

"There are many more pictures well deſerving your attentive notice, particularly that by Pamphilus, which repreſents Alcmena with the Heraclidæ aſking aid of the Athenians againſt Euryſtheus; and this inſpired old figure by Polygnotus with a lyre in his hand, which is the portrait of no leſs a perſon than the great Sophocles;—but come, let us be gone, for we have much beſides to ſee; and I perceive Zeno coming this way with his ſcholars to hold his lectures in this portico; and I for one muſt confeſs I am no friend to the Stoics, or as we call them the Zenonians.

N° VIII.

Ad vetuſtiſſimam et ſapientiſſimam et diis cariſſimam et communem amaſiam, hominumque ac Deorum terram, Athenas mittebaris.

(LIBANIUS IN ORATIONE.)

"FROM the painted portico, in which my laſt was dated, my Athenian conductor took me to the Ptolemaic Gymnaſium, in which I obſerved ſeveral ſtatues of Mercury in marble, and others of braſs, which he explained to me to be of Ptolemy the founder, Juba and Chryſippus the philoſopher. There was one of Beroſus the aſtrologer with a tongue of pure gold, in commemoration of his divine predictions: On one hand of me ſtood the doric temple of Theſeus, enriched with ſome ineſtimable paintings of Micon, particularly one upon the ſubject of the fight of the Lapithæ and Centaurs: on the other hand was the antient temple of the Dioſcuri, in which I was ſhewn many capital pictures by Polygnotus; it is here, ſays my conductor, we adminiſter to the Athenian youth that ſolemn oath, which binds them not to deſert their ranks

ranks in action, but to periſh, when neceſſity ſo requires, in defence of their country; the form is rather long, ſays he, but this is the ſubſtance of the oath. The Prytaneum, or Court-houſe, was now in view, where the magiſtracy of the city aſſemble for the diſpatch of public buſineſs: Here I ſaw the venerable laws of Solon in a cheſt of ſtone, the ſtatues of Pax and Veſta, and (which were more intereſting to me) the figures of Miltiades and Themiſtocles of exquiſite workmanſhip in pure marble; in this place all thoſe citizens, and the poſterity of thoſe, who have deſerved well of the ſtate, receive their public doles or allowance of bread in cakes compoſed of meal, oil, and water; here alſo I ſaw the perpetual fire upon the altar of Veſta, and the celebrated image of the Bona Fortuna of the Athenians. In the adjoining temple of Lucina I was ſhewn the famous ſtatues of that deity clothed in drapery to the feet: My guide now carried me to the great temple of Olympian Jupiter, founded by the tyrant Piſiſtratus, and perfected by his ſons and ſucceſſors; I obſerved to my conductor, that I had ſeen no temple in Athens, except this, with interior columns; he informed me that the great ſpan of the roof made it neceſſary in this inſtance, but that it was contrary to their rule of architecture and

obtained in no other: He further told me that the city had expended ten thouſand talents in this edifice: The image of the god was cut in ivory and gold; to every column was affixed a brazen ſtatue, repreſenting the colonial cities of the Athenian empire. The diſplay of ſtatuary exceeded all deſcription or belief, nor was the painter's art wanting in its ſhare of the decoration; for wherever pictures could be diſpoſed, and particularly about the pedeſtal of the ſtatue of Jupiter, the moſt capital paintings were to be ſeen.

"My ſight was now ſo dazzled with the diſplay of brilliant images, and my mind ſo overpowered with the miracles of art, which had paſſed in review, that I beſeeched my guide to carry me either to ſome of thoſe groves, which were in my eye, where I could meditate on what I had ſeen, or to ſpectacles of any other ſort according to his choice and diſcretion, for otherwiſe I ſhould apprehend, from the variety of objects, I ſhould retain the memory of none. He told me in reply, that this was his intention, obſerving that the proportion I had ſeen was very ſmall indeed to what the city contained; there was however one more ſtatue, which he could not diſpenſe with himſelf from ſhewing me, being a model of beauty and perfection; and

having

having ſo ſaid methought he took me into a neighbouring garden, and in a grove of cypreſs and myrtle preſented to my view the moſt exquiſite piece of ſculpture I had ever beheld.—This, ſays he, is the Venus called Celeſtial, the workmanſhip of the immortal Alcamen.—After I had contemplated this divine original with aſtoniſhment and rapture, I was ſatisfied within myſelf, that we are miſtaken in ſuppoſing it has deſcended to us, and I now acknowledge that our celeſtial Venus is a copy far inferior to its inimitable prototype. Having examined this ſtatue for ſome time, I turned to my conductor and ſaid:—Let us gratify our ſenſes in ſome other way; I have ſeen enough of art.

"It is impoſſible to avoid it, replies he, in this city, and ſo ſaying led me into the Lyceum; this Gymnaſium, ſays he, has been lately inſtituted by Pericles, and theſe plantations of plane-trees are of his making; ſo are theſe aqueducts; the Lyceum was originally dedicated to Paſtoral Apollo, and owes its foundation and beauty in the firſt inſtance to the elegant Piſiſtratus, who from the ſurpriſing reſemblance of their perſons we now call the elder Pericles. The place is delightful, and before you leave it take notice of this ſtatue of Apollo; the artiſt has deſcribed him in the attitude of reſting after

his daily courſe; you ſee he leans againſt a column; his right arm bent over his head, and in his left he holds his bow; it is a firſt-rate piece of ſculpture. Leaving the Lyceum my conductor took me by the way of the Tripods; here he ſhewed me the inimitable ſatyr in braſs, the boaſted maſter-piece of Praxiteles, and the Cupid and Bacchus of Thymilus; we were now cloſe by the theatre, in the portico of which I was ſhewn the ſtatue of Eſchylus, and two pedeſtals for the ſtatues of Sophocles and Euripides, then under the artiſts hands, although both thoſe poets were now living: The doors of the theatre were not yet opened, and the temple of Venus being near at hand, methought we entered, and I beheld the beautiful Cupid crowned with roſes, painted by Zeuxis; from hence I could ſee the works, that Pericles had been carrying on upon the citadel, but this we did not enter.

"Methought I was now carried into the theatre amidſt a prodigious crowd of people; the comedy of the night was intitled *The Clouds*, and the famous Ariſtophanes was announced to be the author of it. It was expected that Socrates would be perſonally attacked, and a great party of that philoſopher's enemies were aſſembled to ſupport the poet. I was much ſurprized, when my companion pointed out to me that great philoſopher

loſopher in perſon, who had actually taken his ſeat in the theatre, and was ſitting between Alcibiades and Antipho the ſon of Pericles; by the ſide of Alcibiades ſate Euripides, and at Antipho's left hand ſate Thucydides; I never beheld two more venerable old men than the poet and hiſtorian, nor ſuch comely perſons as Alcibiades and Antipho: Socrates was exceedingly like the buſts we have of him, his head was bald, his beard buſhy, and his ſtature low; there was ſomething very deterring in his countenance; his perſon was mean and his habit ſqualid; his veſt was of looſe drapery, thrown over his left ſhoulder after the faſhion of a Spaniſh Capa, and ſeemed to be of coarſe cloth, made of black wool undyed; he had a ſhort ſtaff in his hand of knotted wood with a round head, which he was continually rubbing in the palm of his hand, as he talked with Alcibiades, to whom he principally addreſſed his diſcourſe: Thucydides had lately returned from exile upon a general amneſty, and I obſerved a melancholy in his countenance mixed with indignation; Euripides ſeemed employed in examining the countenances of the ſpectators, whilſt Antipho with great modeſty paid a moſt reſpectful attention to the venerable philoſopher on his right hand. Whilſt I was engaged in obſerving this reſpectable group, my

conductor whiſpered the following words in my ear—*This is the ſecond attack from the ſame hand upon Socrates; that of laſt year was defeated by Alcibiades; but if this night's comedy ſucceeds, I predict that our philoſopher is undone: and in truth his ſchool is much out of credit; for ſome of the worſt characters of the age have come out of his hands of late.*

"When the players firſt came on the ſtage there was ſo great a murmur in the theatre, that I could ſcarce hear them; after a ſhort time however the ſilence became pretty general, and the plot of the play, ſuch as it was, began to open; I perceived that the poet had deviſed the character of an old clowniſh father, who being plunged in debt by the extravagancies of a flanting wife and a ſpendthrift ſon, who waſted his fortune upon race-horſes, was for ever puzzling his brains to ſtrike upon ſome expedient for cheating his creditors. With this view he goes to the houſe of Socrates to take counſel of that philoſopher, who gives him a great many ridiculous inſtructions, ſeemingly not at all to the purpoſe, and amongſt other extravagancies aſſures him that Jupiter has no concern in the government of the world, but that all the functions of providence are performed by *The Clouds*, which upon his invocation appear and perform the

the part of a chorus throughout the play: The philoſopher is continually foiled by the ruſtic wit of the old father, who, after being put in Socrates's truckle bed and miſerably ſtung with vermin, has a meeting with his creditors, and endeavours to parry their demands with a parcel of pedantic quibbles, which he has learnt of the philoſopher, and which give occaſion to ſcenes of admirable comic humour: My conductor informed me this incident was pointed at Eſchines, a favorite diſciple of Socrates; a man, ſays he, plunged in debts and a moſt notorious defrauder of his creditors. In the end the father brings his ſon to be inſtructed by Socrates; the ſon, after a ſhort lecture, comes forth a perfect Atheiſt, and gives his father a ſevere cudgelling on the ſtage, which irreverend act he undertakes to defend upon the principles of the new philoſophy, he had been learning. This was the ſubſtance of the play, in the courſe of which there were many groſs alluſions to the unnatural vice, of which Socrates was accuſed, and many perſonal ſtrokes againſt Cliſthenes, Pericles, Euripides, and others, which told ſtrongly, and were much applauded by the theatre.

" It is not to be ſuppoſed, that all this paſſed without ſome occaſional diſguſt on the part of the ſpectators, but it was evident there was a

party in the theatre, which carried it through, notwithſtanding the preſence of Socrates and the reſpectable junto that attended him: For my part I ſcarce ever took my eyes from him during the repreſentation, and I obſerved two or three little actions, which ſeemed to give me ſome inſight into the temper of his mind during the ſevereſt libel, that was ever exhibited againſt any man's perſon and principles.

" Before Socrates appears on the ſtage, the old man raps violently at his door, and is reproved by one of his diſciples, who comes out and complains of the diſturbance; upon his being queſtioned what the philoſopher may be then employed upon, he anſwers that he is engaged in meaſuring the leap of a flea, to decide how many of its own lengths it ſprings at one hop; the diſciple alſo informs him with great ſolemnity, that Socrates has diſcovered that the hum of a gnat is not made by the mouth of the animal, but from behind: This raiſed a laugh at the expence of the naturaliſts and minute philoſophers, and I obſerved that Socrates himſelf ſmiled at the conceit.

" When the ſchool was opened to the ſtage and all his ſcholars were diſcovered with their heads upon the floor and their poſteriors mounted in the air, and turned towards the audience, though

though the poet pretends to account for it, as if they were ſearching for natural curioſities on the ſurface of the ground, the action was evidently intended to convey the groſſeſt alluſion, and was ſo received by the audience: When this ſcene was produced I remarked, that Socrates ſhook his head, and turned his eyes off the ſtage; whilſt Euripides with ſome indignation threw the ſleeve of his mantle over his face; this was obſerved by the ſpectators, and produced a conſiderable tumult, in which the theatre ſeemed pretty fairly divided, ſo that the actors ſtood upright, and quitted the poſture they were diſcovered in.

"When Socrates was firſt produced ſtanding on a baſket mounted into the clouds, the perſon of the actor and the maſk he wore, as well as the garment he was dreſſed in, was the moſt direct counterpart of the philoſopher himſelf, that could be deviſed. But when the actor, ſpeaking in his character, in direct terms proceeded to deny the divinity of Jupiter, Socrates laid his hand upon his heart, and caſt his eyes up with aſtoniſhment; in the ſame moment Alcibiades ſtarted from his ſeat, and in a loud voice cried out—*Athenians! is this fitting?* Upon this a great tumult aroſe and very many of the ſpectators called upon Socrates to ſpeak for himſelf,

and anſwer to the charge; when the play could not proceed for the noiſe and clamour of the people, all demanding Socrates to ſpeak for himſelf, the philoſopher unwillingly ſtept forward, and ſaid—*You require of me, O Athenians, to anſwer to the charge; there is no charge; neither is this a place to diſcourſe in about the gods: Let the actor proceed!*—Silence immediately took place, and Socrates's invocation to *The Clouds* ſoon enſued; the paſſage was ſo beautiful, the machinery of the clouds ſo finely introduced, and the chorus of voices in the air ſo exquiſitely conceived, that the whole theatre was in raptures, and the poet from that moment had entire poſſeſſion of their minds, ſo that the piece was carried triumphantly to its period. In the heat of the applauſe my Athenian friend whiſpered me in the ear and ſaid—*Depend upon it, Socrates will hear of this in another place; he is a loſt man; and remember I tell you that if all our philoſophers and ſophiſts were driven out of Attica, it would be happy for Athens.*—At theſe words I ſtarted and awaked from my dream.

N° IX.

N° IX.

CALLIOPE has favoured me with the following letter; it is dated from the houſe of a worthy clergyman, a friend of her father's, who with an exemplary wife lives upon a ſmall country vicarage in primitive ſimplicity, where that afflicted young lady took ſhelter.

"SIR,

"AFTER you left me at Lady Thimble's, I "ſeized the firſt moment, that the anguiſh of "my mind permitted me to make uſe of, to put "myſelf in readineſs for taking my final leave of "that family, and, according to the plan we had "concerted, came without delay to this place, "where, if any thing could have given abſolute "peace to my mind, the conſolation of theſe ex-"cellent people, and the ſerenity of the ſcene "muſt have done it. As it was, I felt my af-"flictions lighten, my ſelf-reproach became leſs "bitter, and, whilſt the vanity, which flattery "had inſpired me with, has been cured by their "admonitions, the doubts that infidelity had raiſ-"ed have been totally removed, and truth made "clear to my eternal comfort and conviction. "Had it not been for this, I ſhould have been "given up to deſpair; for as I heard no more

" from Captain Conſtant, I was convinced he " had renounced me for ever; in the mean time " I wrote many letters, but ſent none to him; " ſome of theſe letters were written in a high " tone, moſt of them in an humble one, and in " one I gave a looſe to paſſion and deſpair in ex- " preſſions little ſhort of phrenſy; all theſe I " conſtantly deſtroyed, for as I had not the heart " to write angrily to him, ſo I dreaded to appear " mean in his eyes, if I was too plaintive; nay I " was not ſure, ſince his fortune had become ſo " ſuperior to mine, but I might lay myſelf open " to a charge of the moſt deſpicable nature.

" Thus my time paſſed, till yeſterday morning, " upon obſerving the houſe in one of thoſe buſ- " tles, which the expectation of a viſiter creates " in ſmall families, I found my good hoſteſs " deeply engaged with her paſtry, and having " myſelf become a conſiderable adept in the art " under her tuition, I was putting myſelf in or- " der to aſſiſt her in her preparations, when turn- " ing to me with a ſmile, which ſeemed to ſpring " from joy as well as benevolence—*Come, my* " *dear child*, ſays ſhe, *I have been at work this* " *hour; and if you had known it was to entertain* " *a friend of your father's, I am perſuaded you* " *would not have let me been ſo long beforehand* " *with you.*—I aſked her who it was ſhe expect-

" ed

" ed—*No matter*, ſhe replied, *fall to your work,*
" *and do your beſt, like a good girl, for your miſtreſs's*
" *credit as well as your own.*—The ſignificant
" look, with which ſhe accompanied theſe words,
" ſet my heart into ſuch a flutter, that my hands
" no longer obeyed me in the taſk I undertook,
" till having ſpilt the milk, overthrown the eggs,
" and put every thing into the ſame confuſion
" with myſelf, I burſt into a flood of tears, which
" ended in a ſtrong hyſteric fit. My ſcreams
" brought the good man of the houſe and every
" body in it to my aſſiſtance; but judge of my
" condition betwixt joy, aſtoniſhment and ter-
" ror, when the figure of my beloved Conſtant
" preſented itſelf to my eyes; My God! he ex-
" claimed, and ſtarted back aghaſt, then ſprung
" to my aſſiſtance, and, claſping me in his arms,
" lifted me at once from the floor and ran with
" me into the parlour, where there was a couch
" —My life! my ſoul!—was all he could ſay,
" for he was like a man beſide himſelf with
" fright and agony, till I recovered; this was at
" laſt effected by a plentiful relief of tears, and
" then I found myſelf alone with my beloved
" Henry, my head reclined upon his neck, and
" him ſupporting my whole weight in his arms,
" whilſt he knelt on one knee at my feet; no
" ſooner had I recollected myſelf, than the blood,

" that

" that had been driven from my cheeks during
" my fit, ruſhed back again with violence and
" covered me with bluſhes. Henry's tranſports
" now became as vehement as his terrors had
" been, and looſing his hold of me for a mo-
" ment, whilſt he fixed his eyes upon me with
" an ardour, that confounded me ſo as almoſt to
" deprive me of ſpeech or motion, he again
" caught me in his arms, and preſſing me eager-
" ly to his breaſt, almoſt ſmothered me with
" careſſes. He then quitted me altogether, and
" throwing himſelf on his knees at my feet, en-
" treated me to forgive him, if he had offended
" me; he had been diſtracted between joy and
" terror, and ſcarce knew what he had done;
" he proceeded to account for the motives of his
" conduct towards me, both when he wrote the
" letter to me from Plymouth, and for every
" moment of his time ſince: That he had ſet
" off for London the very day he wrote, had
" ſought you out, and converſed fully with you
" upon the effects his letter had produced; that,
" hearing I was come to this place, he would
" have followed me with an immediate explana-
" tion, if you had not prevailed with him to the
" contrary (for which advice I cannot now find
" in my heart to condemn you), that however
" he had placed himſelf within two miles of me
" in

" in a neighbouring village, where he had daily
" intercourſe with the worthy Vicar, who gave
" him punctual intelligence of the ſtate of my
" mind and the total revolution effected in it;
" that what he ſuffered during this ſtate of trial
" and ſuſpence no words of his could paint, but
" the accounts he received of me from this good
" man and the benefits he knew I was gaining
" by his counſel and converſation, kept him
" from diſcovering himſelf, till he had permiſſion
" for ſo doing; that he threw himſelf upon my
" candor and good ſenſe for juſtification in the
" honeſt artifice he had made uſe of, and now
" that I added to my good qualities thoſe religi-
" ous and domeſtic virtues, which the ſociety
" of unbelieving pedants had obſcured, but not
" extinguiſhed, he hoped there was no further
" bar in the way of our mutual happineſs; but
" that I would condeſcend to accept a man
" whoſe heart and ſoul were devoted to me, and
" who had one recommendation at leaſt to offer
" in his own behalf, which he flattered himſelf
" no other perſon could produce, and which he
" was ſure would have ſome weight with me:
" So ſaying, he put a letter into my hands, which
" I had no ſooner glanced my eye upon than
" perceiving it was the well-known hand-writing
" of my ever honoured and lamented father, I
" ſunk

" ſunk back upon the couch and diſſolved again
" into tears: Even the manly heart of my Henry
" now gave way, and the ſad remembrance of
" his departed friend melted his brave boſom into
" all the ſoftneſs of a woman's.—Then, Sir, Oh
" then indeed I loved him, then he triumphed in
" my heart; how dear, how noble, how almoſt
" divine did he then appear! his eyes, whoſe ar-
" dent raptures had affrighted me, now, when I
" ſaw them bathed in tears, inſpired me with the
" pureſt paſſion, and contemplating him with
" the affection of a ſiſter, not regarding him as
" a lover, I caſt off all reſerve, and following the
" impulſe of the ſoul, *Deareſt and beſt of men!* I
" cried—and ſunk into his arms.

" Thus, Sir, you have the full and unreſerved
" account, to which your friendſhip is entitled;
" ſtill there remains one act of kindneſs in your
" power to ſhew me, and which my Henry
" jointly with myſelf ſolicits, which is, that
" you would ſtand in the place of your deceaſed
" friend upon our marriage, and compleat the
" kind part you have taken in my welfare, by
" joining my hand with that of the moſt deſerv-
" ing man on earth.

" I had almoſt forgot to mention to you a
" circumſtance, that paſſed as we were ſitting at
" table after dinner, and by which our good
" friend

" friend the Vicar undeſignedly threw me into
" a confuſion, that was exceedingly diſtreſſing,
" by repeating ſome verſes from Pope's Eſſay on
" Man, in which he applied to me to help him
" out in his quotation: I certainly remembered
" the paſſage, and could have ſupplied his me-
" mory with the words; but Henry being pre-
" ſent, and the recollection of what had paſſed
" on the ſubject of poetry ruſhing on my mind
" at the ſame time that I thought I ſaw him
" glance a ſignificant look at me, threw me into
" ſuch embarraſſment on the ſudden, that in vain
" endeavouring to evade the ſubject, and being
" preſſed a little unſeaſonably by the Vicar, my
" ſpirits alſo being greatly fluttered by the events
" of the morning, I could no longer command
" myſelf, but burſt into tears, and very narrowly
" eſcaped falling into a ſecond hyſteric. No-
" thing ever equalled the tenderneſs of Henry
" on this occaſion; nay I thought I could diſ-
" cover that he was ſecretly pleaſed with the
" event, as it betrayed a conſciouſneſs of former
" vanities, and ſeemed to prove that I repented
" of them: Whatever interpretation he might
" put upon it, ſtill I could not bring myſelf to
" repeat the verſes; and believe I ſhall never
" utter another couplet whilſt I live; I am cer-
" tain I ſhall never make one.

"I incloſe you a copy of my father's letter to "Henry; And am, Sir,

"Your ſincere friend,

"And moſt obliged ſervant,

"ANNE, ——."

Though the letter, of which my amiable correſpondent has incloſed a copy, is haſtily written in the buſtle and hurry of ſervice, yet as it breathes the ſentiments of the friend, the father, and the hero, and as every relick of ſo venerable a character is, in my opinion at leaſt, too precious not to be preſerved, I ſhall take permiſſion of the reader to ſubjoin it.

Dear Harry,

This perverſe wind has at laſt taken ſhame at confining ſo many brave fellows in port, and come about to the eaſt, ſo that we are all in high ſpirits getting under weigh: The Commiſſioners yacht is along-ſide and I drop theſe few lines by way of farewel to aſſure my brave lad, that whether we meet again, or not, you ſhall not hear a bad account of your old ſhipmate, nor with God's bleſſing of his crew. I think we ſhall ſoon come into action, and that being the caſe, d'ye ſee, few words and fair-dealing are beſt between friends: You tell me, if you get a prize, you mean to marry Nancy; that is honeſt, for the girl is cruelly in love with you, and I like her the better for it; a ſeaman's daughter

ſhould

ſhould be a ſeaman's friend, and without flattery I don't believe a braver lad ever trod a plank in the king's ſervice than yourſelf—ſo enough of that, you have my conſent, and with it all the fortune I have to beſtow, which is little more than my bleſſing.

There is one thing however I muſt warn you of, which is, that the girl, though of a good nature in the main, has got a romantic turn in her head and is terribly given to reading and making verſes and ſuch land-lubbers traſh, as women and ſailors have nothing to do with; now I would not have you make a fool of yourſelf, Harry, and marry a learned wife, though ſhe was of my own begetting. If therefore Nancy and you come to an underſtanding together, when my old carcaſe ſhall be feeding the fiſhes, remember it is on this expreſs condition only, which I charge you on your honour to obſerve, that you burn her books, as I will do if ever I get at them, and never yoke with her till ſhe has renounced theſe vagaries of poetry, which if you cure her of you have my free leave to make her as good a huſband as you can, and God bleſs you with her: and this you will obſerve and obey as the laſt will and teſtament of him who is

Yours till death,

* * * * * *

P. S. *Remember I tell you, Harry, this old ſhip is damn'd crank and leewardly; but our wiſe-*

acres would not take her down, ſo they muſt ſtand by the conſequences; ſhe is a fine man of war at the worſt, and if ſhe comes along-ſide of the Monſieurs, will give their firſt-rates a warming. Hurrah! we are under ſail!

N° X.

UPON reviſing what I wrote for Calliope in anſwer to Dr. Mac-Infidel's diſcourſe againſt Chriſt's miracles, I find the argument ſo connected with certain paſſages in the life of the great heathen philoſopher Pythagoras, which the adverſaries of Chriſtianity have ſet up againſt the ſcriptural records of the Meſſias, that I have been tempted to enlarge upon what I gave to that young lady by prefacing it with an account of what I find curious in the relations of the ſophiſts and biographers touching that extraordinary man.

The variety of fictions, which the writers, who treat of Pythagoras, have interſperſed in their accounts, makes it difficult to trace out any conſiſtent ſtory of his life: His biographers agree ſcarcely in any one fact or date: Porphyry ſays he was born at Tyre; Jamblichus will have

it

it to be at Sidon, probably as being the more ancient city; Joſephus ſays it is as hard to fix the place of his nativity, as Homer's, or to aſcertain the year of his birth. Jamblichus, glancing at the goſpel account of the birth of Chriſt, ſays, that when the mother of Pythagoras was with child of him, her huſband being ignorant of her pregnancy, brought her to the oracle at Delphi, and there the propheteſs told him the firſt news of his wife's having conceived, and alſo that the child, ſhe then went with, ſhould prove the greateſt bleſſing to mankind; that her huſband thereupon changed her name from Parthenis to Pythais, and, when the child was born, named him Pythagoras, as being foretold by Apollo Pythius, for ſo, ſays he, the name ſignifies; and adds, that there can be no doubt, but that the ſoul of the child was one of Apollo's companions in heaven, and came down by commiſſion from him. When this and many other fables are caſt out of the account it is moſt probable that Pythagoras was born at Samos in the 3d year of Olymp. XLVIII, 586 years before Chriſt, being the ſon of Mneſarchus, an engraver of ſeals, which Mneſarchus was deſcended from Hippaſus of Phlius, and his mother Pythais from Ancæus, one of the planters of Samos.

Nature beſtowed upon Pythagoras a form and perſon more than ordinarily comely; he gave early indications of a mind capable of great exertions, and ambitious of excelling in knowledge: The Greeks had now begun to open ſchools for the public inſtruction of youth; the rudiments of ſcience were taught in theſe ſeminaries to a degree ſufficient for the common purpoſes of liberal education, but the laſt finiſhing for ſuch as aſpired to be adepts in the ſuperior learning of the times was only to be obtained amongſt the Egyptian and Chaldean ſages; to them was the great reſort of literary travellers; from their ſource Greece had derived her ſyſtems of theology and natural philoſophy. The Egyptians were in poſſeſſion of many ancient traditions of Moſaical origin, though diſguiſed by emblems and hieroglyphics, which Greece in adopting was never able to develope, and of which it is probable the Egyptians themſelves had loſt the clue: The Greeks, ever ſince the time of Cecrops, had been progreſſively erecting a fabulous and idolatrous ſyſtem of theology upon this foundation. The Egyptians in very early time under certain types and ſymbols had ſhadowed out the attributes of the deity, the great events of the deluge and repeopling of the earth, and theſe being received

by the Greeks in a literal ſenſe, generated in the end a multitudinous race of deities with a thouſand chimerical rites and ceremonies, which altogether formed ſo puzzling a compound of abſurdity, that no two thinking heathens agreed in the ſame creed: Still they went on accumulating error upon error; every philoſopher, who returned from Egypt, imported ſome addition to the ſtock, till Olympus was crowded with divinities. If the heathens had ever defined their religion, and eſtabliſhed it upon ſyſtem, they would have deſtroyed it; but whilſt every man might think for himſelf, and every man, who thought at all, got rid of his difficulties by ſuppoſing there was ſome myſtery in the caſe, which he either did not trouble himſelf to interpret, or interpreted as he ſaw fit, the impoſing fabric ſtood, and, magnified through the miſts of error, appeared to have a dignity and ſubſtance, which upon examination and ſcrutiny would have vaniſhed.

The parents of Pythagoras put him firſt under the tuition of Pherecydes of Syrus: Pherecydes did not die till Olymp. LXVI, ſo that Diogenes Laertius muſt be flagrantly miſtaken in ſaying that Pythagoras ſtudied under this philoſopher till his death: He was very young when he went into Syria for this purpoſe, for he returned to Samos to his parents, and after ſtudying ſome time

under Hermodamas there, ſet out upon his travels into Egypt at the age of eighteen. At this early age he had acquired all the erudition the philoſophers of Greece could give him; he had already viſited many cities of Syria, and performed his initiations: It is ſaid he had conſulted Thales in perſon, and been adviſed by that ſage to proſecute his ſtudies amongſt the learned Egyptians; but this is doubtful; it is altogether improbable that he ſhould depart from Samos at the age of eighteen upon the patriotic motive aſcribed to him by Laertius of avoiding the growing tyranny of his countryman Polycrates; eſpecially when the ſame biographer informs us, that he took letters of recommendation from Polycrates to King Amaſis, deſiring him to give order for Pythagoras's being inſtructed by the Egyptian prieſts.

With this letter Pythagoras repaired to Amaſis, and obtained an order to the prieſts, agreeable to the requeſt of Polycrates; with this he went firſt to the prieſts of Heliopolis; they declined the execution of it by referring him to their brethren at Memphis, as being their ſeniors in the ſacerdotal rank; theſe again evaded the order and diſpatched him to the Dioſpolites; he found theſe ſages as little diſpoſed to compliance as the prieſts of Heliopolis or Memphis; however, as the king's command

command was urgent, they did not think fit abſolutely to diſobey it, but took a method, which they thought would anſwer the ſame purpoſe and began by deterring and alarming the inquiſitive youth by their preparatory auſterities; but they had no common ſpirit to deal with; Pythagoras had a conſtitution, that could endure hardſhips, and an ambition that nothing could daunt; he ſubmitted to the ceremony of circumciſion, and was initiated into their ſacred rites, unintimidated by all the horrors, with which they contrived to ſet them forth. They began then to regard him with more benignity and reſpect, and when they found him learning their language with ſurprizing rapidity, and conforming to their diſcipline with the moſt rigid exactneſs, they looked upon him with ſurprize and admiration; they now reſolved to hold nothing back from talents ſo extraordinary and temper ſo conformable; he learnt their three ſorts of letters; they admitted him to their ſacrifices, and diſcloſed the moſt ſecret rites of their religion, myſteries never before imparted to any foreigner. He reſided in Egypt a long time, during which he read the books of the ancient prieſts, and in them he diſcovered the ſources of the Grecian theology, and how erroneous the ſyſtem was, which they had derived from theſe ſources; he is ſuppoſed

henceforth to have held the gods of the heathen in contempt, and to have entertained ſuitable ideas of The One Supreme Being.

Having perfected himſelf in the geometry and aſtronomy of the Egyptians, and acquired the obſervations of *infinite ages*, (as Valerius Maximus expreſſes it) he determined upon exploring new and more diſtant ſcenes in ſearch of knowledge, and from Egypt went to Babylon; his recommendations from Egypt ſecured him a reception by the Chaldees and Magi; here he was a diſciple of Nazaratus the Aſſyrian, and we are told by Porphyry, that he was purified by Zabratus from all defilements of his former life; by what particular modes of diſcipline this purification was effected Porphyry does not explain. From Babylon he puſhed his travels into Perſia, and was inſtructed by the Magi in their religion and way of living; from them he received thoſe rules of diet, which he afterwards preſcribed to his diſciples, with various opinions of things clean and unclean, which were amongſt his maxims: Theſe conform to the preſent practice of the Brahmins, which may well be ſuppoſed to have been inviolably preſerved through that ſeparated and ſacred Caſt from times of high antiquity; for what invention can be deviſed to ſecure the longevity of any ſyſtem better than that

upon

upon which the ſacerdotal order of Brahmins is eſtabliſhed? By the Perſian Magi he was inſtructed in many particulars of Jewiſh knowledge, chiefly their interpretations of dreams. We have Cicero's authority for this part of his travels (*de fin. lib.* v.) and Valerius Maximus ſays the Perſian Magi taught him a moſt compleat ſyſtem of ethics; that they likewiſe inſtructed him in the motions and courſes of the heavenly bodies, their properties and effects, and the influence every ſtar reſpectively is ſuppoſed to have.

In the courſe of theſe travels he paſſed more than twenty years; he then turned his face homewards, taking the iſle of Crete in his way: here and at Lacedemon he peruſed their famous codes of laws, and having now compleated the great tour of ſcience, and ſtored his mind with all the hidden treaſures of oriental knowledge, he preſented himſelf for the firſt time to the admiring eyes of Greece aſſembled at the Olympic Games.

A ſpectacle no doubt it was for univerſal admiration and reſpect; an underſtanding ſo enriched and full in its meridian vigour was an object, that the wiſeſt of his contemporaries might look up to with veneration little ſhort of idolatry. Pythagoras in this attitude, ſurrounded by the

the Grecian ſages on the field of the Olympic Games, whilſt every eye was fixed with rapture and delight upon one of the moſt perfect forms in nature, began to pour forth the wonders of his doctrine: Aſtoniſhment ſeized the hearers, and almoſt doubting if it was a mortal, that had been diſcourſing, they with one voice applauded his wiſdom, and demanded by what title he would in future be addreſſed: Pythagoras anſwered, that their ſeven ſages had taken the name of wiſe men or ſophiſts; for his part he left them in poſſeſſion of a diſtinction they ſo well merited; he wiſhed to be no otherwiſe remembered or deſcribed, than as a *Lover of Wiſdom*; his pretenſions did not go to the poſſeſſion of it; and if they would call him a *Philoſopher*, he ſhould be contented with the appellation: From this time the name of Philoſopher became a title of honour amongſt the learned, whilſt that of Sophiſt ſunk into univerſal contempt.

N° XI.

I HAVE obſerved that Pythagoras on his return from the Eaſt took the iſland of Crete in his way; here he viſited the famous philoſopher Epimenides. Porphyry and Jamblichus muſt

muſt be greatly out in their chronology when they make Epimenides one of Pythagoras's ſcholars; Laertius's account is more probable, who ſays he was one of Pythagoras's maſters, which naturally accounts for that philoſopher's ſeeking an interview with him in Crete, as he did afterwards with Pherecydes on his death-bed in Syria: In this interview Pythagoras no doubt gave an account to Epimenides of the many marvellous things he had learnt in his travels, and ſo far the diſciple may be ſaid to have inſtructed his maſter; Epimenides himſelf was no ſmall adept in the marvellous, and propagated a ſtory thro' Greece of his having ſlept fifty-ſeven years in a cave, and that upon waking after his long repoſe he reſumed his ſearch for ſome ſheep, which his father had ſent him upon more than half a century before; the ſtory does not ſay that he found theſe ſheep, which probably were now become more difficult to recover than upon his firſt ſearch; he returned however to his father's houſe, and was rather ſurprized upon diſcovering a new generation in poſſeſſion, who thought no more of Epimenides, than they did of his ſheep: This ſleeping philoſopher however filled up the gap in his life pretty well, for Xenophanes ſays he lived to one hundred and fifty-ſeven years of age; and the Cretans, who are liars upon record, ſtretch

their

their account to two hundred and ninety-nine years, modeſtly ſtopping ſhort of three centuries. Deducting therefore fifty-ſeven years of ſleep, during which he probably made no great advances in ſcience, he might have occaſion to go to ſchool, when he waked, and, though an old man, might be a young ſcholar under Pythagoras, if the credibility of the above ſtory can once be admitted.

From the Olympic Games Pythagoras repaired to Samos, and opened ſchool in a place called in the time of Antipho, (who is quoted by Laertius) *Pythagoræ Hemicyclus*. Here he began a practice he continued in Italy of retiring to a cave without the town for the purpoſe of ſtudy, but in fact the idea was, like moſt others of his, oriental: Hermits have it to this day, and if mortification is uſed to recommend religion, ſolitude may be choſen to ſet off wiſdom. Pythagoras in a cave, viſited in the dead of night with awful reverence and credulity, might paſs ſtories upon his hearers, which he could not riſque in the face of the ſun and the ſtreets of the city.

He was not however ſo far ſequeſtered from the concerns of the world, as to enjoy himſelf in his cave under the tyranny of Polycrates, now more oppreſſive than at his departure for Egypt. He thereupon reſolved to go into Italy, and took

Delos

Delos in his way; here he wrote the verſes on the ſepulchre of Apollo, which Porphyry records: From Delos he paſſed to Phlius, the ancient country of his family, and at Phlius Cicero informs us he expounded ſeveral points of his new philoſophy to the tyrant Leo, who, being ſtruck with his doctrine, demanded of him what branch of ſcience he principally profeſſed: Pythagoras replied that he profeſſed none, but was a *Philoſopher:* The name was new to Leo, and he deſired to be informed of its ſignification, and wherein philoſophers differed from other profeſſors of the learned ſciences: Pythagoras anſwered, *That it appeared to him men were drawn to different objects and purſuits in life, as the Greeks were to their Olympic Games, ſome for glory, ſome for gain; at the ſame time,* ſays he, *you muſt have obſerved that others attend without any view to either, for curioſity and amuſement only; ſo we, who are travellers and adventurers, as it were, from another life and another nature, come amongſt mankind, indifferent to the ordinary allurements of avarice or ambition, and ſtudious of nothing but of the truth and eſſence of things: Such may be called Lovers of Wiſdom, or in one word Philoſophers; and, like the unconcerned ſpectators above deſcribed, have no other intereſts to purſue, but the acquiſition of knowledge and the rational enjoyments*

of

of a contemplative mind.—In this reply he glances at his doctrine of the Metempſycoſis.

In his progreſs towards Italy Pythagoras went to Delphi, that he might give the more authority to his precepts upon the pretence of his having received them from the prieſteſs Theoclea.

In Italy he eſtabliſhed himſelf for the remainder of his life, and taught there forty years wanting one in his colleges at Metapontum, Heraclea, and Croton. He ſtaid twenty years at Croton before he went to Metapontum; Milo, the famous Olympic victor, was one of his ſcholars at the former of theſe places. The fame of his doctrines drew a prodigious reſort to his college; no leſs than ſix hundred diſciples at one time attended his lectures nightly: He impoſed rules of preparation and a ſyſtem of diſcipline for his ſtudents, admirably contrived to inſpire them with veneration for his perſon, and to train their minds to the exerciſes of patience and reſpect: He preſcribed a probationary ſilence of five years, during which initiation they were not once admitted to the ſight of their maſter, who in the mean time, like an inviſible and ſuperior ſpirit, governed them after the moſt abſolute manner by mandates, which they never heard but through the channel of his ſubordinate agents: At length they were uſhered with much ceremony

ceremony into the awful preſence. Such a courſe of diſcipline could not fail to prepare every mind, capable of undergoing it, for the marvellous ſtories, which at certain times he introduced into his lectures touching the doctrine of the Metempſycoſis, and the revelation of his own divinity: He ſcrupled not to tell them, that he was the Apollo of the Hyperboreans, and he corroborated his aſſertion by expoſing to view his thigh compoſed of ſolid gold; his food, which was of the ſimpleſt ſort, was conveyed to him in his receſs in a manner ſo ſecret, that he was not diſcovered to be ſubject to the common appetites and neceſſities of human nature; his perſon was moſt comely and commanding, and his dreſs of ſtudied cleanlineſs and ſimplicity; he was always clad in milk-white garments of the pureſt wool; he told them his ſoul had paſſed through ſeveral anteceedent forms, and that it had originally received from Mercury, when it inhabited the body of Æthalides (ſon of that God) the privilege of migrating after the death of one body into that of another, with the faculty of remembering all the actions of its præterient ſtates; that theſe tranſmigrations were not immediate, but after intervals, in which his ſoul viſited the regions of the other world, and was admitted to the ſociety of de-

parted ſpirits; that in virtue of this prerogative, it paſſed after ſome time from the body of Æthalides into that of Euphorbus, who was wounded by Menelaus at the ſiege of Troy, and in his perſon was conſcious of what had occurred in that of its predeceſſor; that it next appeared on earth in the perſon of Hermotimus, who gave proofs of his reminiſcence by appealing to the ſhield ſuſpended in the temple of Apollo by the hands of Menelaus; from Hermotimus it paſſed into one Pyrrhus a fiſherman, retaining the like conſciouſneſs; and laſtly it had lodged itſelf, where it now was, poſſeſſing all the accumulated recollection of its paſt tranſmigrations.

Daring as theſe fictions were, ſtill they were credited; for the powers of his mind were wonderful, and the authority he had eſtabliſhed over his hearers by ſuperior wiſdom and ingenious device was unbounded; the curious reſearches of his ſtudy in the Eaſt, and the paſſion he had there contracted for the marvellous and ſupernatural, inſpired him with the ambition of paſſing himſelf upon the world for ſomething above human; he had trained on the credulity of his diſciples with ſuch art, that he found it would bear whatever he thought proper to impoſe; he was ſenſible he tranſcended all men living in wiſdom, and he reſolved to aſſume a ſuperiority of nature alſo.

alſo. The idea of tranſmigration was not ſtarted by Pythagoras; it was of eaſtern origin, but too far out of ſight for any then alive to trace it to its ſource: He told his ſcholars he ſhould reviſit the earth in two hundred and ſix years after his death.

Doctrines like theſe were hard to be received, but he ſo well balanced fiction with truth, that they could not be ſeparated at the time; the ſtrong fortified the weak ſo effectually, that both took place together; in mathematics, aſtronomy, and moral philoſophy, he was an unrivalled maſter; his golden verſes deſerved the name: His principles were temperate, moral, humane, and above all things pacifying and conciliatory: when he admitted a diſciple into his preſence, he took him ever after into his moſt cordial friendſhip and confidence, and men eſteemed it the higheſt honour of their lives to have paſſed their probation in the ſchool of Pythagoras, and to be allowed acceſs to his perſon.

After he had ſtaid twenty years at Croton, he removed to Metapontum, where he had a magnificent houſe, which was afterwards converted into a temple to Ceres, and a ſchool which was called the Muſeum: Here he was viſited by the famous Abaris, prieſt of the Hyperborean Apollo; and his fabulous hiſtorians give out, that having

taken Abaris's arrow, he rode upon it through the air to Taurominium in one day, though distant from Metapontum some days sailing. Hearing that his aged master Pherecydes was dying of a loathsome disease in Delos, he went thither, and exerted all his art to recover him; and, when he was dead, having buried him with all the ceremonies due to a father, he returned to Italy. This instance of friendship is the last public action I find recorded in his life: The manner of his death is variously reported, as well as the age at which he died; the most probable account fixes it at eighty years; as to the catastrophe of his death, the relation most to be credited informs us, that one Cylon of Croton, a rich, ambitious, and disorderly man, having offered himself to the college and been rejected by Pythagoras, was so enraged thereby, that having collected a hired mob, he assaulted the house of Milo, when Pythagoras and his disciples were there assembled, and burnt the house with every body in it, two or three excepted, who narrowly escaped. Pythagoras, to whom his disciples even in the last extremity paid a filial reverence and attention, was solicited to make his escape; but not being willing to expose himself to the people, as a fugitive anxious to preserve life, when his friends were on the point of perishing,

periſhing, he reſiſted their entreaties and was burnt to death. To this account I incline; but others contend, that he eſcaped from the flames, and was killed in purſuit; ſome relate that he took refuge in the Muſes' Temple at Metapontum, where being kept from victuals forty days, he was ſtarved; and other hiſtorians with as little probability on their ſide ſay, that being purſued into a bean-plot, he there ſtopped, becauſe he would not paſs over prohibited ground, and yielded his throat to the purſuers. After his death his ſurviving diſciples were diſperſed into Greece and the neighbouring countries.

Thus periſhed Pythagoras, the Samian philoſopher, founder of the Italian ſchool, and the great luminary of the heathen world.

N° XII.

HAVING in my two preceding papers been at ſome pains in collecting an account of the life of Pythagoras from the many various unconnected particulars, ſcattered up and down in the works of the ſophiſts and biographers touching that extraordinary man, I now come to my main object, in which I deſire

the reader's attention, whilſt I attempt to ſhew in what manner the heathen writers have applied theſe particulars in oppoſition to the life and actions of Chriſt; this will be the ſubject of the preſent paper; in my next I purpoſe to conclude by anſwering thoſe arguments, on which modern cavillers have grounded their reaſonings againſt the goſpel miracles; a ſubject to which I have been led by Dr. Mac-Infidel's diſcourſe, of which ſome notice has been taken in former papers.

It has been unfortunate for Pythagoras, that the writers of Julian's time, to pay court to the Emperor, ſhould have corrupted their account of him with ſo many fictions and abſurdities; for he was truly a very wonderful man: But when they undertook to depreciate the character of Chriſt, his doctrines and miracles, by aſcribing actions to Pythagoras equal, or, as they conceived, ſuperior to what Chriſt had done upon earth, they were driven to ſtrange reſources in deifying their philoſopher; for in fact the time was rather paſt for thoſe deluſions; deification after death was the moſt that could be attempted, and even the *Julium Sidus* held its place in the heavens by a precarious tenure: At the ſame time an *apotheoſis* would not ſerve their purpoſe; it was neceſſary to make Pythagoras a god or the ſon of a god, and to give him a ſupernatural birth

birth from the womb of a virgin: Their next buſineſs was to inveſt him with the power of working miracles; but here ſome ſtubborn facts laid in their way; he had viſited Epimenides in his laſt ſickneſs without being able to prolong his life; they were driven to ridiculous reſources; and, taking Abaris's arrow in aid, ſent their philoſopher upon it through the air from Metapontum to Taurominium; becauſe Chriſt had walked on the ſea, Pythagoras rode through the ſkies; becauſe Chriſt had been forty days faſting in the wilderneſs, Pythagoras was to be forty days without food in the Temple of the Muſes at Metapontum; becauſe Chriſt deſcended into Hades, and roſe again from the dead, and appeared upon earth, Pythagoras deſcended to the ſhades below, remained there a compleat year, ſaw Homer, Heſiod, and other departed ſpirits, returned upon earth wan and emaciated, and reported what he had ſeen in full aſſembly of his diſciples, whilſt his mother, by his ſpecial direction before his deſcent, regiſtered upon tablets all that paſſed, and noted the times of his temporary death and reſurrection; to carry on the competition, he was made to allay winds, tempeſts, and earthquakes, to cure diſeaſes, whether of mind or body, and to foretel to certain fiſhermen, whom he found at work, how many fiſh they ſhould incloſe in

their net: The reader, who has conſulted Porphyry and Jamblichus, will call to mind other coincidencies.

With what ſuperior what inconteſtible ſtrength of evidence does the diſciple of Chriſt meet the diſciple of Pythagoras in this compariſon between their maſters! The heathen teacher was almoſt a miracle of erudition; he traverſed the Eaſt in purſuit of ſcience, and collected knowledge, wherever it was to be found, with unremitting induſtry: Chriſt lived in privacy and obſcurity, educated only in the humble trade and occupation of his parents, to whom he was obedient and devoted, till he ſet out upon the functions of his miſſion. The perſon of the firſt was captivating and comely, not to be approached but with awe and adoration, with preparatory penances and rigid initiations, with every artifice to ſet him off that human wit could deviſe; the other was *deſpiſed and rejected of men*; the ſimpleſt and the meekeſt being, that ever walked the earth; converſing freely with all men, preſenting himſelf to the poor and lowly, to women and to little children; in him was *no form of comelineſs*, that men ſhould deſire; no artifice or trick to catch applauſe or to excite ſurprize: If he exerciſed his miraculous power in healing the infirm, or reviving the dead, he did it in ſilence,

and

and under injunction of ſecrecy, directing men to pay their thanks to God alone, and forbidding them even to call him good. No magic numbers, nor myſtic ſymbols obſcured his doctrines, but he delivered the ſimple ſyſtem of his pure morality in little eaſy anecdotes, levelled to the capacity, and fitted to the memory of the pooreſt and moſt illiterate. From ſuch he choſe his diſciples, that the *wiſdom of this world* might have no ſhare in his miniſtry, and he reſted upon the weakeſt agents the taſk of preaching and propagating the ſublimeſt religion. Gloomy enthuſiaſts have buried themſelves in deſarts and caverns of the earth to brood in ſolitude and ſpend their days in penances and prayers; ambitious innovators have been carried to the higheſt pitch of human greatneſs by becoming founders of a new religion; but Chriſt taught his diſciples neither to ſhun ſociety, nor to diſturb authorities; he told them indeed that they ſhould die for the faith they profeſſed, but it was not the death of ſoldiers, but of martyrs, they ſhould ſuffer, and theſe precepts he confirmed by his own example, being *led like a lamb to the ſlaughter*; if they, who profeſs his religion, were to practiſe it, Univerſal Love and Benevolence would obtain upon earth.

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But of the internal evidences of Chriſt's religion I am not now to ſpeak; ſo long as the diſtinctions between good and evil exiſt, theſe can need no defence; if men agree in the one, they cannot differ or diſpute about the other. With regard to the goſpel account of Chriſt's miracles, I may be allowed in general to obſerve, that theſe forgeries of Porphyry and Jamblichus in imitation of them, warrant a fair preſumption, that if theſe writers could have diſproved the authorities of the Evangeliſts, and controverted the matter of fact, they would not have reſorted to ſo indeciſive and circuitous a mode of oppoſing them, as this which we are now examining: Men of ſuch learning as theſe writers, would not have riſqued extravagant fictions merely to keep way with a hiſtory, which they had more immediate means of refuting: On the other hand, if their abſurdity ſhould lead any man to ſuppoſe, that they forged theſe accounts by way of parody and in ridicule of the goſpels, the accounts themſelves give the ſtrongeſt evidence to the contrary, and it is clear beyond a doubt, that both Porphyry and Jamblichus mean to be credited in their hiſtories of Pythagoras, as ſeriouſly as Philoſtratus does in his of Apollonius Tyaneus.

This

This will more fully appear by referring to the circumſtances, that occaſioned theſe hiſtories to be written.

Chriſt having performed his miracles openly and before ſo many witneſſes, it is not found that the matter of fact was ever queſtioned by any, who lived in that age: On the contrary we ſee it was acknowledged by his moſt vigilant enemies the Phariſees: They did not deny the miracle, but they aſcribed it to the aid of the prince of the devils; ſo weak a ſubterfuge againſt the evidence of their own ſenſes probably ſatisfied neither themſelves nor others; if it had, this accuſation of ſorcery (being capital by their law, and alſo by that of the Romans) would have been heard of, when they were ſo much to ſeek for crimes, wherewith to charge him on his trial: If any man ſhall object, that this is arguing out of the goſpels in favour of the goſpels, I contend that this matter of fact does not reſt ſolely on the goſpel evidence, but alſo upon collateral hiſtoric proof; for this very argument of the Phariſees, and this only, is made uſe of by thoſe Jews, whom Celſus brings in arguing againſt the Chriſtian religion; and thoſe Jews on this very account rank Chriſt with Pythagoras; and I challenge the cavillers againſt Chriſt's miracles either to controvert what is thus

thus aſſerted, or to produce any other argument of Jewiſh origin, except this aſcribed to the Phariſees by the goſpel, either from Celſus, as above mentioned, or any other writer.

Celſus, it is well known, was a very learned man, and wrote in the time of Adrian or ſomething later; this was not above fifty years after the date of Chriſt's miracles. Celſus did not controvert the accounts of them, who were witneſſes of the miracles, nor attempt to ſhew any inconſiſtence or chicanery in the facts themſelves; he takes up at ſecond hand the old Phariſaical argument of aſcribing them to the power of the devil: In ſhort, they were performed, he cannot deny it; there was no trick or artifice in the performance, he cannot diſcover any; the accounts of them are no forgeries, he cannot confute them; they are recent hiſtories, and their authenticity too notorious to be called into queſtion; he knows not how the miracles were performed, and therefore they were done by the invocation of the devil; he cannot patiently look on and ſee that learning, ſo long the glory of all civilized nations, and which he himſelf was to an eminent degree poſſeſſed of, now brought into diſgrace by a new religion, profeſſing to be a divine revelation, and originating from amongſt the meaneſt and moſt odious of all the provincial nations, and

and propagated by diſciples, who were as much deſpiſed and hated by the Jews in general, as the Jews were by all other people. Unable to diſprove the account and at a loſs how to parry it from hearſay, or from what he finds in former writers, he has no other reſource, but to bring forward again thoſe cavilling Phariſees, and roundly to aſſert in general terms, (which he does more than once) that theſe miracles are all *the tricks of a ſorcerer*, and for this he expects the world ſhould take his authority.

I have ſaid that Celſus adduces neither oral nor written authority againſt Chriſt's miracles; but I am well aware it may be ſaid, (and modern cavillers will affect to ſay it with triumph) that authorities are ſilent on the ſubject; *there are none which make mention of theſe miracles, at leaſt none have come down to our times.*—If this ſilence implies a want of collateral evidence, which in the opinion of our modern diſbelievers vitiates the authenticity of the goſpel, how much ſtronger would the argument have been in Celſus's time than in ours! Why does he not avail himſelf of it? And why does he take ſuch pains to controvert accounts of which no man had ever ſpoken either in proof or diſproof? May it not be fairly preſumed, that he forbears to urge it from plain conviction, that it would operate

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the contrary way to what he wiſhed, and that the reaſon why contemporary writers were ſilent, was not becauſe they were ignorant of the facts, but becauſe they could not confute them? Here then we will leave the caſe for the preſent; the heathen writers, contemporary with Chriſt, make no mention of his miracles; they are intereſted to diſprove them, and they do not diſprove them; modern unbelievers think this a reaſon that theſe miracles were never performed; Celſus writes fifty years after the time, never urges this ſilence as an argument for their non-exiſtence, but virtually, nay expreſsly, admits Chriſt's miracles, by ſetting up Pythagoras's in competition with them.

Neither is it Pythagoras alone he compares to Chriſt, he ſtates the performances of Ariſteas Proconneſius and Abaris alſo. Of Ariſteas the firſt account we have is in Herodotus, and he gives it only upon hearſay: He relates that it was reported of him, that he died at Proconneſus, and appeared there ſeven years after, and, having written ſome verſes, diſappeared; but that two or three hundred years after he had appeared again at Metapontum, where by ſpecial direction of Apollo he was worſhipped as a god: Of Abaris, Celſus relates, that he rode through the air on an arrow, paſſing over mountains and

ſeas in his paſſage out of Scythia into Greece, and back again into Scythia.

Hence it came to paſs that other heathen writers, after the example of Celſus, publiſhed their accounts of Pythagoras and Apollonius Tyaneus; not ſo much for the purpoſe of giving the hiſtories of thoſe perſons, as to ſet them up in oppoſition to Chriſt and his diſciples. Porphyry compoſed the hiſtory of Pythagoras after he had written fifteen books profeſſedly againſt the Chriſtian religion; theſe were ſuppreſſed by the Chriſtian emperors who ſucceeded Galienus, in whoſe time Porphyry wrote his hiſtory of Pythagoras in the iſland of Sicily, whither he retired in diſguſt with the Emperor for his favour to the Chriſtians, and would have put himſelf to death with his own hand, if Plotinus had not prevented him. Galienus ſoon died, and the ſucceeding emperors being diſpoſed to perſecute the Chriſtians, Porphyry publiſhed his hiſtory. Jamblichus publiſhed his account of Pythagoras in the reign of the Emperor Julian, with whom he was in high favour, as the letters of that Emperor ſufficiently teſtify. Hierocles alſo in the time of Diocleſian publiſhed two books againſt the Chriſtian religion under the title of *Philalethes*, and for theſe was promoted by Galerius from being chief judge at Nicomedia

dia to the government of Alexandria. Theſe books are now loſt, but we are informed by Euſebius they were moſtly copied from Celſus, and ſet up Ariſteas, Pythagoras and Apollonius Tyaneus againſt Chriſt, whom he ſays the Chriſtians, on account of his doing a few *teratyai*, call a God, and concludes with theſe words, viz. *That it is worth conſidering that thoſe things of Jeſus are boaſted of Peter and Paul, and ſome others of the like ſort, liars and illiterate and impoſtors; but for theſe things of Apollonius, we have Maximus and Damis a philoſopher, who lived with him, and Philoſtratus, men eminent for their learning and lovers of truth.*

As for theſe witneſſes to Philoſtratus's legend of Apollonius, Maximus's minutes go no farther than to two or three years of Apollonius's life paſſed at Ægæ, when he was about twenty years old; and what he had from Damis was a table-book of minutes, which a nameleſs man, pretending to be a relation of Damis, brought to Julia the mother and wife of Caracalla, and were by her given to the Sophiſt Philoſtratus to dreſs up in handſomer language.

Such are the authorities for the legend of Philoſtratus, written above a hundred years after the death of Apollonius, who died a few weeks after the Emperor Domitian in the year of Chriſt

96. This Apollonius was of the ſect of Pythagoras, and the patroneſs of Philoſtratus's hiſtory was the monſter Julia, mother and wife to the deteſtable Caracalla.

N° XIII.

IT ſeems natural to ſuppoſe that any great and ſignal revelation of the Divine Will ſhould be authenticated to mankind by evidences proportioned to the importance of the communication. Chriſtians contend that in the purity and perfection of their religion, as it was taught by Chriſt, and in the miracles which he performed on earth whilſt he was teaching, full and ſufficient evidencies are found of a Divine Revelation.

As for the religion of Chriſt it ſpeaks for itſelf, the book is open, which contains it, and however it may have degenerated in practice through the corruption of them who profeſs it, there ſeems no difference of opinion in the world as to the purity and perfection of its principles: Of theſe evidencies therefore, which are generally called internal, I have no need to ſpeak.

It is not poſſible to make the ſame direct appeal to the miracles as to the religion of Chriſt. Many centuries have revolved ſince they have ceaſed; nature has long ſince reſumed her courſe, and retains no traces of them; their evidencies therefore are not, like thoſe of Chriſt's religion, internal, but hiſtorical; it muſt however be acknowledged, that they are hiſtorical evidencies of the ſtrongeſt ſort, for the hiſtorians were eye-witneſſes of what they relate, and their relations agree.

It is eaſy therefore to ſee, that if the ſyſtem of Chriſtianity is to be attacked, it is in this part only the attack is to be expected. This has accordingly taken place in three different periods, and in three different modes.

The unbelieving Jews, contemporary with Chriſt, before whoſe eyes the miracles were performed, could not diſpute their being done, but they attempted to criminate the doer by accuſing him of a guilty communication with evil ſpirits, aſcribing his ſupernatural deeds to the power of the devil. The heathens, who had not ocular demonſtration, but could not conteſt facts ſo well eſtabliſhed, made their attack upon his miracles, by inſtancing others, who had done things altogether as wonderful, viz. Pythagoras, Abaris, Apollonius, and others.

Thus the matter reſted for many ages, till modern cavillers within the pale of the Chriſtian church ſtruck upon a new argument for an attack upon Chriſt's miracles; and this argument having been woven into a late publication, whoſe hiſtorical merit puts it into general circulation, many retailers of infidelity, (and Dr. Mac-Infidel amongſt the reſt,) have caught at it as a diſcovery of importance, and as they have contrived to connect it with topics of more erudition, than the generality of people are furniſhed with, on whom they practiſe, it has been propagated with ſome ſucceſs, where it has had the advantage of not being underſtood.

The ſtrength of this argument lies in the diſcovery, that contemporary authorities are ſilent on the ſubject of Chriſt's miracles: Naturaliſts and the authors, who record all curious and extraordinary events of their own or of preceding times, make no mention of the wonderful things, which Chriſt is ſaid to have done in the land of Judæa; in ſhort, the Evangeliſts are left alone in the account, and yet ſome things are related by them too general in their extent, and too wonderful in their nature, to have been paſſed over in ſilence by theſe authors, or in other words not to have had a place in their collections: The elder Pliny and Seneca they tell us

were living at the time of Chriſt's paſſion; the Evangeliſts relate, that there was darkneſs over the face of the earth when Chriſt gave up the ghoſt, and this darkneſs was miraculous, being out of the courſe of nature, and incidental to the divinity of the perſon, who was then offering up his life for the redemption of mankind; againſt the veracity of the goſpel account relative to this particular prodigy the attack is pointed; and they argue, that if it extended over the whole earth, elder Pliny and Seneca with all others who were then living, muſt have noticed it; if it was local to the province of Judæa, men of their information muſt have heard of it: Each of theſe philoſophers has recorded all the great phœnomena of nature, which his curioſity and care could get together, and Pliny in particular has devoted an entire chapter to eclipſes of an extraordinary nature, yet does not mention this at the Paſſion: The defection of light, which followed Cæſar's murder was not to be compared with what the goſpel relates of the præternatural darkneſs at the Paſſion, and yet moſt of the writers of that age have recorded the former event, whilſt all are ſilent as to the latter—*Therefore it did not happen.*

This I believe is a fair ſtate of the argument, and, if there be any merit in the diſcovery, it certainly

certainly reſts with the moderns; for neither Celſus, Porphyry, nor his diſciple Jamblichus, have ſtruck upon it, though the firſt-mentioned wrote againſt Chriſtianity in the time of Adrian, who ſucceeded to the empire eighty years after Chriſt's paſſion; as for Seneca, he died about thirty years, and elder Pliny three and forty years after Chriſt.

The fathers of the church it ſeems are divided in opinion as to the darkneſs at Chriſt's paſſion being general to the whole earth, or local only to Judæa. As the deciſion of this point does not affect the general queſtion, the abettors of the argument are willing to admit with Origen, Beza, and others, that the prodigy ſhould be underſtood as local to that part of the world, to which his other miracles were confined, and to whoſe conviction, if it really happened, it is natural to ſuppoſe it ſhould be ſpecially addreſſed.

Allowing this, theſe reaſoners contend that it muſt of neceſſity have been reported to Rome, and that report muſt have been known to Seneca and elder Pliny, and, being known, muſt have been recorded by one or both. Theſe poſitions merit examination.

The firſt point to be taken for granted is, that the miracle of the three hours darkneſs upon the paſſion of Chriſt muſt neceſſarily have been

reported to Rome: This report was either to come in the ſtate diſpatches of the Procurator Pilate to the court of Tiberius, or from private communications: Of the probability of the firſt caſe the reader muſt judge for himſelf from circumſtances; it is merely matter of ſpeculation: It involves a doubt at leaſt, whether the Procurator would not ſee reaſons perſonal, as well as political, againſt reporting to the court an event, which at beſt tended to his own crimination, and which, if he had delivered it for truth, might have alarmed the jealouſy, or rouſed the reſentment of his ſovereign. The idea entertained by the Jews of deliverance from the Roman yoke by their expected Meſſias, was too general to have eſcaped the knowledge of their watchful tyrants, and it does not ſeem likely any Roman governor of that province would be forward to report any miracle, or miracles, that had reference to a perſon, who having ſet up a new religion declared himſelf that very Meſſias, which the Jewiſh prophecies foretold ſhould appear to extirpate the Gentile idolatry: If this be a reaſon for the Roman Procurator in Judæa to be ſilent on the ſubject, it is no leſs ſo for the people of Rome to reject the reports of the Chriſtians themſelves, if they ventured any; and as for the unbelieving Jews, it is not to be expected

pected they would contribute to ſpread the evidencies of Chriſt's divinity.

The next point to be taken for granted in the argument under examination is, that this report, if actually made, muſt have been known to the philoſopher Seneca and the naturaliſt Pliny; and I think it may fairly be allowed, that an event of this ſort could not well fail of coming to the knowledge of Seneca, and even of Pliny, (tho' he died forty-three years after the time) if the government in Tiberius's reign had been made acquainted with it by authority, and had taken no meaſures for ſuppreſſing it, or any accounts publiſhed at the time reſpecting it; for after all it muſt be obſerved, that this event, not being found in Pliny's Natural Hiſtory, nor in Seneca's Enquiries, does not by any means decide the queſtion againſt any accounts being publiſhed, but leaves it ſtill open to conjecture, (and with ſome reaſon) that ſuch accounts might have been ſuppreſſed by the heathen Emperors.

But waving any further diſcuſſion of this point, we will paſs to the third and laſt poſition, in which it is preſumed, that if this præternatural eclipſe at Chriſt's paſſion was known to Seneca and Pliny, one or both muſt have recorded it in their works.

This I think is begging a queſtion very hardly to be granted; for theſe writers muſt have ſtated the event, either as a thing credible, or doubtful, or incredible; they muſt either have grounded it upon authority, or reported it upon hearſay; they muſt have admitted it with its date and circumſtances at the very criſis when it happened, and in that caſe what would have been the conſequenee of ſuch a publication? The Chriſtians would naturally have made the application to the paſſion of Chriſt, and how dangerous was it for a heathen to admit a fact open to ſuch an interpretation? A Roman philoſopher, giving a ſerious hiſtory of extraordinary and prodigious events, would make his court but ill to a heathen perſecuting Emperor, by admitting this into the account, unleſs it was to confute it: Now this does not appear to have been in contemplation of Seneca or Pliny in any part of their writings; each of theſe authors tells us what he credits and wiſhes to be credited, not what he diſbelieves and wiſhes to confute: The defection of light at the time of Cæſar's death was the creed of the court; the hiſtorians, naturaliſts, and even the poets, celebrated that phœnomenon, and it did not loſe in their relations; but in the caſe of the darkneſs at Chriſt's death, a believer in Him and his miracles

racles draws a ſtronger argument for his belief from the ſilence of Seneca and Pliny, than any caviller can urge againſt it from the ſame circumſtance: If we admit they knew it and yet did not record it, are we not better founded in ſuppoſing they were ſilent, becauſe they could not controvert the fact, than our opponents are in ſaying it did not paſs, becauſe they do not mention it? It is too much to require of witneſſes, that they ſhould depoſe to a fact, which is to convict themſelves: I muſt therefore appeal to the candid reader, whether a philoſopher writing in the court of Nero, who had charged the Chriſtians with the burning of Rome, and was deviſing terrible and unheard-of modes of torturing them upon this charge, who had beheaded Paul and crucified Peter for preaching Chriſt and the redemption of mankind earned by his Paſſion, whether a heathen philoſopher I ſay writing at this very time an account of extraordinary, but what he delivers as true, events in nature would venture upon putting into his account a miracle, tending to confirm the divine nature and miſſion of that perſon, whoſe immediate followers were then ſuffering under the moſt determined perſecution? No heathen writer in his ſenſes would have ventured to give ſuch an account. Peter and Paul declared for the

the miracle, and were martyred for their doctrine; the goſpel account declared for the miracle and no one Roman writer controverted the aſſertion; this was the time for Seneca, for Pliny and other heathen writers to cry out againſt the glaring fiction, *Do the Chriſtians ſay there was a general darkneſs when their maſter expired? We appeal to the fact againſt them; it reached not us at Rome; the light of that day was like the light of other days: Do they ſay it was partial to Judæa only? Be it ſo! We meet them on their own ground; we appeal to the Procurator Pilate, to the noble Romans reſident in Judæa, to the ſoldiers, to the very Centurion, who attended his execution, to witneſs againſt this impudent attack upon men's ſenſes. Let them pretend that he healed the ſick, cured the lame, turned water into wine, or performed a thouſand other juggling tricks, but darkneſs over a whole province can be confuted by the teſtimony of a whole province, and to this we appeal.*—Was this ſaid? Was this appeal made? Strange perverſion of reaſon to turn that into an argument againſt a thing, which ſeems concluſive for it! at leaſt no negative can come nearer to concluſion, than contemporary ſilence in a caſe ſo open to confutation, had it not been true.

But

But Seneca and elder Pliny did not ſee the goſpel—Let it paſs; let us grant all that the argument ſuppoſes; why are we told of no confutation of this miracle by any heathen writer contemporary with, or poſterior to the goſpel account of the Paſſion? The aſſertion of a præternatural event, ſo generally notorious, muſt have been open to proof. Would Celſus have overlooked it? Would not Lucian have taken it up? Should not we hear of its having been urged by Porphyry, who was ſo voluminous a controverſialiſt? Should not we meet it in Julian or Philoſtratus? Should we hear nothing, that could lead us to believe it was controverted by Jamblichus, or Hierocles in his books entitled Philalethes? If the ſilence of the heathen writers is to be appealed to for the purpoſe of impeaching Chriſt's miracles, let the appeal be made; whilſt we confine ourſelves to the defence of thoſe miracles only, which are recorded in the Goſpels and Acts of the Apoſtles, neither the ſilence of ancient, nor the eloquence of modern opponents, can ſhake the records, on which we ground our faith.

N° XIV.

N° XIV.

THAT period of the Athenian hiſtory, which is included within the æra of Piſiſtratus and the death of Menander the comic poet, may be juſtly ſtiled *the literary age of Greece.* I propoſe to dedicate ſome of theſe papers to a review of that period; but as the earlier ages of poetry, though in general obſcure, yet afford much intereſting matter of enquiry, it will be proper to take up the Athenian hiſtory from its origin, becauſe it is ſo connected with the account I mean to give, that I cannot otherwiſe preſerve that order and continuation in point of time, which perſpicuity requires.

This account may properly be called a hiſtory of the human underſtanding within a period peculiarly favourable to the production of genius; and, though I cannot expect that my labour will in the end furniſh any thing more than what every literary man has ſtored in his memory, or can reſort to in his books, ſtill it will have the merit of being a ſelection uninterrupted and unmixed with other events, that crowd and obſcure it in the original relations, to which he muſt otherwiſe refer. The wars, both foreign and domeſtic, which the ſmall communities of Greece were

were perpetually engaged in, occupy much the greater part of the hiſtorian's attention, and the reader, whoſe enquiries are directed to the ſubject I am about to treat of, muſt make his way through many things, not very intereſting to an elegant and inquiſitive mind, before he can diſcover.

Quid Sophocles et Theſpis et Æſchylus utile ferrent.

Such will not envy me the labour of having turned over a heavy maſs of ſcholiaſts and grammarians, or heſitate to prefer accepting the reſult of my enquiries to the taſk of following the like track in purſuit of his own.

The Athenians were a moſt extraordinary people; eminent in arms and in arts: Of their military atchievements I do not profeſs to treat, and if the reader takes leſs delight in hearing of the ravages of war than of the progreſs of literature, he may in the contemplation of theſe placid ſcenes, undiſturbed by tumult and unſtained with blood, experience ſome degree of that calm recreation of mind, which deludes life of its ſolicitude, and forms the temperate enjoyment of a contemplative man.

Ogyges is generally ſuppoſed to have been the founder of the Athenian monarchy, but in what æra of the world we ſhall place this illuſtrious perſon, whether he was Noah or one of the Titans,

Titans, grandſon to Jupiter or contemporary with Moſes, is an enquiry, which the learned have agitated with much zeal and very little ſucceſs. It is however agreed that there was a grievous flood in his time, which deluged the province afterwards called Attica; but that happily for King Ogyges, being a perſon of gigantic ſtature he ſurvived the general calamity. A period of one hundred and eighty-nine years ſucceeded to this flood, in which this province remained ſo depopulated, that it is generally ſuppoſed no king reigned over it till the time of Cecrops, the founder of Athens, from him at firſt named Cecropia.

Cecrops made many prudent inſtitutes for the benefit of his riſing ſtate during a long reign of fifty years, and, by eſtabliſhing the rites of matrimony, aboliſhed the promiſcuous commerce of the ſexes, in which they lived before his time; by theſe and other regulations upon a general numbering of all his ſubjects, he found the male adults in his dominions to amount to twenty thouſand, every perſon of the above deſcription being directed to bring a ſtone in his hand and caſt it down in a ſtated place: This prince, being an Egyptian, introduced the mythology of his native country, upon which ſo many Grecian fables were formed, and from which a learned modern

lern has with great ſagacity traced a very ous analogy with the Moſaic accounts of the y ages: The Greeks adopted the fables with- comprehending their alluſions, and thereupon ıed the conſtitution of a religion, which kept ɛſſion of great part of the world, till reve- ın diſpelled its errors and enlightened the ıtile nations. Till Cecrops erected altars to ter, made libations and eſtabliſhed his wor- , he was not known in Greece as a God: ſet up the image of Mercury, ſacrificed to ırn, Ops, Rhea, Juno, and Minerva, and in fact the inſtitutor of the Pagan theology: gods of Cecrops were ſoon made uſeful in- nents in the hand of the founder of a mo- hy, for before he could induce his people to vate the dry and barren country of Attica, ras forced to play off his new machinery, by ıg a conteſt in heaven between Neptune Minerva for the patronage of Cecropia, the ɛal of his new empire: He found intereſt ıgh with the deities to turn their deciſion in erva's favour; and by this contrivance he rted his ſubjects from their maritime attach- ts to agriculture, and particularly to the cul- ion of the olive: To ſtrengthen ſtill further tutelary title of Minerva, he enforced the ɛation of the city by changing its name from

Cecropia

Cecropia to Athenæ, a ſacrifice few founders would have made, and a ſtrong proof of his good ſenſe and talents for government. If the reader recollects the ſtory Ovid relates of Minerva's treatment of Erichthonius, Cecrops's ſon, he will not conceive highly of the gratitude, or even purity of that virgin deity's character; though as we are ſetting out upon the Athenian ground, it may be not very prudent to talk ſcandal of Minerva;

At virgo eſt—negat Aglaurus, negat anguis apertus.
(DAR. PHRYG. lib. 2.

Cecrops enjoyed his new government for the ſpace of fifty years, but his attachment to his native ſoil of Egypt drew him into an unlucky expedition with King Pharaoh, in whoſe company he was drowned in the Red Sea, whilſt in purſuit of the Iſraelites; notwithſtanding which we are informed upon the authority of the poet Euripides, that he was tranſlated into the ſtarry ſphere, and became a conſtellation of ſome dignity after his death; and if we conſider what obligations this prince had conferred on the gods, as well as men, we ſhall not think him too highly rewarded; on the contrary we muſt own he was rather hardly dealt with both by Minerva as well as Mercury; the former of which ſhut his ſon in a cheſt in company with a dragon,

and the latter betrayed his daughter into a falſe ſtep; an attachment, which though it does not convict her of vulgarity of taſte, certainly does no credit to the chaſtity of her morals, or the gratitude of her ſeducer.

Cranaus ſucceeded on the death of Cecrops, and after a reign of nine years was depoſed by Amphictyon, who ſeized the throne of Athens and rendered his name memorable to poſterity by eſtabliſhing the great Council or Law-Courts of the Amphictyons, who held their meetings at Thermopylæ. This prince introduced the practice of diluting and mixing wines; a practice that obtained through all Greece for many ages; in memory of which ſober inſtitution, Amphictyon erected an altar to Bacchus the Upright and placed it in the Temple of the Hours: He alſo conſecrated an altar to the nymphs near at hand in the ſame temple, that mankind might thereby be kept in mind of the gracefulneſs of temperance, and it is not eaſy to find any inſtance in the pagan worſhip, where ſuperſtition has been applied to more elegant or moral purpoſes. In ſmall communities ſuch regulations may be carried into effect, where all the people are under the eye of the ſovereign, and in the ſame ſpirit of reformation Amphictyon publiſhed an edict, that none of his ſubjects ſhould indulge them-

ſelves in the uſe of undiluted wine, except in one ſmall glaſs after their meals to give them a taſte of the potency of the god; under this reſtriction he permitted the free uſe of diluted wines, provided they obſerved in their meetings to addreſs their libations to Jupiter the preſerver of man's health.

This virtuous uſurper, after an adminiſtration of ten years, was in his turn expelled from the throne of Athens by that Erechthonius, the ſon of Cecrops, whom Minerva ſhut up in a cheſt with his companion the dragon, and committed to the keeping of his ſiſters: This is the perſon whom Homer mentions in his ſecond book of the Iliad by the name of Erechtheus: He is celebrated for having firſt yoked horſes to a chariot, and alſo for introducing the uſe of ſilver coin in Attica.

Primus Erechthonius currus et quatuor auſus
Jungere Equos, rapidiſq; rotis inſiſtere Victor.

But the inſtitutions which have rendered the name of Erechthonius famous to all poſterity, are thoſe of the Eleuſynian Myſteries and the feaſts of the Panathenæa. The firſt of theſe he eſtabliſhed in honour of Ceres, on account of a ſeaſonable ſupply of corn from the granaries of Egypt, when the city and territory of Athens

were in imminent danger of ſtarving by an extraordinary drought: Theſe ſacred myſteries were of Egyptian origin, and as they conſiſted of forms and rites, unintelligible to the vulgar, and probably very little comprehended even by the initiated, the ſecret was well kept.

As for the Panathenæa, they were inſtituted, as their name indicates, in honour of Minerva, and were the great feſtival of the Athenians: The celebration was originally comprized in one day, but afterwards it was extended to ſeveral, and the various athletic games and races, with the recitation of poems, that accompanied it, attracted an immenſe reſort of ſpectators. Every ſpecies of contention, both on foot and horſeback, drew the bold and adventrous to the field of fame, whilſt the prizes for muſic and the rival diſplay of the drama in after-times recreated the aged, the elegant, and the learned: The conquerors in the ſeveral games gave entertainments to their friends, in which they preſided crowned with olive in honour of the guardian deity: Theſe were ſcenes of the greateſt feſtivity, till, when Athens had ſubmitted to the Roman yoke, thoſe ſanguinary conquerors introduced the combats of gladiators into theſe favorite ſolemnities. Every age had its ſhare in contributing to the ſpectacle; the old men walked

in proceſſion with branches of olive in their hands, the young in armour with ſhield and ſpear; the labouring peaſants with ſpades, and their wives with water-buckets: The boys crowned with garlands, and dreſſed in frocks or ſurplices of white, chaunted hymns to Minerva; and the girls followed with baſkets, in which the ſacrificing utenſils were contained.

A ſuperſtition, ſupported by ſplendor, and enlivened with feſtivity, was well calculated to keep a laſting hold upon the human mind.

N° XV.

THE Eleuſynian Myſteries, inſtituted by Erechthonius, were celebrated in the time of autumn every fifth year at Eleuſis, where great concourſe of people met upon the occaſion. The ceremonies of initiation were preceded by ſacrifices, prayers, and ablutions; the candidates were exerciſed in trials of ſecrecy and prepared by vows of continence; every circumſtance was contrived to render the act as awful and ſtriking as poſſible; the initiation was performed at midnight, and the candidate was taken into an interior ſacriſty of the temple with a myrtle garland

on

on his head; here he was examined if he had duly performed his ſtated ablutions; clean hands, a pure heart, and a native proficiency in the Greek tongue were indiſpenſible requiſites; having paſſed this examination, he was admitted into the temple, which was an edifice of immenſe magnitude; after proclamation made that the ſtricteſt ſilence ſhould be obſerved, the officiating prieſt took out the ſacred volumes containing the myſteries; theſe books were written in a ſtrange character, interſperſed with the figures of animals and various emblems and hieroglyphics; they were preſerved in a cavity between two large blocks of ſtone, cloſely fitted to each other, and they were carefully replaced by the prieſt with much ſolemnity, after he had explained what was neceſſary to the initiated out of them. The initiated were enjoined to honour their parents, to reverence the immortal gods, and abſtain from particular ſorts of diet, particularly tame fowls, fiſh, beans, and certain ſorts of apples.

When this was finiſhed the prieſts began to play off the whole machinery of the temple in all its terror; doleful groans and lamentations broke out from the fane, thick and ſudden darkneſs involved the temple, momentary gleams of light flaſhed forth every now and then with

tremblings, as if an earthquake had ſhaken the edifice; ſometimes theſe coruſcations continued long enough to diſcover all the ſplendor of the ſhrines and images, accompanied with voices in concert, dancings and muſic; at other times during the darkneſs ſeverities were exerciſed upon the initiated by perſons unſeen; they were dragged to the ground by the hair of their heads, and there beaten and laſhed, without knowing from whom the blows proceeded, or why they were inflicted: Lightnings and thunderings and dreadful apparitions were occaſionally played off with every invention to terrify and aſtoniſh; at length upon a voice crying out *Conx! Ompax!* the ceremony was concluded and the initiated diſmiſſed. The garment worn upon this occaſion was not to be laid aſide, whilſt it would hang together, and the ſhreds were then to be dedicated at ſome ſhrine, as a tattered trophy of the due performance of the myſteries of Ceres.

Theſe initiations were conceived to lead to the enjoyment of a happier lot in this life, and to fit a man for a more dignified place amongſt the bleſt hereafter; and they were in ſuch general reſpect, that it afforded great cauſe of reproach againſt Socrates, for having neglected his initiation. The vows of ſecrecy and the penalties

penalties to be inflicted on violation, were as binding as could poſſibly be deviſed.

Hitherto the riſing ſtate of Athens had not been engaged in war, but no ſooner was it involved in diſputes with the Eleuſynians on account of ſome prædatory incurſions, than the idea took its riſe of devoting human victims to appeaſe the hoſtile divinities and to purchaſe conqueſt by the oblation of what was deareſt and moſt valuable in life.

As we are now approaching towards the time of Homer, who records inſtances of this ſort, it may be curious to mark when that ſavage ſuperſtition had its origin. No example occurs to me in Grecian ſtory antecedent to Erechthonius, who in obedience to an oracle, ſacrificed one of his daughters, and ſome ſay all, to purchaſe thereby ſucceſs againſt the Eleuſynians. It is however a matter of leſs wonder than regret how this idea ſhould obtain ſo generally; when a people are in the habit of making animal ſacrifices a part of their worſhip, and whoſe religion it is to believe that interceſſion can be made to the gods, and favours obtained by the blood of victims taken from the brute creation, the thought of aſcending a ſtep higher in the dignity of the oblation naturally leads to the hope of purchaſing a greater reward. With theſe ideas

enthuſiaſtic ſpirits, like Decius and Curtius amongſt the Romans, ruſhed upon ſelf-deſtruction, and Erechthoni king of Athens, devoted his daughter, Codrus h mſelf—*If the blood of bulls and goats and the aſhes of a heifer, ſprinkling the unclean, ſanctifieth to the puriſying of the fleſh, how much more ſhall the blood*, &c. &c. &c. There is a wild magnanimity in the idea highly captivating: Cicero more than once alludes to this action of Erechthonius, and in his oration for Sextus exclaims—*Shall I after ſo many illuſtrious deeds ſhrink from death, which even the daughters of Erechthonius, with all the weakneſs of their ſex about them, reſigned themſelves to without regret?* Let the mind be poſſeſſed with the perſuaſion of immortal happineſs annexed to the act, and there will be no want of candidates to ſtruggle for the glorious prerogative. Erechthonius and his daughters were aſſociated to the deities after their death, altars were dedicated and a temple erected to them in the citadel of Athens, where divine honours were paid to their memories. The Eleuſynians were defeated and deſpoiled of all they poſſeſſed, except the myſteries of Ceres abovementioned; of theſe they were left in undiſturbed enjoyment: Their king Eumolpus was ſlain in battle, but Neptune, whoſe

ſon

ſon he was, revenged his loſs by ſtriking his conqueror dead with his trident.

Thus periſhed Erechthonius by immortal hands, if we take the authority of Euripides the tragic poet, after he had reigned fifty years in Athens; In his time the people of Attica, heretofore called Cecropians, took the name of Athenians: Ovid, whoſe metamorphoſes mix much ancient truth with fable, ſays *that this prince at his death left it doubtful with poſterity, whether he excelled moſt in juſtice as a King, or in military glory as a General.*

Ægeus, the reputed father of Theſeus, was the eighth king of Athens, reckoning from Cecrops, and ſon of Pandion II. grandſon of Erechthonius, the crown having deſcended regularly from father to ſon through ſeveral generations: After remaining childleſs for ſeveral years he conſulted the oracle at Delphi upon the mode of obtaining an heir; to a very plain queſtion he obtained a very obſcure anſwer, and, not being able to ſolve the ænigma himſelf, conſulted ſeveral perſons upon the interpretation of it, and amongſt others his friend Pittheus, king of Trœzene, from whoſe ſagacity he promiſed himſelf a ſolution of the difficulty: This wiſe prince had a daughter named Æthra, and ſhe having admitted Ægeus to a ſecret conſultation

by night in the fane of Minerva, proved a more able interpreter of the Delphic oracle than her father, and put Ægeus in poſſeſſion of his wiſhes by bearing him a ſon: This ſon was the hero Theſeus, but it cannot be diſguiſed, that a doubt was ſtarted, whether Neptune had not a better claim to the child than Ægeus; for the princeſs Æthra is charged with admitting both viſiters in the ſame evening, and when the controverſy lies between a mortal and an immortal lover, the moſt that can be ſaid for Ægeus is, that it leaves the caſe doubtful. The king of Athens put in his claim by leaving his ſword and ſandals in cuſtody of Æthra, when he underſtood ſhe was pregnant, enjoining her to let the child, if he proved a ſon, remain at Trœzene, until he became adult and had ſtrength enough to remove a block of ſtone, under which he depoſited his pledges; on the hilt of the ſword, which was ivory, he cauſed to be engraved his name and titles, and Ægeus declared he would acknowledge the bearer of thoſe pledges and adopt him as his heir: This being done, he returned to Athens and celebrated the Panathenæa with uncommon ſplendor.

This monarch filled the throne of Athens for the ſpace of forty-eight years and terminated his life by caſting himſelf into the ſea, thence called

called Ægean, in deſpair upon diſcovering the veſſel, that brought his ſon Theſeus from his Cretan expedition againſt the Minotaur, approach the ſhores of Attica with black ſails, when the ſignal of life and victory was to be the contrary diſplay of white ones, which Theſeus by a fatal neglect had failed to put out upon his coming in ſight of the coaſt.

The impatient and deſpairing parent precipitated himſelf into the ocean and the ſon ſucceeded to his throne. There is no hero in antiquity, who for his magnanimity, his adventures, or the exquiſite beauty and perfection of his perſon has been more celebrated than Theſeus: In ſome of the actions of his life he performed real and diſtinguiſhed ſervices to his country; in others he appears to have been governed merely by an extravagant and wild paſſion for adventure: No hero has furniſhed more themes to the poets, and few princes have at times deſerved better of their ſubjects: By his valour in action and the terror of his name he cleared many regions of thoſe lawleſs clans of robbers and plunderers, with which they were infeſted to the diſgrace and danger of ſociety: Ambitious to emulate the fame of his contemporary Hercules, he ſeems ſometimes to have forgotten that he had ſubjects under his care and command, and

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roved about in queſt of adventures, the general champion of diſtreſs and the ſworn exterminator of monſters and tyrants, wherever they were to be found: Preceded by his axe-bearers in commemoration of his deſtruction of the robbers, and carrying on his ſhoulder the ponderous club of Corynætes, whom he vanquiſhed, he marched in triumph to Delphi, like another Hercules after his labours: The bulls of Crete and Marathon and the Cremmyonian boar were trophies, that might vie with the hydra; and Corcyon, whom he ſlew, was as formidable a champion as Antæus, and fixed the triumph of agility over ſtrength: He killed Procruſtes, whoſe couch was as fatal as the den of Cacus.

Theſeus upon his acceſſion to the government of Attica reformed the ſtate of juſtice and amended the condition of his ſubjects by many kingly regulations; before his time the people were diſperſed about the country in ſmall and ſeparated clans, more like the ſettlements of ſavages than a regular community; the police of courſe was very imperfect; the laws were merely local and arbitrary, nor did they generally agree in the ſame definition or diſtribution of juſtice; to remedy theſe evils he enlarged his capital, aſſembled the people from all parts, fixed them to a reſidence in Athens and eſtabliſhed general courts

of

of law and juſtice, where all his ſubjects might reſort to decide their properties, or compoſe their wrongs, by ſtated rules and inſtitutes, expounded and adminiſtered by judges competent to their vocation.

Theſe are ſervices beneficial to mankind, the actions of a patriot king and legiſlator, infinitely ſuperior to the extermination of bears or bulls, the unravelling a labyrinth, or conflicting with a wreſtler. One ſhould have thought that the rambling ſpirit of Theſeus might henceforward have ſubſided, and, if Hercules had not been upon earth, this would probably have been the caſe, and he would have deſcended to poſterity one of the greateſt characters in ancient hiſtory; but the expedition againſt the Amazons drew him out upon freſh and fooliſh adventures, and, though his friendſhip and his amours may have furniſhed pleaſing tales and fables to Heſiod and others, the hiſtorian will do well to paſs over this period of his life in ſilence and regret.

It ſuffices to relate that Meneſtheus took advantage of his abſence and eſtabliſhed himſelf ſo firmly in power, that Theſeus on his return finding it impoſſible to diſpoſſeſs him of his uſurped authority retired to Scyros, and there either put a voluntary end to his life, or was deſtroyed by Lycomedes.

In

In the reign of Meneſtheus the famous ſiege of Troy, memorable to all ages, was undertaken by the joint forces of all the Grecian principalities: The combined fleets aſſembled at Athens and took their final departure from that port: Agamemnon conducted a hundred ſhips from Mycenæ, Menelaus ſixty from Sparta, and Meneſtheus joined with fifty: The latter excelled all the generals of Greece, Neſtor only excepted, in military ſcience for arranging and diſpoſing troops in order of battle. Homer has left this teſtimony in his favour, and the authority is as indiſputable as the record is immortal; the town was taken in the laſt year of Meneſtheus's life and reign; he died in the iſland of Melos, and being one of the chiefs incloſed in the Trojan horſe, had a leading ſhare in the capture and deſtruction of that celebrated city.

" No chief like thee, Meneſtheus, Greece could yield,
" To marſhal armies in the duſty field,
" Th' extended wings of battle to diſplay,
" Or cloſe th' embodied hoſt in firm array;
" Neſtor alone, improv'd by length of days,
" For martial conduct bore an equal praiſe."

POPE.

N° XVI.

N° XVI.

THE expedition of the Greeks againſt Troy has ſupplied a ſubject to an heroic poem, which remains the wonder of all time and the unrivalled ſtandard of the epic art. It muſt be owned no poet ever made a happier choice, for what could be more intereſting to a Grecian reader than the recital of an action founded in juſtice and terminated in ſucceſs? The event itſelf was magnificent; a coalition of the Grecian ſtates in vindication of an injured prince, who was one of their number. Had it recorded the expedition of one great monarch againſt another, it is eaſy to comprehend how much that brilliant variety of character, which now gives ſuch dramatic luſtre to the compoſition, would have loſt by the nature of ſuch a ſubject; whereas the emulation of the rival leaders conſtitutes that compound action, that ſtriking contraſt and diſcrimination of character, which render the Iliad ſo peculiarly enchanting. The juſtice of the undertaking fortifies the poet with a moral, which ſecures the good opinion of his readers, and intereſts them cordially in his cauſe; it is ſo permanent a pledge for their good wiſhes, that it enables him to throw into the ſcale of the Tro-

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jans every epiſode of pity, every ornament of magnanimity and valour, which can beautify his poem without the danger of creating falſe prejudices in behalf of the offenders; in ſhort, we can mourn for Hector and not regret the victory of Achilles.

If Homer found theſe incidents ready to his hands, their combination was ſupremely happy; if he created them, his invention was almoſt miraculous. The period at which he wrote was no leſs fortunate, being neither too remote to impair the intereſt of his ſubject, nor ſo near the time of the action as to confine his fancy to the limits of ſtrict hiſtorical truth. So wonderful an aſſemblage of parts meet in this great work, that there is not a paſſion in the human breaſt but will find its ruling intereſt gratified by the peruſal; and it is ſo happily contrived, that the combination of thoſe parts, multitudinous as they are, never violates the uniformity of deſign; the ſubject remains ſimple and entire; our ideas never ſtray from the main object of the poem, though they are continually carried out upon excurſions through the regions of earth and heaven upon the ſtrongeſt pinions of fancy. The manner in which Homer employs his deities, with the machinery that accompanies them, gives an amazing brilliancy to the picturesque and deſcriptive

ſcriptive powers of the poem; the virtues, vices, prejudices, paſſions of thoſe imaginary beings ſet them on a level with human nature ſo far as to give us an intereſt in their ſituations, which a juſter repreſentation of ſuperior eſſences could not impart; while their immortality and power are engines in the poet's hand, whoſe influence is unlimited by the laws of nature; theſe extraordinary perſonages, at the ſame time that they take a part very eſſential to the action of the drama, bring about the incidents by thoſe ſudden and ſupernatural means, which mortal heroes of the moſt romantic ſort could not ſo readily effect. This is an advantage on the part of a heathen poet, for which the Chriſtian writer has no ſubſtitute; for thoſe moderns, who in order to create ſurprize have invented capricious beings to produce extravagant events above the reach of human powers, and below the dignity of divine, violate our reaſon, whilſt they ſtruggle to amuſe our fancy; but the Pagan theoriſt can find a deity for every purpoſe without giving ſcandal to the believer, or revolting the philoſopher.

Amongſt the numberleſs excellencies of the Iliad there is none more to be admired than the correct preciſion, with which Homer draws his characters and preſerves them uniformly through

the poem; an excellence, in which Virgil and the Roman poets in general are greatly his inferiors: With Homer's heroes we have more than hiſtorical acquaintance, we are made intimate with their habits and manners, and whenever he withdraws them for a time, we are certain upon the next meeting to recognize and acknowledge the ſame characteriſtic traces that ſeparate each individual ſo decidedly from all others.—But it is time to return to our hiſtory.

After the death of Meneſtheus the crown of Athens returned into the family of Theſeus, and Demophon his ſon, who alſo was preſent at the ſiege of Troy, ſucceeded to his inheritance: Oxyntes, Aphidas, and Thymætes reigned in ſucceſſion after Demophon, and the line of the Erechthidæ expired in the perſon of Thymætes. This was a remarkable revolution, for that family had poſſeſſed the throne of Athens for a period of four hundred and twenty-nine years. The monarchy, properly ſo called, was now drawing to its concluſion; Melanthus, who ſucceeded to Thymætes, was a Meſſenian and a deſcendant from Neleus; he had been expelled from Meſſene by the Heraclidæ, and had taken refuge in the Athenian ſtate; he obtained the crown by very honourable means; Thymætes,

being challenged to ſingle combat by Xanthus king of Bœotia, declined the challenge; Melanthus accepted it in his ſtead, ſlew Xanthus, and obtained the crown of Athens in reward for his ſucceſs; at his death it devolved to his ſon Codrus. The manner in which this prince devoted himſelf to death for his country ſcarce needs a recital, but it is not generally known that Codrus was in a very advanced age, when this event took place, and moreover that the Athenians urged him to the deed upon the report of Cleomantis, a citizen of Delphi, who made them acquainted with the anſwer of the oracle touching the conditions, on which victory was to be obtained. The Athenians, having prevailed with Codrus to embrace the fatal conditions of their deliverance, ſacrificed their aged monarch, and impreſſed with the perſuaſion that Apollo would verify his prediction, fought and overcame their enemy.

Codrus being dead, the government of Athens underwent a material revolution, for the popular party, pretending a reſpect to his memory, put forward a decree prohibiting any other perſon to reign in Athens by the title of King; the change however for the preſent was more nominal than eſſential, for they did not alter the ſucceſſion, nor materially reduce the power of the monarchy.

The Prince, or perpetual Archon, (for each title is uſed occaſionally) held the government for life, ſubject notwithſtanding to account to the ſtate for his adminiſtration of public affairs.

Medon, ſon of Codrus, ſucceeded to his father by this new title: Thirteen princes reigned under this deſcription from Medon to Alcmæon inclusive, comprehending a period of three hundred and ſeven years.

Some authorities maintain that Homer came to Athens in the time of Medon, and was hoſpitably received by that prince; but it is generally thought the age of Homer does not anſwer to this date, and that he was born about two hundred years after the ſiege of Troy; this falls within the time of Archippus, grandſon of Medon, and third perpetual archon; in the beginning of whoſe reign Heſiod was born; Homer ſome few years after at the cloſe of it: Archippus reigned nineteen years; and this æra ſeems eſtabliſhed by the beſt chronologiſts.

Archippus, at the concluſion of whoſe adminiſtration we have placed the birth of Homer, was ſucceeded by Therſippus, who held the government of Athens for a long incumbency of forty-one years, and he was ſucceeded by Phorbas, who was thirty years archon; in the period of

of theſe ſeventy-one years we have the Athenian æra of the life of Homer.

This however muſt in ſome degree be left to opinion, for before the inſtitution of the Olympiads the Grecian chronicles are ſo vague and obſcure that the preciſe age of Homer will for ever remain a ſubject of conjecture. The above period has at leaſt the merit of holding a middle place between their opinions, who ſuppoſe he was born ſoon after the ſiege of Troy and ſuch as contend he was contemporary with Lycurgus. The late Mr. Robert Wood, in his eſſay on the original genius and writings of Homer, inclines to think the Iliad and Odyſſey were finiſhed about half a century after the capture of Troy; he has offered internal evidence in ſupport of this opinion in Homer's account of the family of Æneas, and his argument is acute and critical: They, who make him contemporary with Lycurgus, have internal evidence againſt them, which, though perhaps it does not ſerve to eſtabliſh Mr. Wood's poſition, certainly confutes the latter chronologiſts. Ariſtotle places Homer in the ſame epoch with Iphitus and the firſt Olympiad, but he reſts his conjecture upon the weakeſt of all arguments; whilſt the beſt authorities, as well as the majority in number, point

to the period which I have ſuggeſted; and here for the preſent I will leave it.

The laſt but one of the perpetual archons was Æſchylus, and in the ſecond year of his government the Olympiads were firſt inſtituted by Iphitus at Elis; from this period we ſhall proceed with greater chronological preciſion.

The ſucceſſor of Æſchylus and the laſt of the perpetual archons was Alcmæon. The people of Athens had new-modelled their government upon the death of Codrus by aboliſhing the title of King, and reducing their chief magiſtrate to be in fact rather the firſt ſubject of the ſtate, than the monarch: This regulation appears to have been effected without any ſtruggle on the part of the reigning family; thirteen archons in ſucceſſion had now been permitted to hold the government for life, when upon the expiration of Alcmæon's adminiſtration, the people thought fit by a freſh reform to limit the duration of the chief magiſtracy to the term of ten years. Charops, brother of Alcmæon and ſon of Æſchylus, was the firſt decennial archon; and this revolution took place in the firſt year of the ſeventh Olympiad. Whilſt the Athenian ſtate was by theſe ſteps enlarging its liberties, Romulus and Remus were forming the embryo of a mighty empire fated in the courſe of time to become miſtreſs of the world;

world; theſe adventurers collected a body of Latin ſhepherds, amongſt whom they had been educated, and, ſettling themſelves on the Palatine Mount, became the founders of Rome: This event is ſuppoſed to fall within the period of the ſeventh Olympiad, when Charops was decennial archon. It is generally ſuppoſed that this mighty empire was ſet in motion from one ſpark, which Greece had ſcattered from the conflagration of Troy, and which lighted on the ſhores of Italy, where it was kept alive for more than four centuries, till Rome was founded; but Æneas's Italian colonization is a very queſtionable point, and I am inclined to agree with Mr. Wood in his treatiſe abovementioned, that the poſterity of Æneas did not migrate into Italy, but eſtabliſhed themſelves in the Troade and reigned over the ſcattered remains of the Trojans after the deſtruction of Ilium.

A revolution of eighteen Olympiads produced a third change in the conſtitution of the Athenian government in favour of popular freedom, by limiting the archons to one year, making the magiſtracy annual: Neither was this all, for the command was no longer lodged in the hands of one perſon only, but of nine, the firſt of which was ſtiled by pre-eminence Archon, and from him the year had its name; the ſecond, intitled

Baſileus, took charge of religious ceremonies, and the Polemarc, or third in office, had the conduct of military affairs, whilſt all civil and judicial buſineſs was referred to the council of the remaining ſix, called Theſmothetæ. None but pure Athenians of three deſcents could be choſen by lot into this council; an oath of office was adminiſtered to them publicly in the portico of the palace, purporting that they would execute the laws with juſtice and fidelity, and take no gifts either from their clients or the people at large. When they had performed their annual functions, and acquitted themſelves without impeachment, they were in courſe aggregated to the Areopagites, and held that dignity for life. Every thing relating to the care of orphans and widows, or the eſtates of minors, was veſted in the principal magiſtrate, properly ſtiled Archon; he had the charge of divorces and the ſuperintendance of the parents and children of ſoldiers, who fell in battle, and of all ſuch citizens who were maintained at the public charge.

Of theſe annual archons Creon was the firſt, and was elected about the twenty-fourth Olympiad.

N° XVII.

THE Athenian ſtate continued to be governed by annual archons according to the alteration made in its conſtitution in the twenty-fourth Olympiad, without any thing occurring of importance to merit a recital from the time of Creon to the adminiſtration of Draco in the thirty-ninth Olympiad. The Athenians, having reduced the monarchical power to the moſt diminutive of all kingly repreſentatives an annual archon, had to all appearance effectually eſtabliſhed their liberties; but it has been the fate of freedom to be turned into abuſe in all ages, and the licentiouſneſs of the people now ſeemed in more want of reform, than the prerogative of the king had been in the moſt arbitrary times. The moral purity of Draco's manners, and the ſtern inflexibility of his temper fitted him for an office, that required both rigorous virtue and reſolute diſpatch, for his time was ſhort and his taſk laborious and full of danger: Had his power been permanent, it is probable he would have qualified the ſeverity of thoſe famous laws, which from their ſanguinary nature were figuratively ſaid to be written in blood, and it is certain they breathe a ſpirit calculated rather for the extinc-

tion

tion of ſociety, than for its reformation. We muſt however admit the difficulty of deviſing any code of penal ſtatutes, by which degrees of puniſhment ſhall be equitably proportioned to degrees of offence. We have no experience or hiſtory of any ſuch code now exiſting, or that ever did exiſt. A citizen of the world will not eſtimate crimes and offences by the ſame rule and ſtandard as a citizen of any one particular community will; local circumſtances will give fainter or deeper colourings to crimes according to the peculiar conſtitution of the ſtate, againſt which they are committed: The Athenians in the time of Draco were governed by annual magiſtrates, the adminiſtration of theſe magiſtrates was made ſubject to popular enquiry upon its termination; they had expunged from their conſtitution the wholeſome though high-ſounding principle, that a king cannot do wrong; it was now become ſcarce poſſible that his ſubſtitute could do right; the people ſat in judgment on their governors, and many of the moſt virtuous citizens in the ſtate ſuffered under their ſentence: Fear reſtrained the timid from exertion, and the allurements of power debauched the intereſted and ambitious from their duty; whilſt the magiſtrate aimed at popularity, the people became intolerably licentious. The rigour of

Draco

Draco impreſſes us with a high idea of his purity of principle; his abhorrence of the abuſes of his predeceſſors in office, and his indignation againſt the depravity of his fellow-citizens embittered his mind, and made him rather a miſanthrope, than a ſtateſman.

Draco ſeems to have conſidered the commiſſion of crimes, not in proportion to their offence againſt ſociety, but according to the principle of the criminal, holding a tranſgreſſor equally guilty, whether he broke the law in the leaſt tittle, or in its greateſt extent; for he puniſhed indiſcriminately with death in both caſes: In this there is as little wiſdom as mercy, and it is to the honour of Solon that he revoked ſuch undiſtinguiſhing and bloody laws. Juſtly to aſcertain and define the various degrees of human depravity is impracticable for thoſe who cannot ſearch the human heart; nor in the nature of things is it poſſible for any man, or council of men, to form a ſyſtem of puniſhments to meet the ſeveral degrees and definitions of crimes with proportioned retribution: Sentence of death is at once the higheſt exertion of authority one fellow-creature can exerciſe over another and the heavieſt atonement any offender can make to the laws of that ſociety, in which he is inliſted; Draco excuſed himſelf from the charge of indiſcriminate

indiſcriminate rigour by pleading that he could deviſe no puniſhment greater than death; the nature of the plea gives an inſight into the character of the man, that needs no comment; it is plain however that he had no idea of aggravating death by tortures; he did not know, or would not practiſe, thoſe deteſtable arts and refinements, which now prevail in too many parts of the Chriſtian world, of extorting criminations and confeſſions by heightening the agonies of death. The ſhort duration of his authority, as I before obſerved, precipitated him upon this ſyſtem of ſeverity, which time and reflection would probably have corrected: A haſty reformer is equally to be dreaded with a deliberate tyrant; legal cruelty is of all moſt terrible; a law once made is made to be executed; the will of the judge cannot mitigate it, and the power of the ſovereign can only releaſe from puniſhment, but not apportion or modify it: Herein conſiſts the irreparable defect of all eſtabliſhed rules of fixed puniſhment; to include different degrees of criminality under one and the ſame degree of penalty is not ſtrict equity, but to live without laws at the arbitrary diſpoſal of any human tribunal is ſlavery of the moſt inſupportable ſort.

By Draco's laws an Athenian was equally guilty of death, whether he pilfered a cabbage or murdered

murdered a citizen: Horrible decree! If the principle of puniſhment does not conſiſt in revenging what is paſt, but in preventing the culprit from repeating and the community from ſuffering the like or any other offence from the ſame perſon, it may well be doubted if death need be inflicted in any caſe; the terror of example, not the ſpirit of revenge, muſt conſtitute the neceſſity of ſuch a mode of puniſhment, if any neceſſity exiſts; but if puniſhments may be deviſed, by which guilty perſons ſhall be made to atone to ſociety without cutting them from it, and if theſe puniſhments may be ſuch as ſhall deter and terrify the evil-minded equally with death itſelf, policy, independent of religion, will be intereſted to adopt them.

It was not to be expected that the Athenians would be remedied by ſuch ſanguinary laws as theſe of Draco, and they had been in operation nearly half a century, when Solon in the third year of the forty-ſixth Olympiad found the people in as much need of reformation, as Draco did in the beginning of the thirty-fifth Olympiad.

Solon was of noble birth and of an elevated ſoul; he was a friend to liberty, but a lover of order; deſcended from Codrus, he was a patriot by inheritance; though he was a great adept in

the philoſophy of the times, it neither ſoured his manners nor left him without attention to the public: When he withdrew himſelf from the world for the purpoſes of ſtudy and contemplation, it was to render himſelf a more uſeful citizen on his return to ſociety: With a fortune rather below mediocrity he had ſuch a ſpirit of beneficence and generoſity, that he was obliged in his youth to apply himſelf to commerce to ſupport his independence: Solon's philoſophy did not boaſt any unnatural contempt of pain or pleaſure; he affected no apathy; on the contrary, when he was reproached for weeping at the death of his ſon, as if it was unbecoming of a wiſe man to bewail an evil he could not remedy, he anſwered with a modeſt ſenſibility of his weakneſs, that it was on that very account he did bewail it.

The anecdote Plutarch gives us of Solon's interview with his contemporary Thales, and the ſilly method that philoſopher took for convincing Solon of the advantages of celibacy by employing a fellow to make a falſe report to him of his ſon's death, heightens our affection for the man, without lowering our reſpect for the ſage: Thales in the true ſpirit of ſophiſm triumphed in the ſuperiority of his wiſdom by avoiding thoſe connections, which ſoften the human heart, and vainly

vainly ſuppoſed he ſunk the dignity of Solon's character by expoſing to ridicule the tender feelings of the father.

The Athenians were exhauſted by a tedious and unproſperous war with the people of Megara; the important iſland of Salamis was loſt, and ſuch was their deſpair of ever recovering it, that they paſſed a law for making it a capital offence in any citizen to propoſe the retaking it; Solon, who regarded this degrading edict with honeſt indignation, feigned himſelf inſane and ruſhing into the forum harangued the populace, abrogated the edict and declared war againſt the Megarenſians: On this occaſion he addreſſed the people in elegiac verſes of his own compoſing, one hundred in number; the power of his muſe prevailed, for it was great; the people gave him the command of an expedition againſt Salamis, in which he had the good fortune to reduce that iſland and re-annex it to his country, which had made ſuch public avowal of its deſpair.

Solon is ſo highly celebrated as a poet, that ſome ancient authorities have equalled him to Heſiod and even to Homer: We have few and ſmall remains, but many teſtimonies of his writings; in particular we are informed, that he compoſed five thouſand verſes on the common-

wealth

wealth of Athens, recording the tranſactions of his own time, not as a hiſtory in praiſe, but in defence of himſelf, and with the view to encourage his countrymen to perſiſt in a courſe of public virtue and private morality. He wrote iambics alſo and odes, and compoſed even his laws in verſe, of which Plutarch has quoted the exordium.

He employed ſtratagem in the reduction of the iſland of Salamis, but as the celebrated Piſiſtratus was joined with him in this enterprize, it muſt not be diſguiſed that ſome authorities give the ſucceſs of the expedition to Piſiſtratus; both were men of conſummate addreſs and reſource, and each no doubt had his ſhare of merit in the ſervice; the reputation Solon gained by this event was ſtill increaſed by his conduct in the defence of the famous temple of Delphi againſt the ſacrilegious Cirrhæans; though he was only aſſeſſor to the general Cliſthenes the Sicyonian in this campaign, the ſucceſsful termination of the war by the capture of Cirrha was univerſally attributed to Solon.

Athens was now rent by popular feuds and diſſenſions; the commonwealth was in imminent peril, every thing tending to civil tumult and confuſion, and the people in a ſtate little ſhort of abſolute anarchy: In this extremity every

eye

eye was turned towards Solon and he was elected archon by the general voice of his fellow-citizens. It was now not only in his power to make himſelf abſolute maſter of the ſtate, and to eſtabliſh that tyranny in his own perſon, which he lived to ſee Piſiſtratus aſpire to and obtain, but that ſtep was alſo preſſed upon him by the unanimous ſolicitation of his friends and the public at large; religion had its ſhare in the temptation, for the temple of Delphi uttered its oracular decree for his aſſuming the ſupreme power in Athens, and when he withſtood the dazzling offer he had to combat the reproaches and invectives of all parties for refuſing it. A magnanimity that was proof againſt temptation was not to be ſhaken by calumny; ſupported by conſcious integrity he oppoſed the torrent, and contenting himſelf with the limited authority of an annual magiſtracy, framed and publiſhed thoſe mild and ſalutary ordinances, which have endeared his name to all poſterity. Amongſt the pacifying meaſures of his government he found it expedient to relieve the people by an ordinance for the remiſſion of debts of a certain deſcription; this act raiſed a ſtorm of oppoſition and abuſe from all the rich and uſurious againſt his adminiſtration, and ſome who had been his intimates took part in the faction, and began to perſecute

him in the bittereſt manner, charging him with the meanneſs of exempting himſelf as a creditor from the conditions of the act; he ſoon turned the odium of the charge upon the contrivers of it by giving public proof to the city that he himſelf had been the firſt, who obeyed his own law, and remitted a conſiderable ſum to his debtors; this proof of his diſintereſtedneſs as a creditor convinced his countrymen of his uprightneſs as a legiſlator, and he roſe the higher in their eſteem for the malevolent attack he had ſo fully repulſed: Reaſon and public gratitude at length prevailed, and the voice of faction being put to ſilence, the whole care of the commonwealth was ſurrendered into his hands to be regulated and reformed according to his wiſdom and diſcretion.

Solon, though too magnanimous to accept the title of king, was too good a citizen to decline the truſt, and now it was that he abrogated all Draco's ſanguinary laws, except thoſe that affected murderers: This, as I before obſerved, occurred in the courſe of the forty-ſixth Olympiad; he arranged the people into four claſſes according to the different proportions of their property; he erected the principal council of the Areopagites with inferior courts for the adminiſtration of law and juſtice, and publiſhed his famous

mous manifeſto for rendering infamous all perſons, who in civil ſeditions ſhould remain ſpectators of their country's danger by a criminal neutrality; he enacted many wholeſome regulations reſpecting marriages, tending to the encreaſe of population; he ſuppreſſed libels, and made idleneſs puniſhable by law; he put under certain diſabilities parents, who were convicted of having groſly neglected the education of their families, and reſtrained by ſumptuary laws every ſpecies of public exceſs. Many more of his laws might be enumerated, if it were neceſſary to enlarge upon facts ſo generally known, but it will ſuffice to mention, that when he had compleated his code, he bound the ſenators to the obſervance of what it contained by the ſolemneſt oath he could deviſe, and cauſing his laws to be engraven on tables of wood, hung them up in the public courts that no man might plead ignorance.

The nature of this oath is curious; the ſenator was led up to a ponderous ſtone preſerved in the forum; there the oath was publicly adminiſtered, and the obligation of it was, that he ſhould dedicate a piece of gold to the temple of Delphi of equal weight with the ſtone if he was proved guilty of having violated his oath: Not content with thus ſwearing the judges and ſena-

tors to the faithful adminiſtration of his laws, he alſo bound the people by oath to their due obſervance, and having done all this with a temper and prudence, particularly expreſſive of his character, Solon took his leave of Athens and ſat out upon his travels into Egypt.

N° XVIII.

ALTHOUGH the wiſdom and magnanimity of Solon are conſpicuous in every action of his life, which hiſtory has tranſmitted to us, nothing is more worthy of our admiration and praiſe than the circumſtance laſt recorded of his ſeceſſion from Athens.

It is not neceſſary to follow him in his travels, in which after ſome time ſpent in viſiting Egypt, Cyprus, and Lydia, he obeyed the ſummons of his fellow-citizens and returned to Athens: That city during his abſence had been diſtracted by furious and contending factions: Lycurgus headed one party, Megacles ſon of Alcmæon another, and Piſiſtratus was leader of a third, in which was included nearly the whole inferior order of the people: All theſe parties nevertheleſs preſerved a reſpect for their ancient benefactor and

and lawgiver, and he ſpared no pains in return to aſſuage and compoſe the diſorders of the ſtate, but in vain; age indeed had not yet deprived him of his mental faculties, but his corporeal ones were debilitated, and the criſis called for more activity than he was now capable of exerting; he could no longer ſpeak in public nor addreſs the people in the forum, as he was accuſtomed to do; he tried his influence ſeparately and in private with the leaders of the ſeveral factions: Piſiſtratus, whoſe manners were of the gentleſt kind, affected to receive the advice and counſels of Solon with great external reſpect, but ambition had taken too firm hold of his heart and he had laid his plans too deep to be diverted from them by the patriotic diſcourſes of this venerable citizen; the ſagacity of Solon penetrated his deſigns, and when he was convinced of his diſſimulation, and ſaw the liberties of his country on the point of being overthrown by this artful dæmagogue, he came into open court in military array, and preſented himſelf to the aſſembly ready to head the friends of their country, and expel Piſiſtratus by force of arms: The noble effort was too late, for the ſpirit of the people was loſt, and all men ſeemed diſpoſed to ſurrender themſelves without reſiſtance to the uſurper. Solon, finding that he could not rouſe them to a conſi-

deration of their ancient dignity, nor inſpire them with a becoming ſenſe of the value of liberty, laid aſide his arms, and ſuſpending them at the door of the Court-houſe, took a ſhort but pathetic leave of Athens, and once again retired into voluntary baniſhment: Whither is not diſtinctly aſcertained; many preſſing invitations were addreſſed to him from different parts, and I am inclined to think he accepted that of Creſus king of Lydia, and that he cloſed an illuſtrious life in extreme old age in the iſland of Cyprus. His aſhes by his expreſs direction were tranſported to his native iſland of Salamis and there depoſited. The Athenians erected his ſtatue in braſs, but Piſiſtratus revoked his laws: The laws of Draco, notwithſtanding their ſeverity, were in execution for a longer period than the mild and prudent ordinances of Solon. The people it is true never wholly forfeited their reſpect for this excellent perſon, but they were unworthy of him; even Piſiſtratus amidſt the ſtruggles of ambition offered no inſult to his perſon, and every country, which his fame had reached, preſented an aſylum to the venerable exile.

As an orator Solon ſtands high in point of merit, and firſt in order of time: As a poet, his genius was ſublime, various, and fluent; in ſubjects of fiction and fancy he never dealt; but, though

though he chose his topics with the gravity of a statesman, and handled them with the fidelity of an historian, he composed with ardour, and never failed to fire his hearers with the recitation of his poems: He is supposed to have reprobated the drama, but, if this be a fact, we may well conclude, that it was the old corrupt masque of Bacchus and the Satyrs, of which he signified his dislike, and in this he is warranted. In two expeditions, where he had a military command, he was eminently successful, and gained a high degree of glory: No statesman ever stood in times more perilous, no citizen ever resisted more alluring offers of ambition, and no legislator ever regulated a more disorderly community: Tho' devoted to the study of philosophy, and a great master in the early science of the times, he mixed with chearfulness in society, was friendly and convivial, and did not hold back from those tender ties and attachments, which connect a man to the world, and which by some have been considered incompatible with a life devoted to wisdom and sublime philosophy: Strict in his morals as Draco, he was not like him disposed to put criminals to death, whilst there was any hope of conducting them by gentle measures to repentance: His modesty was natural and unaffected, and though he was generally silent in company,

his ſilence threw no damp upon feſtivity, for it did not ſavour of ſullenneſs, and he was known to be a friend to the uſe of wine with freedom, but without exceſs: At the meeting of the ſeven celebrated ſages (his contemporaries and colleagues in wiſdom) when they were entertained by Periander at Corinth, the golden ſalver, which the Mileſian fiſhermen had dragged out of the ſea in their net, and which the Delphic oracle upon reference of the controverſy had decreed to the wiſeſt man of the age, was by general ſuffrage given to Solon; each perſon, with becoming deference to the others, had ſeverally declined the prize, but Solon was at length conſtrained to receive it by concurrent vote of the whole aſſembly.

Hiſtorians are not agreed upon the exact time of Solon's departure from Athens, and ſome maintain that he continued there till his death; this is not probable; but the reſult of the accounts puts it out of doubt that he remained there, whilſt there was any hope of compoſing the diſturbances of the ſtate, and of reſtoring its tranquillity and freedom under the prudent regulations he had eſtabliſhed, when he was Archon.

But no ſooner had this excellent citizen turned his back upon Athens, than all theſe hopes periſhed

periſhed and univerſal deſpair took place; the degeneracy of the people became incurable, and no one was found with authority or zeal to oppoſe the approaching revolution: Though Solon was far in the decline of life, yet if there had been any public virtue ſubſiſting, the liberty of Athens had not been loſt without a ſtruggle; but, although neutrality in civil commotions had been declared infamous and criminal by the laws of Solon, the populace through deſpair or indolence declined the conteſt and held themſelves in readineſs to receive a maſter in either of the contending partiſans, who ſhould prevail over his competitors.

Fortune and ſuperior addreſs at length decided the prize of ambition to Piſiſtratus and his party; for he poſſeſſed every qualification that could recommend him to the public; of inſinuating manners, with a beautiful and commanding perſon, he was gallant, eloquent, and munificent; no man acquitted himſelf more gracefully as a public ſpeaker, and when Pericles in aftertimes alarmed the jealouſy of the Athenians, the reſemblance he bore to Piſiſtratus in eloquence as well as in features was ſo ſtriking, that he was univerſally called the *Second Piſiſtratus*, and the comic poets in their ſatirical alluſions exhibited him on the ſtage by that name and character.

Whilſt

Whilſt theſe party ſtruggles were in ſuſpence, Piſiſtratus uſed an artifice for recommending himſelf to the people, which was deciſive in his favour: One day on a ſudden he ruſhed into the forum, where the citizens were aſſembled, as if he had been flying from aſſaſſins, who were in purſuit of him, and preſented himſelf to public view defaced with wounds, and covered with blood; he was mounted in his chariot, and the mules that drew him were ſtreaming with blood as well as himſelf: The crowd flocked around him, and in this ſituation without wiping his wounds or diſmounting from his chariot, he harangued the forum; he told them he had that inſtant eſcaped from the aſſaſſinating ſwords of the nobles, who had cruelly attempted to deſtroy the man of the people for his activity in oppoſing the exactions of fordid creditors and uſurious tyrants: His tears, his ſufferings, the beauty of his perſon now ſtreaming with blood, which he had ſpilt in their cauſe, his military ſervices at Megara, and his proteſtations of affection to the people, in whoſe defence he ſolemnly proteſted a determination to perſiſt or periſh, all together formed ſuch an addreſs to the paſſions, and preſented ſuch a picture to the eye, that were irreſiſtibly affecting.

Though it ſoon appeared in proof, that the whole

whole was artifice, and that all theſe wounds about himſelf and his mules were of his own giving for the impreſſion of the moment, ſtill the moment ſerved his purpoſe, and in the heat of popular tumult he obtained a decree for granting him a body-guard, not armed as ſoldiers, but with ſticks and clubs: At the head of this deſperate rabble he loſt no time in forcing his way into the citadel, and took poſſeſſion of it and the commonwealth in the ſame moment: He next proceeded to exile the moſt powerful and obnoxious of his opponents. Megacles and Lycurgus with their immediate adherents either fled from the city or were forcibly driven out of it; the revolution was compleat.

The tumult having ſubſided, Piſiſtratus began to look around him, and to take his meaſures for ſecuring himſelf in the authority he had ſeized: For this purpoſe he augmented his body-guard, which, as they were firſt voted to him, conſiſted only of fifty; theſe he endeavoured to attach to his perſon by liberal payments, and whilſt he equipt them at all points like ſoldiers, he put a cunning ſtratagem in practice by which he contrived to ſeize all the private arms of the citizens and totally diſmantled Athens: He uſed leſs ceremony with the nobles, for he ſtripped them of all weapons of offence openly and by force; and

now

now he found himſelf, as he believed, in ſafe poſſeſſion of the ſovereign power and throne of Athens.

This paſſed in the fifty-firſt Olympiad, when Comias was archon.

It rarely happens that dominion, rapidly obtained, proves firmly eſtabliſhed. The factions of Megacles and Lycurgus were broken by this revolution, but not extinguiſhed, and Piſiſtratus either could not prevent their re-uniting, or perhaps over-ſecurity made him inattentive to their movements: He enjoyed his power for a ſhort time, and was in his turn driven out of Athens by thoſe he had exiled, and his effects were put up to public ſale, as the property of an outlaw.

Megacles and Lycurgus now divided the government between them; this was a ſyſtem that ſoon wrought its own overthrow; and Megacles, finding his party the weaker, invited Piſiſtratus to return to Athens, vainly imagining he could lull his ambition and ſecure him to his intereſt by giving him his daughter Cæſyra in marriage. Piſiſtratus accepted the terms, and obeyed the welcome recal, but it was in ſuch a manner, as might have put the weakeſt man upon his guard, for his return and entrance into Athens were accompanied by one of the moſt barefaced attacks upon public

public credulity and ſuperſtition, that is to be found in the hiſtory of man.

He had already ſucceeded in ſeveral hardy ſtratagems, and all had been diſcovered after they had ſerved his purpoſes. His pretended aſſaſſination, his contrivances for arming his body-guard and for diſarming the citizens at large, were all well known to the people, ſo that he muſt have taken a very nice meaſure of their folly and blindneſs, when upon his entering the city he undertook to bring in his train a woman, named Phæa, whom he dreſſed in the habit of the goddeſs Minerva, and impoſed her on the vulgar for their tutelar deity in perſon: He had inſtructed her how to addreſs the people in his behalf, commanding them to reinſtate him in his power, and open the gates of the citadel at his approach: The lady was ſufficiently perſonable for the character ſhe aſſumed, and, as a proof of her divinity, was of coloſſal ſtature: Extravagant as the experiment may ſeem, it ſucceeded in all points; the human deity was obeyed, and the ingenious demagogue carried all before him: This Grecian Joan of Arc received the adoration of the ſuperſtitious vulgar in public, and the grateful careſſes of the exulting tyrant in private: The lady was not of very diſtinguiſhed birth and fortune, for before ſhe took upon her the cha-

racter

racter of a goddeſs ſhe condeſcended to the mortal occupation of a flower-girl, and made garlands after the cuſtom of the Greeks for feaſts and merry-makings: Piſiſtratus rewarded her liberally by giving her in marriage to his ſon Hipparchus; a commodious reſource for diſpoſing of a caſt-off goddeſs; as for himſelf, he was engaged to Cæſyra: Phæa's marriage with Hipparchus ſoon convinced the world that ſhe was a mortal, but Piſiſtratus gave himſelf no concern to prevent the diſcovery; in proceſs of time it came to paſs, upon Piſiſtratus's ſecond expulſion, that Phæa was publicly impeached and condemned upon the charge of *læſæ Majeſtatis*.

N° XIX.

PISISTRATUS had been five years in exile, when Megacles brought about his recal, and vainly thought to fix him in his intereſt by giving him his daughter Cæſyra in marriage; ſuch alliances rarely anſwer the political ends for which they are made: Piſiſtratus had ſeveral ſons by his firſt wife, and having reeſtabliſhed himſelf in the tyranny after the man-

ner we have been deſcribing, and beſtowed his favorite Phæa upon his ſon Hipparchus, he took the daughter of Megacles as the condition of his contract with her father, but with a fixed determination againſt a ſecond family, whoſe pretenſions might come in competition with thoſe of his children by his firſt marriage, in whoſe favour he wiſhed to ſecure the ſucceſſion, and who both by age and capacity were fit for government, whenever it ſhould devolve upon them.

Cæſyra put up with her huſband's neglect for ſome time, but at length ſhe imparted her diſguſt to her mother, and ſhe of courſe communicated it to Megacles. Juſtly offended by the indignity of ſuch treatment, Megacles immediately took his meaſures with the enemies of his ſon-in-law for his ſecond expulſion, prudently diſguiſing his reſentment, till he was in a condition to put it in force: It did not long eſcape the penetration of Piſiſtratus, but when he came to the knowledge of the conſpiracy that had been formed againſt his power, he found himſelf and party too weak to oppoſe it, and ſeizing the hour of ſafety, made a voluntary abdication by retiring into Eretria without a ſtruggle and in the utmoſt precipitation.

Megacles and his friends ſeem to have conſidered this ſeceſſion of Piſiſtratus as deciſive, or elſe

elſe the time did not allow them to follow it by any active meaſures for preventing his return: Eleven years however paſſed and ſtill he remained an exile from Athens; old as he was, his ambition does not ſeem to have cooled, nor was he idle in the interim; he had an interview with his ſons in Eretria and concerted meaſures with them for his reſtoration; he formed alliances with ſeveral of the Grecian cities, particularly Thebes and Argos, and obtained a ſeaſonable ſupply of money, with which he enliſted and took into his pay a conſiderable army of mercenaries, and began hoſtilities in the Athenian ſtate by ſeizing upon Marathon. This ſucceſsful meaſure drew out many of his ſecret partiſans from Athens to join him in this place, where the promiſing aſpect of his affairs and the popularity of his character had induced great numbers to reſort to his ſtandard: Thus reinforced he put his army in motion and directed his march towards the city. The ruling party at Athens haſtily collected troops to oppoſe his approach and put them under the command of Leogaras, who no ſooner took the field againſt Piſiſtratus, than he ſuffered himſelf and army to be ſurprized by that experienced general and fled in diſorder over the country; the politic conqueror ſtopped the purſuit and diſpatched his ſons after the fugitives to aſ-

ſure

ſure them of pardon and protection, if they would go back to their homes and reſume their occupations in peace like good citizens: Piſiſtratus was far advanced in age, and having carried this deciſive action by ſtratagem, took every prudent precaution for eſtabliſhing his advantage by ſeizing the ſons of the leading partiſans in oppoſition to his government, and detaining them in cloſe cuſtody as hoſtages for the peaceable behaviour of their parents. He conducted himſelf on the occaſion with ſo much temper and judgment, the ſplendor of his talents and the elegance of his manners reflected ſo much luſtre on his court and country, that his uſurpation was either no longer remembered, or remembered without averſion and regret; in ſhort, his genius for government was ſuch that no man queſtioned his right: Even Solon, with all his zeal for liberty, pronounced of Piſiſtratus, that Athens would not have contained a more virtuous citizen, had his ambition been directed to a more juſtifiable purſuit: He was mild and merciful in the extreme, winning in addreſs, an eloquent orator, a juſt judge, and a munificent ſovereign; in a word, he had either the merit of poſſeſſing, or the art of diſſembling, every good quality and every brilliant accompliſhment.

Having now brought down this brief recapi-

tulation of the Athenian hiſtory to the laſt period of the reign of Piſiſtratus, we are arrived at the point of time, in which that remarkable æra commences, which I call *The Literary age of Greece:* It was now that Piſiſtratus conceived the enlarged and liberal idea of inſtituting the firſt public library in Greece, and of laying it open to the inſpection and reſort of the learned and curious throughout the kingdoms and provinces of that part of the world—*Libros Athenis diſciplinarum liberalium publice ad legendum præbendos primus poſuiſſe dicitur Piſiſtratus tyrannus.* (Aul. Gell. cap. xvii. lib. vi.)—Thro' a long, though interrupted, reign of three and thirty years he had approved himſelf a great encourager of literature and a very diligent collector of the works of learned men: The compiler of the ſcattered rhapſodies of Homer, and the familiar friend of the great epic poet Orpheus of Croton (author of the Argonautics) he was himſelf accompliſhed in the learning of the age he lived in; and, whilſt his court became a place of reſort for contemporary genius, he puſhed his reſearches after the remains of the ancient poets and philoſophers through every ſpot, where the liberal ſciences had been known to flouriſh; collecting books in Ionia, Sicily, and throughout all the provinces of Greece with much coſt and

diligence; and having at length compleated his purpoſe and endowed a library with the treaſures of the time, he laid it open to all readers for the edification of mankind—*Who of thoſe times ſurpaſſed him in learning* (ſays Cicero) *or what orator was more eloquent or accompliſhed than Piſiſtratus, who firſt diſpoſed the works of Homer in that order of compilation we have them at this very time?* (*De Orat.* iii. 137.)

The inſtitution of this library forms a ſignal epoch in the annals of literature, for from this period Attica took the lead of all the provinces of Greece in arts and ſciences, and Athens henceforward became the ſchool of philoſophers, the theatre of poets, and the capital of taſte and elegance, acknowledged to a proverb throughout the world. From this period to the death of Menander the comic poet an illuſtrious ſcene preſents itſelf to our obſervation. Greece, with unbounded fertility of genius, ſent a flood of compoſitions into light, of which, although few entire ſpecimens have deſcended to poſterity, yet theſe with ſome fragments, and what may be further collected on the ſubject from the records of the ſcholiaſts and grammarians, afford abundant matter for literary diſquiſition.

It is painful in the extreme to reflect upon the ravages of time, and to call to mind the hoſt of

authors of this illuminated age, who have periſhed by the irruptions of the barbarous nations. When we meditate on the magnificence of the ancient buildings of Greece and Rome, the mind is ſtruck with awe and veneration; but thoſe impreſſions are of a very melancholy caſt, when we conſider that it is from their preſent ruins we are now meaſuring their paſt ſplendor; in like manner from a few reliques of ancient genius we take a mournful eſtimate of thoſe prodigious collections, which, till the fatal conflagrations at Alexandria, remained entire and were without compariſon the moſt valuable treaſure upon earth.

Piſiſtratus, as we have obſerved, eſtabliſhed the firſt public library in Greece; Xerxes plundered Athens of this collection much augmented by the literary munificence of Hipparchus and the ſucceeding archons: Xerxes was not, like the barbarians of the lower ages, inſenſible to the treaſure he had poſſeſſed himſelf of; on the contrary, he regarded theſe volumes as the moſt ſolid fruits of his expedition and imported them into Perſia, as ſplendid trophies of his triumph on his return. Seleucus, ſirnamed Nicanor, afterwards reſtored this library to Athens with a princely magnanimity. The kings of Pergamus alſo became great collectors, and the Pergamæan library

brary grew into much reputation and reſort. But of all the libraries of antiquity that collected at Alexandria by the Ptolemies of Egypt was much the moſt reſpectable. Athenæus ſays (p. 3.) that Ptolemy Philadelphus purchaſed the Pergamæan library, and in particular the books collected by Nileus, principally conſiſting of the Greek dramatiſts, which with what he got at Athens and Rhodes, furniſhed the great library at Alexandria with forty thouſand volumes. This library was unhappily ſet on fire, when Julius Cæſar found it neceſſary to burn his ſhips in the docks at Alexandria; ſo Plutarch ſtates the caſe; but Aulus Gellius ſays they were ſet on fire accidentally by the auxiliary troops—*non ſponte, neque opera conſulta, ſed a militibus forte auxiliariis incenſa ſunt*,—This misfortune was in a great meaſure repaired by the library which Marc Antony preſented to Cleopatra, and by ſubſequent additions was encreaſed to ſuch an amount, that when it was at laſt irretrievably deſtroyed by the Caliph Omar, it conſiſted of ſeven hundred thouſand volumes.

This amazing repoſitory of ancient ſcience was buried in aſhes by the well-known quibbling edict of that barbarous fanatic—*If*, ſaid the Caliph, *theſe volumes contain doctrines conformable to the Koran, then is the Koran alone*

ſufficient without theſe volumes; but, if what they teach be repugnant to God's book, then is it fitting they were deſtroyed.—Thus, with falſe reaſon for their judge and falſe religion for their executioner, periſhed an innumerable company of poets, philoſophers, and hiſtorians, with almoſt every thing elegant in art and edifying in ſcience, which the moſt illuminated people on earth had in the luxuriancy of their genius produced. In vain did the philoſopher John of Alexandria intercede to ſave them; univerſal condemnation to the flames was the ſentence ignorance denounced againſt theſe literary martyrs. The flow of wit, the flights of fancy, and the labours of learning alike contributed to feed the fires of thoſe baths, in which the ſavage conquerors recreated themſelves after the toils of the ſiege. Need we enquire when art and ſcience were extinct, if darkneſs overſpread the nations? It is a period too melancholy to reflect upon and too vacant to record: Hiſtory paſſes over it, as over the chart of an ocean without a ſhore, with this cutting recollection accompanying it, that in this ocean are buried many of the brighteſt monuments of ancient genius.

It appears that at the time Terence was writing Rome was in poſſeſſion of two thouſand Greek comedies; of all which, *væ barbaris!* not one

one hath deſcended to us, except what are found in our ſcanty volume of Ariſtophanes, and theſe are partly of the old perſonal claſs. The gleanings of a few fragments from the grammarians and ſcholiaſts, with the tranſlations of the Roman ſtage, are now the only ſamples of the Greek comedy in its laſt purity and perfection. It is true that writers of the lower ages, and even the fathers of the Chriſtian church, have quoted liberally from the new comedy of the Greeks; theſe fragments are as reſpectable for their moral caſt, as for their elegant turn of expreſſion; but what a poignancy do they give to our regret, when we compute the loſs poſterity has ſuffered by the ſcale of theſe remains!

On the part of tragedy, although very many noble works have periſhed, yet as ſome ſpecimens of the great maſters have come down to us entire, we have more to conſole us in this than in the comic department. Happily for the epic muſe, the rage of ignorance could not reach the immortal poems of Homer: What other compoſitions of that great bard may have been loſt to the world is but a dark enquiry at the beſt; many poems of an antecedent, and ſome of a contemporary date, have undoubtedly been deſtroyed; but I am inclined to think, that from the time when thoſe wonderful productions of

the Iliad and Odyſſey were collected and made public at Athens till the Auguſtan æra little was attempted in the epic branch.

N° XX.

AT the ſame time that it is fair to ſuppoſe there muſt be more than ordinary merit in men, who riſe to great opulence and condition in life from low beginnings, all the world muſt be ſenſible of the danger attending ſudden elevation, and how very apt a man's head is to turn, who climbs an eminence, to which his habits have not familiarized him. A mountaineer can tread firm upon a precipice and walk erect without tottering along the path, that winds itſelf about the craggy cliff, on which he has his dwelling; whilſt the inhabitant of the valley travels with affright and danger over the giddy paſs, and oftentimes is precipitated from the heighth to periſh in the gulph beneath his feet. Such is the fate of many, who by the revolutions of fortune are raiſed to lofty ſituations: It is generally the lot of ſuch people to make few friends; in their danger there are none to give them warning,

ing, in their fall there are few to afford them pity.

This is not the caſe with them, who are born to the dignities they enjoy; the ſovereign, whoſe throne is his inheritance, meets with pity and indulgence; pity for the cares inſeparable from his condition, indulgence for the failings and exceſſes incidental to hereditary greatneſs; but the man, who is the maker of his own fortune, acts on a ſtage, where every ſtep he takes will be obſerved with jealouſy; amongſt the many thouſands, who are ſet to watch him, let him reflect how many hearts there are, rankling with diſappointed pride, and envying him the lot, which in their own conceit at leaſt their merit had a better title to: When ſuch a man appears, it is the common cry—*I cannot bear that upſtart.*—At the ſame time therefore that it muſt be allowed more natural to excuſe the proud looks of the high, than the proud looks of the low, ſtill it is no bad caution to beware of giving eaſy faith to reports againſt thoſe, whom ſo many unſucceſsful people are intereſted to decry; for though fortune can do mighty things amongſt us, and make great men in this world, ſhe cannot make friends.

If caution be neceſſary for ſuch as are only lookers on upon theſe ſudden changes in the ſcene of life, how much more wary ſhould he be, who

who by fortune's favour is the actor in it! Time paſt and preſent ſo abounds in examples to put him on his guard, that if he will not profit by example, what hope is there that precept will avail? That any man ſhould grow arrogant, who has once been dependant, is as unaccountable for the folly of the thing, as it is for the baſeneſs of it; it is as if a pedagogue ſhould turn tyrant, becauſe he remembers to have ſmarted under the laſh of the maſter when a ſchool-boy: And yet there ſeems a principle in ſome natures, that inclines them to this deſpicable ſpecies of revenge, by which they ſacrifice all claim to reaſon, reputation, or religion. Dionyſius, though the cruelleſt of all tyrants, had moderation in a private ſtation and made a good and patient ſchoolmaſter; he handled the ſceptre like a rod, and the rod as he ſhould have done a ſceptre. Are we to conclude from this and other inſtances, that humanity may be learnt, by thoſe who deſcend from power, but that men become tyrants by aſcending to it?

Is there in nature any thing ſo ridiculous as pride, ſo ſelf-deſtructive, ſo abſurd? The man, who riſes out of humble life, muſt have ſeen it, felt it, and remarked its folly; he muſt have been convinced that pride deprives itſelf of its own proper object; for every proud man, who aſſumes a ſuperi-

a ſuperiority on the ſcore of rank, or wealth, or titles, forfeits that better intereſt with mankind, which would have credited him for ſuperiorities of a far nobler quality, than thoſe on which he grounds his ſilly arrogance: How ſtrange is it therefore, when the man, who has ſeen through the weakneſs of this paſſion in others, whilſt below them in condition, ſhould fall into the ſame folly, when he riſes to be their equal! And yet it happens every day. What is ſo hateful to a poor man as the purſe-proud arrogance of a rich one? Let fortune ſhift the ſcene and make the poor man rich, he runs at once into the vice, that he declaimed againſt ſo feelingly: Theſe are ſtrange contradictions in the human character. One ſhould have thought that Pope Sixtus V. might have recollected himſelf enough to be humble, though Paſquin had never reminded him of it; but neither he, nor Becket, nor Wolſey, had any moderation in their ſpirit, though profeſſing a religion, whoſe very eſſence is humility.

In modern times the philoſopher's ſtone ſeems to have been found by our adventurers in the Eaſt, where beggars have become princes and princes have become beggars; if Ben Johnſon was now living, could he have painted theſe upſtart voluptuaries more to the life, than by the following animated deſcription?

"I will

" I will have all my beds blown up, not ſtuff'd,
" Down is too hard; and then my oval room
" Fill'd with ſuch pictures, as Tiberius took
" From Elephantis, and dull Aretine
" But coldly imitated——My miſts
" I'll have of perfume, vapour'd 'bout the room,
" To loſe ourſelves in, and my baths, like pits,
" To fall into, from whence we will come forth,
" And roll us dry in goſſamour and roſes——
" My meat ſhall all come in in Indian ſhells,
" Diſhes of agate ſet in gold and ſtudded
" With emeralds, ſaphirs, hyacinths, and rubies.
" The tongues of carp, dormiſe, and camel's heels
" Boil'd in the ſpirit of ſol and diſſolv'd pearl,
" (Apicius diet 'gainſt the epilepſie)
" And I will eat theſe broths with ſpoons of amber,
" Headed with diamond and carbuncle.
" My foot-boy ſhall eat pheaſants; I myſelf will have
" The beards of barbels ſerv'd inſtead of ſallads;
" Oil'd muſhrooms and the ſwelling unctuous paps
" Of a fat pregnant ſow, newly cut off,
" Dreſſed with an exquiſite and poignant ſauce,
" For which I'll ſay unto my cook, there's gold,
" Go forth and be a knight!——My ſhirts
" I'll have of taffata ſarſnet, ſoft and light
" As cobwebs, and for all my other raiment,
" It ſhall be ſuch as might provoke the Perſian,
" Were he to teach the world riot a-new.
" My gloves of fiſh's and bird's ſkins perfum'd

" With

" With gums of paradiſe and eaſtern air——

" *Q.* And do you think to have the *the ſtone* with this?——

" *A.* No, I do think to have all this with *the ſtone.*"

(ALCHYMIST.)

Theſe are ſtrong colours; and though he has dipped his pencil pretty liberally into the pallet of the ancients, he has finely mixed the compoſition with tints of his own; to ſpeak in the ſame figure, we may ſay of this ſketch, that it is in the very beſt ſtile of the maſter.

As I ſhould be loth however to offer none but inſtances of the abuſe of proſperity, I am happy in recollecting one very ſingular example of the contrary ſort, though I go back to times far diſtant from our own to fetch it.

PISISTRATUS to SOLON.

I am neither without example in ſeizing the tyranny, nor without claim; foraſmuch as I derive from Codrus, and take no more by force, than I ſhould have inherited by right, if the Athenians had never violated thoſe oaths of allegiance, which in times paſt confirmed the prerogative of my anceſtors. I live here without offence towards men or gods; neither tranſgreſſing your laws myſelf, nor permitting others to tranſgreſs them: Judge therefore if the conſtitution you have given

given to Athens is not ſafer under my adminiſtration, than if entruſted to the diſcretion of the people: No man ſuffers wrong under my government, nor do I exact any new contributions from my people, contenting myſelf with the tenths of their produce, as by ancient uſage eſtabliſhed; and theſe I apply not to my own coffers, but to thoſe of the ſtate, for defraying civil and religious expences, and as a proviſion for the future exigencies of war. Againſt you, Solon, I harbour no ill will, convinced that in your oppoſition to my meaſures, you acted upon public, not perſonal motives: You could not foreſee what uſe I was to make of power, and if you could have foreſeen it, I will perſuade myſelf you would neither have traverſed my intereſts, nor withdrawn yourſelf from your country; return therefore I conjure you, return to Athens, and believe me on the word of a king you have nothing to fear from Piſiſtratus, who has not the heart as you well know, to annoy even his enemies, much leſs ſo excellent a citizen as Solon: Come then, if you are ſo diſpoſed, and be received into the number of my deareſt friends; but if you are reſolved againſt returning, remember it is your own choice; and, if Solon is loſt to his country, Piſiſtratus is acquitted of being the cauſe of it. Farewell.

SOLON

SOLON to PISISTRATUS.

I can readily believe that you are incapable of doing me any injury, if I was to return to Athens: Before you was a tyrant I was your friend, and am now no otherwiſe your enemy, than every Athenian muſt be, who is adverſe to your uſurpation. Whether it is better to be governed by the will of one man, or by the laws of the commonwealth, let every individual judge for himſelf; if I could prefer a tyrant, certainly of all tyrants I ſhould prefer Piſiſtratus. As to my returning to Athens, I do not think it for my honour, after having founded the conſtitution of my country upon principles of freedom, to come home upon motives of convenience, and give a ſcandal to mankind by appearing to acquieſce under that tyranny, which you have forcibly aſſumed, but which I, when voluntarily offered, thought proper to reject.

Farewell.

The above letters are to be found in Diogenes Laertius, but the learned reader knows they are generally ſuppoſed interpolations of the ſophiſts; it muſt be owned however they are characteriſtic of the writers, and, though they ought not to be received as facts in hiſtory, may be read as a ſpeech in Livy or Guicciardini. The following anecdotes will throw a ſtronger light upon the character

character of Piſiſtratus, and as there is no reaſon to queſtion their authenticity, they will be unanſwerable witneſſes to the point in queſtion.

" At an entertainment given by Piſiſtratus to ſome of his intimates, Thraſippus, a man of violent paſſions and enflamed with wine, took ſome occaſion not recorded to break out into the moſt virulent abuſe and inſult: Piſiſtratus, who had made no reply to his invectives, fearing that the feſtivity of his gueſts ſhould be interrupted by the miſconduct of Thraſippus, who was now got up and leaving the room, roſe from his ſeat and entreated him to ſtay, aſſuring him that nothing he had ſaid ſhould be remembered to his diſadvantage; inſtead of being pacified by an act ſo gracious and condeſcending, the brutal drunkard became more furious, and after venting all the fouleſt words a heated imagination could ſuggeſt, with a violence ſhocking to decency and loathſome to relate, ſuddenly turned upon Piſiſtratus, as he was ſoliciting him to take his ſeat at the table, and ſpate in his face. Upon an inſult ſo intolerable the whole company roſe as one man, and in particular Hippias and Hipparchus, ſons of the tyrant, were with difficulty prevented from killing him on the ſpot. The interpoſition of Piſiſtratus ſaved Thraſippus, and he was ſuffered

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ed to go home without any violence to his perſon. The next morning brought him to his ſenſes, and he appeared in the preſence of Piſiſtratus with all proper humility, expecting to receive the puniſhment he merited. What muſt have been his ſelf-conviction and reproach, when he was again received with the utmoſt complacency! Penetrated to the heart with the recollection of his behaviour, and the unmerited pardon he had met with, he was proceeding to execute that vengeance on himſelf, which he was conſcious he deſerved, by ruſhing on his ſword, when Piſiſtratus again interpoſed and ſeizing his hand ſtopt the ſtroke; not content with this, he conſoled him with the moſt ſoothing expreſſions, aſſured him of his moſt entire forgiveneſs, and having put him at peace with himſelf, reinſtated him in his favour and received him again into the number of his intimates."

Though it is ſcarce poſſible to find an inſtance of good-nature in any man's character ſuperior to the above, I am tempted to add the following anecdote not only as a corroborating evidence, but from the pleaſure one naturally takes in hearing or relating facts, that make ſo much to the honour of human nature, and which inſpire the heart with a love for mankind.

"Thraſimedes, a young Athenian, had the

audacity to force a kiſs upon the daughter of Piſiſtratus, as ſhe was walking in public proceſſion at a religious ſolemnity; tranſported by the violence of his paſſion, and conſidering that he had already committed an unpardonable offence, he ſeized her perſon, and forcibly conveying her on board a ſhip, put to ſea with her on his paſſage to Ægina; the ſons of Piſiſtratus purſued and overtook him, bringing him in perſon before their father: Thraſimedes, without betraying any marks of fear, immediately declared himſelf perfectly prepared to meet any puniſhment Piſiſtratus ſhould think fit to decree; for, having miſcarried in his attempt, and loſt the object for which alone he wiſhed to live, all conſequences became indifferent; diſappointment, not death, was his puniſhment; and when the greater evil had been ſuffered, he had little apprehenſion for the leſſer.—Having ſaid this, he waited his ſentence; when Piſiſtratus after long ſilence, breaking out into admiration at the reſolution of Thraſimedes, inſtead of puniſhing his audacity, rewarded his paſſion by beſtowing his daughter upon him in marriage."

N° XXI.

N° XXI.

Non jam illud quæro, contra ut me diligat illa,
Aut, quod non potis eſt, eſſe pudica velit;
Ipſe valere opto, et tetrum hunc deponere morbum.
(CATULLUS.)

IT is become a very gainful trade with our ſmall-ware venders of literature to expoſe certain pamphlets in ſhop windows and upon ſtalls in alleys and thorough-fares, which, if any police was kept up in this great capital, would be put down by the civil magiſtrate as a public nuiſance; I mean Trials for Adultery, the publiſhers of which are not content with ſetting down every thing *verbatim* from their ſhort-hand records, which the ſcrutinizing neceſſity of law draws out by pointed interrogatory, but they are alſo made to allure the curioſity of the paſſenger by tawdry engravings, in which the heroine of the tale is diſplayed in effigy and the moſt indecent ſcene of her amours ſelected as an eye-trap to attract the youth of both ſexes, and by debauching the morals of the riſing generation, keep up the ſtock in trade, and feed the market with freſh caſes for the Commons, and freſh ſupplies for the retailers of indecency.

If the frequency of our divorces is thus to be encouraged becauſe they make ſport for the lawyers, it may be wiſe to uſe no preventives againſt the plague or ſmall-pox, becauſe they cut out work for the doctors. Upon this principle a prudent father will breed up his ſons civilians, and furniſh out a library for his daughters with theſe edifying volumes, and if once they take kindly to their ſtudies, there is no fear of their bringing cuſtom to their brothers and driving a trade, as it is called, for their families. A convenient neſt of theſe trials, neatly bound and gilt at the backs, will ſerve both as elegant furniture to their cloſets or bed-chambers, and as repoſitories of ſcience, like treatiſes on the chances to make them ſkilful in the game. If they are afraid of their huſbands looking into their library, they may find out a hundred devices for lettering them at the back; they may call them—*Sermons to Married Women*—or *The Lives of the learned Ladies*—*The Acts of the Britiſh Matrons*—*Commentaries on the Marriage Act*—*Treatiſes on Polygamy*—or by any other title, which their wit needs no prompting to deviſe.

Another circumſtance of the times, which will greatly aid them in their ſtudies, is, that they have it daily and hourly in their power to reſort to the fountain-head for authority, and conſult the

the very ladies themſelves, who are the heroines of theſe intereſting narratives. Theſe adepts in the art are to be ſeen in all places, and ſpoken to at all hours without hindrance of buſineſs, or knowledge of a bedfellow. As theſe diſfranchiſed matrons or ex-wives keep the beſt company, and make the beſt figures in all faſhionable circles, a ſcholar may receive inſtruction without ſlander, and proſtitute her honour without riſqueing her reputation; a huſband muſt be a brute indeed, who can object to this ſociety, and a wife muſt be a fool indeed, who does not profit by it; when a new-married woman receives theſe privileged ladies in her houſe, ſhe ſees at once the folly of being virtuous, for they are the merrieſt, the loudeſt, the beſt followed, and the moſt admired of all their ſex; they never diſgrace their characters by a puſillanimous repentance, they never baulk their pleaſures by a ſtupid reformation, but keep it up with ſpirit, like felons that die hard at the gallows, to the laſt moment of their lives. Moſt of them marry again, and are ſo much better than their neighbours, as they are made honeſt women of twice over; and that reputation muſt be more than commonly tender, which two coats of plaiſter will not keep together.

As a further temptation to our young wives

not to wait the tedious courſe of nature, but to make themſelves widows of living huſbands, as ſoon as they can, they will recollect, that they enſure advantages to themſelves thereby, which natural widows do not enjoy; for in the firſt place they avoid a year's mourning, which is a conſideration not to be deſpiſed; in the next place they have precedents for marrying in the firſt week of their widowhood; and as it is the general practice to chuſe their gallants, they certainly run no riſque of taking a ſtep in the dark, which widows ſometimes have been ſuſpected to repent of; thirdly, they eſcape all bickerings and jealouſies, which diſturb the peace of families, by the common practice of ladies putting their ſecond huſband in mind of what their firſt huſband would have done, or would have ſaid on this or that occaſion, had he been alive.—*Things were not ſo in my firſt huſband's time—Oh that my firſt huſband were living! he would not ſuffer this or that thing to paſs, this or that man to uſe me after ſuch a manner*—are familiar expreſſions in the family dialogues of ſecond wives in the regular order; whereas the Irregulars never caſt theſe taunts in the teeth of their ſpouſes, becauſe they know the anſwer is ready at hand, if they did.

The Irregulars have alſo frequent opportuni-

ties

ties of ſhewing their affability and ſweetneſs of temper upon meeting their firſt huſbands in public places and mixed companies; the graceful acknowledgement of a reſpectful curteſy, a down-caſt look of modeſt ſenſibility, or the pretty flutter of embarraſſment are incidents upon an unexpected rencontre, which a well-bred woman knows how to make the moſt of, and are ſure to draw the eyes of the company upon her.

If on the other hand a lady on her divorce chuſes to revive her maiden title and take poſt in her former rank, the law will probably give her back as good a title to her virgin name, as it found her with. She alſo has her advantages; for at the ſame time that ſhe is free from the encumbrances of matrimony, ſhe eſcapes the odious appellation of old maid: Such a lady has the privilege of public places without being pinned to the ſkirts of an old dowager, like other miſſes; ſhe can alſo indulge a natural paſſion for gaming to a greater length than ſpinſters dare to go; ſhe can make a repartee or ſmile at a double entendre, when a ſpinſter only bites her lips, or is put to the troubleſome reſource of her fan, when ſhe ought to bluſh, but cannot.

Before I turned my mind to reflect upon theſe and other advantages, ſo preponderating in fa-

vour of divorces, I uſed to wonder why our legiſlature was ſo partial to ſuitors, and gave ſuch notorious encouragement and facility to Acts of Parliament for their relief and accommodation; I now ſee the good policy of the meaſure, and how much the eaſe of his majeſty's good ſubjects is thereby conſulted. It is confeſſed there is a ſhort monition in the decalogue againſt this practice, but nobody inſiſts upon it; there are alſo ſome texts ſcattered up and down in holy writ to the ſame purport, but no well-bred preacher ever handles ſuch topics in his pulpit; and if a fine lady ſhould ever read a chapter in the bible, or hear it read to her, it is very eaſy to ſkip over thoſe paſſages, and every polite perſon knows it is better to make a breach in any thing, than in good manners to a lady.

Our Engliſh ladies by the frequency of their incontinence, and the divorces thence enſuing, have not only furniſhed out a moſt amuſing library to young ſtudents of both ſexes, but they have effectually retrieved the characters of our wives from ſinking into contempt with foreigners on account of their domeſtic inſipidity and attachment to the dull duties of a family. This was once the general opinion, which other nations entertained of our matrons, but upon a late tour through a great part of the continent of

Europe

Europe I found it was entirely reverſed, and ideas more expreſſive of their ſpirit univerſally adopted.

It may well be expected, that the influx of foreigners, and the out-flow of natives, which the preſent peace will occaſion, will not ſuffer the pretenſions of our ladies to loſe ground in this particular: Our French neighbours are certainly good critics in gallantry, and they need not now ſtand in dread of a repulſe from the women of England, whatever they may apprehend from the men.

Much more occurs to me on this ſubject, but theſe premiſes will ſerve to introduce an idea, which if the ſeveral ladies, who have ſtood trial, would club their wits to aſſiſt me in, might be rendered practicable, and that is, of reducing Infamy to a ſyſtem by rules and regulations of manners tending to the propagation and encreaſe of divorces in Great Britain. A few looſe hints occur to me on this ſubject, but I offer them with the utmoſt ſubmiſſion to better judges, ſimply as rudiments in the art; the refinements muſt be left to thoſe who are profeſſors.

" As early impreſſions are ſtrongeſt and moſt laſting, I would adviſe all mothers, who wiſh to train their daughters after the above ſyſtem, to put them in their infancy under the care of thoſe commodious

commodious ladies, whom we vulgarly call Mademoiſelles, as the beſt forcers of early plants; under whoſe tuition young ladies have been known to get ſo forward as to have pretty notions of flirtation at the tender age of ſix years; at eight years they can anſwer queſtions in the catechiſm of gallantry; before they reach their tenth ſummer, they can leer, ogle, talk French, write ſonnets, play with the footmen and go through their exerciſes to admiration: I would then put them to their ſtudies, of which the annals abovementioned will be a principal part; the circulating libraries will furniſh out a conſiderable catalogue, and Mademoiſelle will ſupply them with French memoirs, novels, &c. &c. At the age of twelve it will be proper to ſend them to the boarding-ſchool, and there they will have the opportunity of making female friendſhips with their ſeniors in age, by which they will greatly edify: In the holiday vacations they will correſpond with their boarding-ſchool aſſociates, and theſe letters ſhould be ſacred and inviolable, by which means they may carry on an intercourſe of thoughts without reſerve, and greatly improve their ſtile.

"When two years have been thus employed, they muſt be brought to London to be finiſhed under the beſt maſters, moſt of which ſhould be

recommended by Mademoiſelle; and in their intervals from ſtudy they will be allowed to relax their minds in the company of their mother, by looking on at the card-tables, repoſing themſelves after their fatigue upon ſophas, informing themſelves of the intrigues of the town, qualifying themſelves in a proper familiarity of manners by calling young men by their ſirnames, romping occaſionally with the gallants of their mother, when ſhe is out of ſight, and above all things cultivating intimacies with their late ſchool-fellows, who are come out into the world.

"When their hair is off their foreheads, it will be neceſſary they ſhould lay out profeſſedly for admirers amongſt the young rakes of faſhion, and for this purpoſe I particularly recommend to them the tea-room at the Opera-houſe, where I would have them ſtay out all the company, and then commit themſelves to their gallants to find out their coaches, who will be ſure to lead them through all the blind alleys, and never carry them to the right door till the laſt, by which time the carriages of theſe gallants will be drove off, and then common charity will compel them to bring the obliging creatures home in theirs.

"All this while I would have them put entire confidence in Mademoiſelle, whoſe good-

nature

nature will accommodate them in any little notes or meſſages they may have to manage, and whoſe opinion in dreſs will be ſo indiſpenſable, that it will be proper to take her out with them to all milliners ſhops, artificial-flower makers, and maſquerade warehouſes for advice. If the young fellows will come to theſe places at the ſame time, who can help it? Mademoiſelle will go down to call the ſervants, and ten to one if they are not gone to the ale-houſe, and the coach is out of the way, in ſpite of all her pains to find it.

"When they have made a ſtrong attachment, and conſequences are to be apprehended, it will be time for them to think of marriage, but on no account with the man of their heart, for that would interrupt friendſhip; any body, who can make a ſettlement, can make a huſband, and that huſband can make his wife her own miſtreſs, and every body's elſe, that ſhe pleaſes: Mademoiſelle becomes *femme de chambre*, and when her lady is diſpoſed for divorce, chief witneſs upon her trial; a picturesque ſcene is choſen for the frontiſpiece, the heroine figures in the print-ſhops, her fame is ſounded in the brothels, and her career of infamy is compleated."

N° XXII.

N° XXII.

IF any of my learned readers, ſkilled in the oriental languages, ſhall chuſe to turn over the thirty and three volumes of Abulfagi, the Arabian hiſtorian, they may find the following ſtory: Near one hundred leaves of the Papyrus have been expended in the relation, but I have been at the pains of compreſſing it into one paper.

In the beginning of the eleventh century Abderama, the laſt deſcendant of the Samanian family, who reigned over the territory of Bucharia, was beſieged in his capital of Bochara by Mamood the Great, who afterwards reduced all India to his command. This mighty conqueror, who may be ſtiled the Alexander of the Arabian hiſtorians, made twelve irruptions into India, and in each expedition ſwept away as much wealth, and made as great a devaſtation of the human ſpecies, as Nadir Shah in his. Mamood was the ſon of the uſurper Subuctagi, who expelled the father of Abderama from Samarcand, and reduced his empire to the poſſeſſion of Bochara only and its dependencies.

Such was the formidable general who ſat down with his forces before Bochara, and ſuch the

the hereditary enmity of theſe inveterate opponents; Abderama therefore had no reſource but to defend his citadel to the laſt extremity: Diſabled by his age from active ſervice, he put the garriſon under command of a valiant captain named Abdullah: This young prince was of the houſe of Katiba, the general of the Caliph Oſman, who conquered Great Bucharia for that victorious Mahommedan: Abdullah was the moſt accompliſhed perſonage of his time, of admirable qualities and matchleſs intrepidity: In vain he challenged Mamood to decide the fate of Bochara by ſingle combat; he was alſo beloved by Zarima, daughter of Abderama and ſole heireſs of his crown; the beauty of this princeſs was celebrated through all the Eaſt; more rhapſodies have been compoſed and chaunted in the praiſes of Zarima than even Helen gave a ſubject to: Our language cannot reach the deſcriptions of theſe florid writers; the whole creation has been culled for objects to ſet in ſome compariſon with Zarima; but as the fire of their imaginations would ſeem like phrenſy to ours, I ſhall not riſque a fall by following them in their flights.

In a furious ſally made upon the army of the beſiegers, Abdullah at the head of the Bocharians had ſingled out the perſon of Mamood, and puſhed his

his horſe up to the breaſt of that on which Mamood was fighting; the ſhock was furious on both ſides; Abdullah received the point of his opponent's lance in his ſide, and Mamood was ſtruck from his ſaddle to the ground by the battle-axe of Abdullah; the combatants ruſhed in to cover their fallen general, and victory was ſnatched out of the graſp of the brave Bocharian, who fell back wounded amongſt his companions, and retreated unpurſued into the town after a furious ſlaughter of the foe.

Whether Mamood was diſcouraged by the obſtinacy of the Bocharians, or, as ſome hiſtorians inſinuate, was daunted by this attack, which he had ſo narrowly eſcaped from, ſo it was that he let the command of the ſiege devolve upon his general Kamhi, and at the head of a ſcouring party made incurſions into the country to lay it waſte with fire and ſword, and break up the ſupplies of Bochara.

Kamhi had ſeen the beautiful Zarima; he had been in Abderama's court before Mamood's invaſion, and to ſee the princeſs was to be enamoured. No ſacrifice could be too great for Kamhi to obtain a prize ſo much above all computation in the heated fancy of a lover: He ſecretly imparted to Abderama the conditions, on which he would betray his truſt, and expoſe

the army he commanded to inevitable deſtruction.

If theſe conditions ſtaggered the aged monarch on the ſcore of honour, ſo did they on the ſide of intereſt. To ſave his crown and city was a tempting offer, and the divided heart of Abderama was not more agitated as a monarch for the impending danger of his throne, than it was agonized as a man for the daily ſufferings of his faithful people. He ſubmitted to receive Kamhi into the town, and to treat with him in perſon on the ſubject of his propoſal: Abdullah, from whom this was to be concealed, was now recovering from his wound, but incapable of ſervice for a time; it was propoſed by Kamhi to exchange hoſtage againſt hoſtage, and Abdullah was inſtructed to meet him in the depth of night with one companion on each ſide; each general was to exchange armour on the ſpot, and ſo to paſs their reſpective centinels; and mutual ſecrecy was pledged between the parties.

There was no difficulty in perſuading the generous Abdullah to this enterprize; Abderama giving him to underſtand, that the meeting was to adjuſt the payment of a ſum of money, which Kamhi was to receive for betraying the army he commanded before Bochara; the tranſaction was

to

to be kept a profound ſecret even from Zarima; the unſuſpecting Abdullah repaired to his rendezvous at the appointed hour without taking leave of the princeſs, and Kamhi with his aſſociate paſſed the city guard unqueſtioned in the habit of his rival. He haſted without a moment's loſs to the palace of the old king, and expounding to him the plan he had deviſed for ſecuring the performance of his part of the contract, nothing now remained for Abderama, but to engage his daughter to make a ſacrifice, which ſevere and difficult as it was, he thought he might depend upon her piety and public ſpirit for complying with. In this hope he immediately repaired to her chamber, where he found her repoſing on her couch; he threw himſelf at her feet in an agony of tears, and in the moſt ſupplicating poſture adjured her to ariſe and ſave her father, country, and herſelf from impending deſtruction: Rouſed from her ſleep, the beauteous Zarima immediately demanded the reaſon of that ſolemn adjuration, and what it was that ſhe could do to gain thoſe glorious ends—*Emulate the magnanimity of Abdullah*, replied the father, *reſign Abdullah, as that heroic youth, to ſave this ſinking city from extinction, has now reſigned his Zarima.*—Aſtoniſhment had now deprived her of the power of utterance, and Abderama

proceeded without interruption to expoſe to her the whole purport of his treaty with Kamhi, and the conditions, on which alone Bochara might be ſaved, and Mamood's army betrayed into his hands. He proteſted to her that Abdullah had been a party to this treaty, that he had left the city for ever, and to convince her of it, he was ready to produce Kamhi in the very habit, which her lover had exchanged with him for the purpoſe of bringing him to an interview with her, and concluding the agreement.

Not to dwell any longer on Abderama's arguments, (in which was I to follow my Arabian author I ſhould ſwell this recital to an unreaſonable length) it will ſuffice to ſay that the father prevailed. In the original it appears, as if ſome ſhare in the ſucceſs was owing to female pique, but as the Arabian authors are very ſubtle and refined in finding motives and in ſcrutinizing the human paſſions, I ſhould hope this ſuggeſtion may be imputed to the hiſtorian, rather than to the heroine.

As I chuſe to paſs over many pages of my original in this place, the reader will now ſuppoſe that the traiterous Kamhi is in poſſeſſion of his beautiful, but reluctant, victim; and that Abderama has already made a ſacrifice more painful, than that of Euryſtheus, or Agamemnon,

non, when they immolated their daughters. With the firſt dawn of the morning Kamhi repaired to the army, and began to ſet on foot the project he had concerted with Abderama; when he had given out his orders for dividing and diſpoſing the troops in ſuch a manner, as was beſt adapted to his deſign, he gave the ſignal agreed upon with the king for the ſally: The whole garriſon was put in motion on this occaſion, and Abderama determined once more to ſhew himſelf to his army, and command in perſon. Every thing had been ſo prepared on the part of Kamhi, that the impreſſion, which the Bocharians made upon the beſiegers, was immediate, and the ſlaughter became univerſal: Nothing could have ſaved them from compleat deſtruction, but the unexpected appearance of Mamood and his army in this ſeaſonable moment for their relief; as Mamood's troops were entirely compoſed of cavalry, he flew into action with amazing rapidity; the fainting ſpirits of the ſoldiers revived at the ſight of their victorious chief; his well-known voice rallied their broken ranks, and they turned upon their purſuers with redoubled fury; Even the guard, that had been planted upon Abdullah, now ran to their arms and joined the action; the army of Abderama, no longer ſupported by the valour and conduct

of their favorite general, began to give way and retreat in diſorder to the city; in this inſtant Abdullah ruſhed from his tent, and preſented himſelf to the eyes of the diſpirited Bocharians; the army ſent up a ſhout of joy, the aged Abderama ſunk into his arms, covered with blood and expiring with his wounds; life juſt ſerved him to exclaim—*My ſon! my ſon!* and then forſook him; his attendants bore him off to his litter in the rear, whilſt Abdullah turned the faces of his ſoldiers on the foe, and preſſed into the action, where it was hotteſt.

The conflict became terrible, every inch of ground was obſtinately diſputed, and the combatants on either ſide fell by whole ranks, as if reſolved upon maintaining the conteſt to the laſt man: Night at length put an end to the undecided fight, and Abdullah led off his ſurviving followers into the city, without any attempt on the part of Mamood to purſue him: His wound in the ſide, which was not yet healed, burſt open by the violence of his exertions in the action, and he had received others, under which he found himſelf ſinking, and which he had reaſon to believe were mortal; in this extremity he loſt not a moment's time in betaking himſelf to his beloved Zarima; his ſtrength juſt ſerved him to

preſent

preſent himſelf before her and to fall exhauſted with his wounds at her feet.

Terrible interview! Zarima was expiring; ſhe had taken poiſon.

The ſupplications of an aged father, the deliverance of a ſuffering city, the ſalvation of an ancient empire, and, above all, the example, as ſhe believed, of her betrothed Abdullah, had prevailed with this heroic princeſs to ſacrifice herſelf to the deteſted arms of Kamhi; the contract had been fulfilled upon her father's part, but to ſurvive it was more than ſhe had engaged for, and an indignity, which her nature could not ſubmit to: As ſoon as the battle joined, ſhe put her reſolution into act, and ſwallowed the mortal draught. Life juſt ſufficed to relate this diſmal tale to the dying Abdullah, and to receive the account from his lips of the deception, which Abderama had put upon him: The body of her dead father was now brought into the palace; ſhe caſt a look upon it, but was ſpeechleſs; fainting, and in the article of death, ſhe dropt into the arms of Abdullah, her head fell upon his breaſt, juſt as it was heaving with the laſt long-drawn ſigh, that ſtopt his heart for ever.

N° XXIII.

AMONGST the variety of human events, which come under the obſervation of every man of common experience in life, many inſtances muſt occur to his memory of the falſe opinions he has formed of good and evil fortune: Things, which we lament as the moſt unhappy occurrences and the ſevereſt diſpenſations of providence, frequently turn out to have been vouchſafements of a contrary ſort; whilſt our proſperity and ſucceſs, which for a time delight and dazzle us with gleams of pleaſure, and viſions of ambition, turn againſt us in the end of life, and ſow the bed of death with thorns, that goad us in thoſe awful moments, when the vanities of this world loſe their value, and the mind of man, being on its laſt departure, takes a melancholy review of time miſpent and bleſſings miſapplied.

Though it is part of every good man's religion to reſign himſelf to God's will, yet a few reflections upon the worldly wiſdom of that duty will be of uſe to every one, who falls under the immediate preſſure of what is termed misfortune in life. By calling to mind the falſe eſtimates we have frequently made of worldly good and

and evil we ſhall get hope on our ſide, which, though all friends elſe ſhould fail us, will be a chearful companion by the way: By a patient acquieſcence under painful events for the preſent, we ſhall be ſure to contract a tranquillity of temper, that will ſtand us in future ſtead; and by keeping a fair face to the world we ſhall by degrees make an eaſy heart, and find innumerable reſources of conſolation, which a fretful ſpirit never can diſcover.

I wonder why I was ſo uneaſy under my late loſs of fortune, ſaid a very worthy gentleman to me the other day, *ſeeing it was not occaſioned by my own miſconduct; for the health and content I now enjoy in the humble ſtation I have retired to, are the greateſt bleſſings of my life, and I am devoutly thankful for the event, which I deplored.* —How often do we hear young unmarried people exclaim—*What an eſcape have I had from ſuch a man, or ſuch a woman!*—And yet perhaps they had not wiſdom enough to ſuppoſe this might turn out to be the caſe at the time it happened, but complained, lamented and reviled, as if they were ſuffering perſecution from a cruel and tyrannic Being, who takes pleaſure in tormenting his unoffending creatures.

An extraordinary example occurs to me of this criminal exceſs of ſenſibility in the perſon

of a Frenchman named Chaubert, who happily lived long enough to repent of the extravagance of his miſanthropy. Chaubert was born at Bourdeaux, and died there not many years ago in the Franciſcan convent; I was in that city ſoon after this event, and my curioſity led me to collect ſeveral particulars relative to this extraordinary humoriſt. He inherited a good fortune from his parents, and in his youth was of a benevolent diſpoſition, ſubject however to ſudden capriees and extremes of love and hatred. Various cauſes are aſſigned for his miſanthropy, but the principal diſguſt, which turned him furious againſt mankind, ſeems to have ariſen from the treachery of a friend, who ran away with his miſtreſs, juſt when Chaubert was on the point of marrying her; the ingratitude of this man was certainly of a very black nature, and the provocation heinous, for Chaubert, whoſe paſſions were always in extremes, had given a thouſand inſtances of romantic generoſity to this unworthy friend, and repoſed an entire confidence in him in the matter of his miſtreſs: He had even ſaved him from drowning one day at the imminent riſque of his life, by leaping out of his own boat into the Garonne and ſwimming to the aſſiſtance of his, when it was ſinking in the middle of the ſtream: His paſſion for his miſtreſs was no leſs vehement;

ſo

ſo that his diſappointment had every aggravation poſſible, and, operating upon a nature more than commonly ſuſceptible, reverſed every principle of humanity in the heart of Chaubert, and made him for the greateſt part of his life the declared enemy of human nature.

After many years paſſed in foreign parts he was accidentally brought to his better ſenſes by diſcovering that through theſe events, which he had ſo deeply reſented, he had providentially eſcaped from miſeries of the moſt fatal nature: Thereupon he returned to his own country, and, entering into the order of Franciſcans, employed the remainder of his life in atoning for his paſt errors after the moſt exemplary manner. On all occaſions of diſtreſs Father Chaubert's zeal preſented itſelf to the relief and comfort of the unfortunate, and ſometimes he would enforce his admonitions of reſignation by the lively picture he would draw of his own extravagancies; in extraordinary caſes he has been known to give his communicants a tranſcript or diary in his own hand-writing of certain paſſages of his life, in which he had minuted his thoughts at the time they occurred, and which he kept by him for ſuch extraordinary purpoſes. This paper was put into my hands by a gentleman who had received much benefit from this good father's converſation

verſation and inſtruction; I had his leave for tranſcribing it, or publiſhing, if I thought fit; this I ſhall now avail myſelf of, as I think it is a very curious journal.

"My ſon, whoever thou art, profit by the words of experience, and let the example of Chaubert, who was a beaſt without reaſon and is become a man by repentance, teach thee wiſdom in adverſity and inſpire thy heart with ſentiments of reſignation to the will of the Almighty!

"When the treachery of people, which I ought to have deſpiſed, had turned my heart to marble and my blood to gall, I was determined upon leaving France and ſeeking out ſome of thoſe countries, from whoſe famiſhed inhabitants nature witholds her bounty and where men groan in ſlavery and ſorrow: As I paſſed through the villages towards the frontiers of Spain, and ſaw the peaſants dancing in a ring to the pipe or carouſing at their vintages, indignation ſmote my heart, and I wiſhed that heaven would daſh their cups with poiſon, or blaſt the ſunſhine of their joys with hail and tempeſt.

"I traverſed the delightful province of Biſcay without reſt to the ſoles of my feet or ſleep to the temples of my head. Nature was before my eyes dreſſed in her gayeſt attire;—*Thou mother of fools*, I exclaimed, *why doſt thou trick thyſelf*

out

out ſo daintily for knaves and harlots to make a property of thee? The children of thy womb are vipers in thy boſom, and will ſting thee mortally, when thou haſt given them their fill at thy improvident breaſts.—The birds chaunted in the groves, the fruit-trees gliſtened on the mountain ſides, the water-falls made muſic for the echoes, and man went ſinging to his labour;—*Give me*, ſaid I, *the clank of fetters and the yell of galley-ſlaves under the laſhes of the whip.*—And in the bitterneſs of my heart I curſed the earth, as I trode over its prolific ſurface.

"I entered the ancient kingdom of Caſtile, and the proſpect was a recreation to my ſorrow-vexed ſoul: I ſaw the lands lie waſte and fallow; the vines trailed on the ground and buried their fruitage in the furrows; the hand of man was idle, and nature ſlept, as in the cradle of creation; the villages were thinly ſcattered, and ruin ſate upon the unroofed ſheds, where lazy pride laid ſtretched upon its ſtraw in beggary and vermin. *Ah! this is ſomething*, I cried out, *this ſcene is fit for man, and I'll enjoy it.*—I ſaw a yellow half-ſtarved form, cloaked to the heels in rags, his broad-brimed beaver on his head, through which his ſtaring locks crept out in ſqualid ſhreds, that fell like ſhakes upon the ſhoulders of a fiend.—*Such ever be the fate of human*

human nature! I'll aggravate his miſery by the inſult of charity. Harkye, Caſtilian, I exclaimed, *take this piſette; it is coin, it is ſilver from the mint of Mexico; a Spaniard dug it from the mine, a Frenchman gives it you; put by your pride and touch it!—Curſt be your nation,* the Caſtilian replied, *I'll ſtarve before I'll take it from your hands.—Starve then,* I anſwered, and paſſed on.

"I climbed a barren mountain; the wolves howled in the deſert and the vultures ſcreamed in flocks for prey; I looked, and beheld a gloomy manſion underneath my feet, vaſt as the pride of its founder, gloomy and diſconſolate as his ſoul; it was the Eſcurial.—*Here then the tyrant reigns,* ſaid I, *here let him reign; hard as theſe rocks his throne, waſte as theſe deſarts be his dominion!*—A meagre creature paſſed me; famine ſtared in his eye, he caſt a look about him, and ſprung upon a kid, that was browſing in the deſart, he ſmote it dead with his ſtaff, and haſtily thruſt it into his wallet.—*Ah, ſacrilegious villain!*—cried a brawny fellow; and, leaping on him from behind a rock, ſeized the hungry wretch in the act; he dropped upon his knees and begged for mercy.—*Mercy!* cried he that ſeized him, *do you purloin the property of the church and aſk for mercy? Take it!*—So ſaying, he beat him to the earth with a blow, as he was kneeling at his feet,

feet, and then dragged him towards the convent of Saint Lawrence: I could have hugged the miſcreant for the deed.

"I held my journey through the deſart, and deſolation followed me to the very ſtreets of Madrid; the fathers of the inquiſition came forth from the cells of torture, the croſs was elevated before them, and a trembling wretch in a ſaffron-coloured veſt, painted with flames of fire, was dragged to execution in an open ſquare; they kindled a fire about him, and ſang praiſes to God, whilſt the flames deliberately conſumed their human victim: He was a Jew who ſuffered, they were Chriſtians who tormented.—*See what the religion of God is*, ſaid I to myſelf, *in the hands of man!*

"From the gates of Madrid I bent my courſe towards the port of Liſbon; as I traverſed the wilderneſs of Eſtremadura, a robber took his aim at me from behind a cork tree, and the ball grazed my hat upon my head.—*You have miſſed your aim*, I cried, *and have loſt the merit of deſtroying a man.—Give me your purſe*, ſaid the robber.—*Take it*, I replied, *and buy with it a friend; may it ſerve you as it has ſerved me!*

"I found the city of Liſbon in ruins; her foundations ſmoaked upon the ground; the dying and the dead laid in heaps; terror ſate in

every viſage, and mankind was viſited with the plagues of the Almighty, famine, fire, and earthquake.—*Have they not the inquiſition in this country?* I aſked; I was anſwered they had.—*And do they make all this outcry about an earthquake?* ſaid I within myſelf, *let them give God thanks and be quiet!*

" Preſently there came ſhips from England, loaded with all manner of goods for the reief of the inhabitants; the people took the bounty, were preſerved, then turned and curſed their preſervers for heretics.—*This is as it ſhould be,* ſaid I, *theſe men act up to their nature, and the Engliſh are a nation of fools; I will not go amongſt them.*—After a ſhort time behold a new city was riſing on the ruins of the old one! The people took the builders tools, which the Engliſh had ſent them, and made themſelves houſes: I overheard a fellow at his work ſay to his companion. —*Before the earthquake I made my bed in the ſtreets, now I ſhall have a houſe to live in.—This is too much,* ſaid I; *their misfortunes make this people happy, and I will ſtay no longer in their country.*—I deſcended to the banks of the Tagus; there was a ſhip, whoſe canvaſs was looſed for ſailing.—*She is an Engliſh ſhip,* ſays a Galliego porter; *they are brave ſeamen, but damned tyrants on the quarter-deck.—They pay well for*

what

what they have, ſays a boatman, *and I am going on board her with a cargo of lemons.*—I threw myſelf into the wherry, and entered the ſhip. The mariners were occupied with their work, and nobody queſtioned me why I was amongſt them. The tide wafted us into the ocean and the night became tempeſtuous, the veſſel labour-ed in the ſea and the morning brought no reſpite to our toil.—*Whither are you bound?* ſaid I to the maſter.—*To hell*, ſaid he, *for nothing but the devil ever drove at ſuch a rate!*—The fellow's voice was thunder; the ſailors ſung in the ſtorm, and the maſter's oaths were louder than the waves; the third day was a dead calm, and he ſwore louder than ever.—*If the winds were of this man's making*, thought I, *he would not be con-tent with them.*—A favourable breeze ſprung up as if it had come at his calling.—*I thought it was coming*, ſays he, *put her before the wind, it blows fair for our port.—But where is your port?* again I aſked him.—*Sir*, ſays he, *I can now anſwer your queſtion as I ſhould do; with God's leave I am bound to Bourdeaux; every thing at ſea goes as it pleaſes God.*—My heart ſunk at the name of my native city. *I was freighted*, added he, *from Lon-don with a cargo of goods of all ſorts for the poor ſufferers by the earthquake; I ſhall load back with wine for my owners, and ſo help out a charitable*

voyage with ſome little profit, if it pleaſe God to bleſs our endeavours.—Heyday! thought I, *how fair weather changes this fellow's note!—Lewis,* ſaid he to a handſome youth, who ſtood at his elbow, *we will now ſeek out this Monſieur Chaubert at Bourdeaux, and get payment of his bills on your account.—Shew me your bills,* ſaid I, *for I am Chaubert.*—He produced them, and I ſaw my own name forged to bills in favour of the villain who had ſo treacherouſly dealt with me in the affair of the woman who was to have been my wife.—*Where is the wretch,* ſaid I, *who drew theſe forgeries?*—The youth burſt into tears.—*He is my father,* he replied, and turned away.—*Sir,* ſays the maſter, *I am not ſurprized to find this fellow a villain to you, for I was once a trader in affluence and have been ruined by his means and reduced to what you ſee me; but I forgive what he has done to me; I can earn a maintenance, and am as happy in my preſent hard employ, nay happier than when I was rich and idle; but to defraud his own ſon proves him an unnatural raſcal, and, if I had him here, I would hang him at the mizen yard.*

N° XXIV.

N° XXIV.

CHAUBERT's narrative proceeds as follows.—"When the Engliſh maſter declared he was happier in his preſent hard ſervice than in his former proſperity, and that he forgave the villain who had ruined him, I ſtarted with aſtoniſhment, and ſtood out of his reach, expecting every moment when his phrenſy would break out; I looked him ſteadily in the face, and to my ſurprize ſaw no ſymptoms of madneſs there; there was no wandering in his eyes, and content of mind was impreſſed upon his features. —*Are you in your ſenſes*, I demanded, *and can you forgive the villain?—From my heart*, anſwered he, *elſe how ſhould I expect to be forgiven?*—His words ſtruck me dumb; my heart tugged at my boſom; the blood ruſhed to my face. He ſaw my ſituation and turned aſide to give ſome orders to the ſailors; after ſome minutes he reſumed the converſation, and advancing towards me, in his rough familiar manner, ſaid—*It is my way, Mr. Chaubert, to forgive and forget, though to be ſure the fellow deſerves hanging for his treatment of this poor boy his ſon, who is as good a lad as ever lived, but as for father and mother——Who is his mother? What was her name?* I eagerly de-

manded. Her name had no ſooner paſſed his lips than I felt a ſhock through all my frame beyond that of electricity; I ſtaggered as if with a ſudden ſtroke, and caught hold of the barricade; an involuntary ſhriek burſt from me, and I cried out—*That woman!—Oh! that woman!—Was a devil,* ſaid the maſter, *and if you knew but half the miſery you have eſcaped, you would fall down upon your knees and thank God for the bleſſing: I have heard your ſtory, Mr. Chaubert, and when a man is in love, do you ſee, he does not like to have his miſtreſs taken from him; but ſome things are better laſt than found, and if this is all you have to complain of, take my word for it you complain of the luckieſt hour in your whole life.* He would have proceeded, but I turned from him without uttering a word, and ſhutting myſelf into my cabbin ſurrendered myſelf to my meditations.

"My mind was now in ſuch a tumult, that I cannot recall my thoughts, much leſs put them into any order for relation: The ſhip however kept her courſe, and had now entered the mouth of the Garonne; I landed on the quay of Bourdeaux; the maſter accompanied me, and young Lewis kept charge of the ſhip: The firſt object that met my view was a gibbet erected before the door of a merchant's compting-houſe: The convict was kneeling on a ſcaffold, whilſt a friar

was

was receiving his laſt confeſſion; his face was turned towards us; the Engliſhman glanced his eye upon him, and inſtantly cried out—*Look, look, Mr. Chaubert, the very man, as I am alive; it is the father of young Lewis.*—The wretch had diſcovered us in the ſame moment, and called aloud—*Oh Chaubert, Chaubert! let me ſpeak to you before I die!*—His yell was horror to my ſoul; I loſt the power of motion, and the crowd puſhing towards the ſcaffold, thruſt me forward to the very edge of it; the friar ordered ſilence, and demanded of the wretch why he had called out ſo eagerly and what he had farther to confeſs. *Father*, replied the convict, *this is the very man, the very Chaubert of whom I was ſpeaking; he was the beſt of friends to me, and I repaid his kindneſs with the blackeſt treachery; I ſeduced the woman of his affections from him, I married her, and becauſe we dreaded his reſentment, we conſpired in an attempt upon his life by poiſon.*—He now turned to me and proceeded as follows—*You may remember, Chaubert, as we were ſupping together on the very evening of Louiſa's elopement, ſhe handed to you a glaſs of wine to drink to your approaching nuptials; as you were lifting it to your lips, your favorite ſpaniel leaped upon your arm and daſhed it on the floor; in a ſudden tranſport of paſſion, which you were ever addicted to, you*

ſtruck the creature with violence and laid it dead at your feet. It was the ſaving moment of your life—the wine was poiſoned, inevitable death was in the draught, and the animal you killed was God's inſtrument for preſerving you; reflect upon the event, ſubdue your paſſions, and practiſe reſignation: Father, I have no more to confeſs; I die repentant: Let the executioner do his office."

Here ends the diary of Chaubert.

I do not mean to expoſe my ideas to ingenious ridicule by maintaining that every thing happens to every man for the beſt, but I will contend, that he, who makes the beſt of it, fulfils the part of a wiſe and good man: Another thing may be ſafely advanced, namely, that man is not competent to decide upon the good or evil of many events, which befal him in this life, and we have authority to ſay, *Woe be to him that calls good evil, and evil good!* I could wiſh that the ſtory of Chaubert, as I have given it, might make that impreſſion upon any one of my readers, as it did upon me, when I received it; and I could alſo wiſh, that I felt myſelf worthy to add to it the experience of many occurrences in my own life, to which time and patience have given colours very different from thoſe they wore upon their firſt appearance.

When men ſink into deſpondency or break

out into rage upon adverſities and misfortunes, it is no proof that Providence lays a heavier burthen upon them than they can bear, becauſe it is not clear that they have exerted all the poſſible reſources of the ſoul.

The paſſions may be humoured, till they become our maſters, as a horſe may be pampered till he gets the better of his rider; but early diſcipline will prevent mutiny and keep the helm in the hands of reaſon. If we put our children under reſtraint and correction, why ſhould we, who are but children of a larger growth, be refractory and complain, when the Father of all things lays the wholeſome correction of adverſity on our heads?

Amongſt the fragments of *Philemon* the comic poet, there is part of a dialogue preſerved between a maſter and his ſervant, whoſe names are not given, which falls in with the ſubject I am ſpeaking of; theſe fragments have been collected from the works of the ſcholiaſts and grammarians, and many of them have been quoted by the fathers of the Chriſtian church, for the moral and pious maxims they contain; I think the reader will not be diſpleaſed, if I occaſionally preſent him with ſome ſpecimens from theſe remains of the Greek Comedy, and for the preſent conclude my paper with the following tranſlation.

Servant. *Whilſt you live, Sir, drive away ſorrow; it is the worſt company a man can keep.*

Maſter. *Whilſt I live, ſirrah? why there is no living without it.*

Servant. *Never tell me, Sir; the wounds of the mind are not to be healed by the tears of the eyes: If they were, who would be without the medicine? They would be the beſt family-phyſic in nature; and if nothing but money would buy them, you could not pay too dearly for the purchaſe. But alack-a-day, what do they avail? Weep, or weep not, this ſtubborn world of ours will have its way; ſighing and groaning, take my word for it, is but labour loſt.*

Maſter. *Granted! for its uſe I will not contend, nor can you, as I take it, diſpute its neceſſity: It is as natural for the eyes to ſhed tears in affliction, as for a tree to drop its leaves in autumn.*

Servant. *That I deny; the neceſſity of evil I admit, but not the neceſſity of bewailing it. Mark how your maxims and mine differ; you meet misfortune in the way, I let misfortune meet me: There are too many evils in life, that no man's wiſdom can avoid; but he is no wiſe man who multiplies too many by more: Now my philoſophy teaches me, that amongſt all the evils you complain of, there is no evil ſo great as your com-*

plaint itſelf: Why it drives a man out of his ſenſes, out of his health, nay at laſt out of the world; ſo ſhall it not me: If misfortune will come, I cannot help it, but if lamentation follows it, that is my fault; and a fool of his own making, my good maſter, is a fool indeed.

Maſter. *Say you ſo, ſirrah? Now I hold your inſenſibility to be of the nature of a brute; my feelings I regard as the prerogative of a man; thus although we differ widely in our practice, each acts up to his proper character.*

Servant. *If I am of the nature of a brute, becauſe I fear the gods and ſubmit to their will, the gods forgive me! If it be the prerogative of a man, to ſay I will not bear misfortunes, I will not ſubmit to the decrees of the gods, let the gods anſwer that for themſelves! I am apt to think it is no great mark of courage to deſpair, nor any ſure proof of weakneſs to be content. If a man were to die of a diſappointment, how the vengeance does it come to paſs that any body is left alive? You may, if you think well of it, counteract the deſigns of the gods, and turn their intended bleſſings into actual misfortunes, but I do not think their work will be mended by your means; you may, if you pleaſe, reſent it with a high hand, if your mother, or your ſon, or your friend ſhould take the liberty to die, when you wiſh them to live; but to me it appears a natural event,*

which no man can keep off from his own perſon, or that of any other; you may, if you think it worth your while, be very miſerable, when this woman miſcarries, or that woman is brought to bed; you may torment yourſelf, becauſe your mother has a cough, or your miſtreſs drops a tear; in ſhort you may ſend yourſelf out of the world with ſorrow, but I think it better to ſtay my time in it and be happy.

N° XXV.

I MENTIONED in my ſeventh paper that I had a card from Vaneſſa inviting me to a *Feaſt of Reaſon*. I confeſs I was very curious to know what the nature of this feaſt might be; and having been ſince favoured with a ſecond invitation, I ſhall take the liberty of relating what I ſaw and heard at that lady's aſſembly.

The celebrated Vaneſſa has been either a beauty, or a wit all her life-long; and of courſe has a better plea for vanity, than falls to moſt women's ſhare; her vanity alſo is in itſelf more excuſeable for the pleaſing colours it ſometimes throws upon her character: It gives the ſpring to charity, good-nature, affability; it makes her ſplendid,

ſplendid, hoſpitable, facetious; carries her into all the circles of fine people, and crowds all the fine people into her's; it ſtarts a thouſand whimſical caprices, that furniſh employment to the arts, and it has the merit of opening her doors and her purſe to the ſons of ſcience; in ſhort it adminiſters protection to all deſcriptions and degrees of genius, from the manufacturer of a tooth-pick to the author of an epic poem: It is a vanity, that is a ſure box at an author's firſt night, and a ſure card at a performer's benefit; it pays well for a dedication, and ſtands for ſix copies upon a ſubſcribers liſt. Vaneſſa in the centre of her own circle ſits like the ſtatue of the Athenian Minerva, incenſed with the breath of philoſophers, poets, painters, orators, and every votariſt of art, ſcience, or fine ſpeaking. It is in her academy young noviciates try their wit and practiſe panegyric; no one like Vaneſſa can break in a young lady to the poetics, and teach her Pegaſus to carry a ſide-ſaddle: She can make a mathematician quote Pindar, a Maſter in Chancery write novels, or a Birmingham hardware-man ſtamp rhimes as faſt as buttons.

As I came rather before the modern hour of viſiting, I waited ſome time in her room before any of the company appeared; ſeveral new publications on various ſubjects were lying on her table;

table; they were ſtitched in blue paper and moſt of them freſh from the preſs; in ſome ſhe had ſtuck ſmall ſcraps of paper, as if to mark where ſhe had left off reading; in others ſhe had doubled down certain pages ſeemingly for the ſame purpoſe. At laſt a meagre little man with a moſt ſatirical countenance was uſhered in, and took his ſeat in a corner of the room; he eyed me attentively for ſome time through his ſpectacles, and at laſt accoſted me in the following words; "You are looking at theſe books, Sir; I take "for granted they are newly publiſhed." 'I be-'lieve they are,' I replied. "I thought ſo," ſays he. "Then you may depend upon it their au-"thors will be here by and by; you may always "know what company you are to expect in this "houſe by the books upon the table: It is in "this way Vaneſſa has got all her wit and learn-"ing, not by reading, but by making authors. "believe ſhe reads their works, and by thus "tickling their vanity ſhe ſends ſo many heralds "into the world to cry up her fame to the ſkies; "it is a very pretty fineſſe, and ſaves a world of "time for better amuſements." He had no ſooner ſaid this than Vaneſſa entered the room, and whilſt I was making a moſt profound reverence, I beheld ſomething approaching to me, which looked like columns and arches and porticos in the

the perſpective of a playhouſe ſcene; as I raiſed my eyes and examined it a little cloſer I recognized the ruins of Palmyra embroidered in coloured ſilks upon Vaneſſa's petticoat. It was the firſt viſit I had ever paid, and Vaneſſa not being ready with my name, I made a ſilent obeiſance, and receiving a ſmile in return, retreated to my chair: My friend ſaid a great many ſmart things upon the ruins of Palmyra, which Vaneſſa on her part contended to be a very proper emblem for an old woman in decay, who had ſeen better days; the wit replied, that inſtead of Palmyra it ought to have been Athens, and then ſhe would have been equipped from head to foot in character. Vaneſſa ſmiled, but maintained the propriety of her choice, bidding him obſerve, "that "though ſhe carried a city upon her back, that "city all the world knew was planted on a de-"ſart." She now addreſſed herſelf to me, and in the moſt gracious manner aſked me when I hoped to put my project into execution; I anſwered in about two months, thinking ſhe alluded to the publication of theſe papers, a circumſtance I knew ſhe was informed of. "Well, "I proteſt," ſays Vaneſſa, "I envy you the "undertaking, and wiſh I could find courage "enough to accompany you." I aſſured her there was nothing in the world would make

me

me ſo happy as her aſſiſtance, and that I was confident it would enſure ſucceſs to my undertaking. "There you flatter me," ſays ſhe, "for I ſhould "do nothing but look after ſhells and corals and "the palaces of the Tritons and Naiads, if I "was to go down with you."—Here I began to ſtare moſt egregiouſly.—"But after all," added ſhe, "will your diving-bell carry double?" This luckleſs diving-bell was ſuch an unexpected plunge to me, that if I had been actually in it, I could ſcarce have been more hampered; ſo I thought it was better to remain under water, and wait till the real artiſt came in to ſet the miſtake to rights: This however my neighbour with the ſpectacles would not allow of, for ſuſpecting the mal-entendu, he began to queſtion me how long I could ſtay under water, and whether I could ſee diſtinctly; he then took a pamphlet from the table, and ſpreading out a large engraved plan of a diving-bell, deſired me to inform him how I managed thoſe pipes and conductors of air; all this while he was ſlyly enjoying my confuſion, till I ſummoned reſolution to appriſe Vaneſſa of her miſtake; this produced a thouſand polite apologies on her part—"But "theſe wretched eyes of mine," ſays ſhe, "are "for ever betraying me into blunders." "That "is a pity indeed," replied the wit, "for they "illuminate

" illuminate every body elſe; but if they betray " their owner," adds he, " it is God's revenge " againſt murder." Several literati now entered the room, to whom Vaneſſa made her compliments, particularly to a blind old gentleman, whom ſhe conducted to his chair with great humanity, and immediately began talking to him of his diſcoveries and experiments on the microſcope. " Ah! madam," replied the minute philoſopher, " thoſe reſearches are now over; ſome- " thing might have been done, if my eyes had " held out, but I loſt my ſight juſt as I had diſ- " covered the generation of mites; but this I can " take on myſelf to pronounce, that they are an " oviparous race." " Be content," replied Vaneſſa, " there is a bleſſing upon him who throws " even a *mite* into the treaſury of ſcience." The philoſopher then proceeded to inform her, that he had begun ſome curious diſſections of the eye of a mole, but that his own would not ſerve him to complete them: " If I could have proceeded " in them," ſays he, " I am verily perſuaded I " could have brought him to his eye-ſight by the " operation of couching; and now," ſays he, " I " am engaged in a new diſcovery, in which I " mean to employ none but perſons under the " like misfortune with myſelf.—So intereſting a diſcovery raiſed my curioſity as well as Vaneſ-

ſa's,

ſa's, to enquire into it, and methought even the wit in the ſpectacles had a fellow-feeling in the ſubject.—"It is a powder, madam," added the philoſopher, "which I have prepared for de-"ſtroying vermin on fruit trees, and even ants "in the Weſt Indies; I confeſs to you," ſays he, "it is fatal to the eye-ſight, for I am perſuaded "I owe the loſs of mine to it, rather than to the "eggs of mites, or the couching of moles; and "accordingly I propoſe that this powder ſhall be "blown through bellows of my own inventing "by none but men who are ſtone blind; it will "be very eaſy for your gardener, or overſeer of "your plantations, to lead them up to their "work, and then leave them to perform it; for "the duſt is ſo ſubtle, that it is ſcarce poſſible to "invent a cover for the eyes, that can ſecure "them againſt it. I believe," added he, "I "have ſome of it in my pocket, and if you have "any flies or ſpiders in the room, I will ſoon "convince you of its efficacy by an experiment "before your eyes." Vaneſſa eagerly aſſured him there was no ſuch thing in her room, and drawing her chair to a diſtance, begged him not to trouble himſelf with any experiment at preſent.

There ſat an ordinary woman in a black cloak by the fire ſide with her feet upon the fender and her knees up, who ſeemed employed

ployed upon a cuſhion or pillow, which ſhe kept concealed under her apron, without once looking at the work ſhe was upon. "You have read "of the Witch of Endor," ſays ſhe to me, (obſerving I had fixed my eyes upon her) "I am a "deſcendant of that old lady's, and can raiſe the "dead, as well as ſhe could."—Immediately ſhe put aſide her apron, and produced a head moulded in wax ſo ſtrikingly like my deceaſed friend, the father of Calliope, that the ſhock it gave me was too apparent to eſcape her.—"You knew this "brave fellow I perceive," ſays ſhe, "England "never owned a better officer; he was my hero, "and every line in his face is engraved in my "heart."—"What muſt it be in mine?" I anſwered, and turned away to a circle of people, who had collected themſelves round a plain, but venerable, old man, and were very attentive to his diſcourſe: He ſpoke with great energy, and in moſt choſen language; nobody yet attempted to interrupt him, and his words rolled not with the ſhallow impetuoſity of a torrent, but deeply and fluently, like the copious current of the Nile: He took up the topic of religion in his courſe, and, though palſy ſhook his head, he looked ſo terrible in Chriſtian armour, and dealt his ſtrokes with ſo much force and judgment, that Infidelity, in the perſons of ſeveral petty ſkirmiſhers,

ſkirmiſhers, ſneaked away from before him: One little fellow however had wriggled his chair nearer and nearer to him, and kept baying at him whilſt he was ſpeaking, perpetually crying out—"Give me leave to obſerve—not to inter-"rupt you, Sir—That is extremely well, but in "anſwer to what you ſay."—All this had been going on without any attention or ſtop on the part of the ſpeaker, whoſe eyes never once lighted on the company, till the little fellow, growing out of all patience, walked boldly up to him, and catching hold of a button ſomewhere above the waiſtband of his breeches, with a ſudden twitch checked the moving-ſpring of his diſcourſe, and much to my regret brought it to a full ſtop. The philoſopher looked about for the inſect that annoyed him, and having at laſt eyed him, as it were aſkaunce, demanded what it was provoked him to impatience.—"Have I ſaid any thing, "good Sir, that you do not comprehend?"—"No, no," replied he, "I perfectly well com-"prehend every word you have been ſaying."—"Do you ſo, Sir?" ſaid the philoſopher, "then "I heartily aſk pardon of the company for miſ-"employing their time ſo egregiouſly,"—and ſtalked away without waiting for an anſwer.

Vaneſſa had now recollected or enquired my name, and in a very gracious manner repeated her

her excuſes for miſtaking me for the diver.—"But if the old ſaying holds good," adds ſhe, "that truth lies at the bottom of a well, I dare "ſay you will not ſcruple to dive for it, ſo I hope "I have not given you a diſhonourable occupa-"tion." I was endeavouring at a reply, when the wit in the ſpectacles came up to us and whiſpered Vaneſſa in the ear, that the true Diving-bell was in yonder corner; ſhe immediately turned that way, and as ſhe paſſed whiſpered a young lady loud enough for me to hear her—"My dear, I am in your third volume."—The girl bowed her head, and by the Arcadian grace that accompanied it, I took it for granted ſhe was a Noveliſt.

I now joined a cluſter of people, who had crowded round an actreſs, who ſat upon a ſopha, leaning on her elbow in a penſive attitude, and ſeemed to be counting the ſticks of her fan, whilſt they were vying with each other in the moſt extravagant encomiums.—"You was "adorable laſt night in Belvidera," ſays a pert young parſon with a high toupee; "I ſat in La-"dy Blubber's box, and I can aſſure you ſhe and "her daughters too wept moſt bitterly—but then "that charming mad ſcene, by my ſoul it was "a chef d'œuvre; pray, Madam, give me leave "to aſk you, was you really in your ſenſes?"—

"I ſtrove to do it as well as I could," anſwered the actreſs. "Do you intend to play comedy next ſeaſon?" ſays a lady, ſtepping up to her with great eagerneſs.—"I ſhall do as the manager bids me," ſhe replied. "I ſhould be curious to know," ſays an elderly lady, "which part, Madam, you yourſelf eſteem the beſt you play?"—"I always endeavour to make that which I am about the beſt." An elegant young woman of faſhion now took her turn of interrogatory, and with many apologies begged to be informed by her, if ſhe ſtudied thoſe inchanting looks and attitudes before a glaſs?—"I never ſtudy any thing but my author."—"Then you practiſe them in rehearſals?" rejoined the queſtioner.—"I ſeldom rehearſe at all," replied the actreſs. "She has fine eyes," ſays a tragic poet to an eminent painter, "what modeſt dignity they bear, what awful penetration! mark how they play in thoſe deep ſockets, like diamonds in the mine! whilſt that commanding brow moves over them like a cloud, and carries ſtorm or ſun-ſhine, as the deity within directs: She is the child of nature, or, if you will allow me the expreſſion, nature herſelf; for ſhe is in all things original; in pity, or in terror, penitent, or preſumptuous, famiſhed, mad, or dying, ſhe

world is governed by the abject principle of fear, for the aſſiduity, with which this baſhaw was waited upon by his wife and ſervants, was ſurprizing. After having curſed the gout, damned his ſervants, and ſcolded his wife for her awkwardneſs in ſwathing his foot, he began to rave about the ſtate of the nation, crying out to me every now and then—"A fine paſs you have "brought things to at laſt; I always told you "how it would be, but you would not believe "me, and now you are ruined, bankrupt, and "undone to the devil; I thought what it would "come to with your damned American war."—I told him I had nothing to do with politics, and knew very little of the matter.—"That's true," ſays he, "I underſtand you are writing a book, "and going to turn author: You know I am "your friend, and always ſpeak my mind, there-"fore I muſt tell you, you will repent of what "you are about. Cannot you let the world "alone? Is it in your power to make it better? "Can the devil make it worſe? Why I could "write a book if I pleaſed, but I ſcorn it; nay I "was fool enough to do it once from a ſilly "principle of good-will to my country; and "what was the conſequence? Why, after pro-"ving as plain as two and two make four that "we were no longer a nation, that we were

" broken, baffled, defeated, and upon the eve of
" being a province to France—after having pro-
" ved all this, d'ye ſee, for the good of my coun-
" try, what was my reward, think you, but to
" be abuſed, vilified, poſted in the raſcally news-
" papers, who threw the twelfth of April in my
" teeth and ſet the people's heads a madding
" contrary to all ſenſe and reaſon, though I had
" been at the pains of convincing them how
" fooliſh all ſuch hopes were, and that there was
" not a chance left, though miracles ſhould be
" wrought in their favour, of any poſſible ſalva-
" tion for this devoted kingdom."

As Leontine is one of thoſe *pro* and *con* reaſoners, who handle their own argument in their own way by queſtion and anſwer, and know what their opponent has to offer before he has uttered three words, I always leave him a clear ſtage to fight out the ſubject by himſelf as he can; ſo that he proceeded without interruption to put a number of queſtions, to which he regularly made reſponſes, and, though theſe were the very oppoſites to what I ſhould probably have given, I let them paſs without contradiction, till there was a ſtop to the torrent by the introduction of a ſtranger, who after telling Leontine his name, proceeded to ſay he had a little neceſſary buſineſs to ſettle with him, which he ſhould take the liberty

berty to explain in very few words. This ſtranger was a little, meagre, conſumptive man, far advanced in years, of an aſpect remarkably meek and humble, ſo that it was not without ſurprize I heard him begin as follows.—"I wait upon "you, Sir, to demand full ſatisfaction and atone-"ment for an injury you have done to my cha-"racter by the baſeſt lie that ever man uttered, "and which if you do not diſavow in as public "a manner as you reported it, I ſhall expect you "will immediately anſwer my challenge, as there "is no other mode of redreſſing wrongs of ſo "inſidious a nature." When this gentleman announced his name and deſcription I found he was a general officer, who had been upon an unſucceſsful command in the courſe of the war; and that Leontine in one of his political rhapſodies had treated his character according to his cuſtom with great ſcurrility; this had unluckily paſſed in hearing of a friend of the General's, who had endeavoured to ſtop Leontine in time, but not being able ſo to do, had made report to his friend of what had been ſaid of him in his abſence. As he fixed his eyes upon Leontine in expectation of his anſwer, I obſerved his cheeks, which before were of a ruddy ſcarlet, turn to a deep purple, which gradually darkened into a livid tawney; fear ſo transformed his features, that the flying

ſoldier in Le Brun's battle was not a more perfect model of horror: His lips, which ſo lately thundered out vengeance and anathemas againſt the whole hoſt of critics, magazine-mongers, news-writers, and reviewers, with all their devils, runners, and retainers, now quivered without the power of utterance, till at laſt a gentle murmuring voice was heard to ſay—" General, " if I have given you offence, I am very ſorry " for it, but I ſuſpect that what I ſaid muſt have " been unfairly ſtated, elſe"——Here the little gentleman immediately interrupted him, by ſaying—" This excuſe affects the veracity of my " friend; I ſhall therefore take the liberty of " calling him into your room, which I did not " chuſe to do in the firſt inſtance, not knowing " you had any body with you; but if this gentle- " man will have the goodneſs to ſtand in place " of your referee on the occaſion, I will bring " my witneſs face to face, who will teſtify to the " very words you ſpoke." This was no ſooner ſaid than done; for the friend was in the paſſage, and in the moſt preciſe terms aſſerted the truth of his information.—" And now, Sir," reſumed the General, " give me leave to ſay there is not " a man in England more abhors a perſonal " quarrel than I do, but I make it my ſtudy to " give no offence, and both my reputation and

" my

" my profeſſion indiſpenſibly oblige me not to " put up with inſult from any man: There is no " alternative therefore left to either of us, but " for you to ſign this paper, which I ſhall uſe as " I ſee fit in my own vindication, or turn out; " I am very ſorry for it; it is an unhappy cuſ- " tom, but if occaſions can juſtify it, I take the " preſent to be one."—Having ſo ſaid, he tendered the paper to Leontine with as much politeneſs and addreſs, as if he had been delivering a petition to the commander in chief.

The intimidated boaſter took the paper with a trembling hand, and throwing his eye over it, begged to know if it might not be mitigated in ſome particulars:—" I ſhould be very glad to " oblige you," ſays the General, " in what you " wiſh, but they are my words, and as I gene- " rally think before I ſpeak or write, I am not " in the habit of unſaying any thing I aſſert; " you muſt therefore ſign to all, or none."— " If it muſt be ſo, it muſt," ſays Leontine with a ſigh, and took the pen.—" Stop, Sir, if " you pleaſe," interpoſed the General, " I would " know of this gentleman, if he has any thing to " offer on your behalf, why you ſhould not ſign " that paper." I anſwered, that I had nothing to offer in the caſe; upon which Leontine put his name to the paper. " Sir," ſays the General,

ral; "I am perfectly ſatisfied, and beg your par-
"don for the trouble I have given you; I am
"perſuaded you are not a perſon, who can in-
"jure my character, and this paper is of no fur-
"ther uſe."—So ſaying, he threw it into the fire, and having made his bow to Leontine and wiſhing me a good morning, took his friend under the arm and coolly walked out of the houſe. As I was ſuſpicious Leontine's courage might return after his departure, I thought it beſt to follow his example, and, taking up my hat, left the mortified baſhaw to his meditations, well ſatisfied to find an example in confirmation of my opinion—*That a bully at home is a coward abroad.*

As I walked along, meditating on what had paſſed, a doubt for the firſt time aroſe in my mind as to the practice of duelling, and I began to think there might be certain advantages accruing to ſociety, which, if the immorality of the action could be diſpenſed with, might poſſibly balance the evils, ſo evidently to be ſet againſt them. On the one ſide I ſaw in all its horrors the untimely cataſtrophe of a father, huſband, ſon, or brother, hurried out of life, and made the ſacrifice of a ſavage faſhion, which the world calls honour: On the other part I reflected within myſelf what the ſtate of manners might

probably

probably be reduced to, and how much ſociety would ſuffer, if ſuch overbearing inſolent characters as Leontine were not held in reſtraint by thoſe perſonal conſiderations, which owe their influence to the practice of duelling. To their wives, ſervants, and dependant inferiors, from whom no reſentment is to be apprehended, theſe tyrants are inſupportable; to ſociety in general they are offenſive as far as they dare; it is not ſhame, nor a reſpect to good manners in any degree, nor the fear of the laws, which ſtop them, for none of theſe conſiderations affect them; neither is it the unarmed hand of man, that can correct them, for theſe brutal natures are commonly endowed with brutal ſtrength, and Leontine would no more have feared his puiſny antagoniſt without a weapon than I ſhould ſtand in awe of an infant. If theſe creatures, thought I, were let looſe upon ſociety, and we had nothing but our fiſts to keep them in order, the proverb would be literally made good, and the weakeſt muſt go to the wall; but that ſame lucky invention of gunpowder levels the ſtrong with the feeble, and puts all, who bear the character of a gentleman, upon the ſame line of defence: If blows were to be exchanged with impunity, and foul language was to be endured without account, we ſhould be a nation of rabble. It ſeems therefore as if

nothing

nothing more were to be wiſhed, than for certain mitigations of this terrible reſource, which muſt ultimately depend upon the voluntary magnanimity of thoſe, who are compelled to reſort to it: What I mean is, to expreſs a wiſh that gentlemen would think it no derogation from their honour to acknowledge an error, or aſk pardon for an offence; and as it can very rarely happen, but that one party muſt to his own conviction be in the fault, it ſeems to follow, that all thoſe affairs of honour, that can be done away by an apology, might by manly and ingenuous characters be prevented from extremities: As to injuries of that deep nature, which according to the infirmity of human ideas, we are apt to call inexpiable, I preſume not to give an opinion; and in the aggravating inſtance of a blow, I have only to lament, that the ſufferer has to expoſe his perſon to equal danger with the offender. Though ſome unhappy inſtances of frivolous duels have lately occurred, I cannot think that it is the vice of the times to be fond of quarrelling; the manners of our young men of diſtinction are certainly not of that caſt, and if it lies with any of the preſent age, it is with thoſe half-made-up gentry, who force their way into half-price plays in boots and ſpurs, and are clamorous in the paſſages of the front boxes in a crowded theatre:

I have

I have with much concern obſerved this to be an increaſing nuiſance, and have often wiſhed thoſe turbulent ſpirits to be better employed, and that they had diſmounted from their horſes either a little ſooner or not ſo ſoon: But it is not by reaſoning theſe gentlemen will be taught to correct their behaviour.

I would ſeriouſly recommend to my readers of all deſcriptions to keep a careful watch upon their tempers, when they enter into argumentation and diſpute; let them be aſſured that by their management of themſelves on ſuch occaſions they are to decide their characters; and whether they are to paſs as men of education, temper, and politeneſs, or as illiterate, hot, and ill-bred blockheads, will depend upon their conduct in this particular. If the following ſhort and obvious maxims were attended to, I think animoſities would be avoided and converſation amended.

Every man, who enters into a diſpute with another, (whether he ſtarts it or only takes it up) ſhould hear with patience what his opponent in the argument has to offer in ſupport of the opinion he advances.

Every

Every man, who gives a controverted opinion, ought to lay it down with as much conciſeneſs, temper, and preciſion, as he can.

An argument once confuted, ſhould never be repeated, nor tortured into any other ſhape by ſophiſtry and quibble.

No jeſt, pun, or witticiſm, tending to turn an opponent or his reaſoning into ridicule, or raiſe a laugh at his expence, ought by any means to be attempted; for this is an attack upon the temper, not an addreſs to the reaſon of a diſputant.

No two diſputants ſhould ſpeak at the ſame time, nor any man overpower another by ſuperiority of lungs, or the loudneſs of a laugh, or the ſudden burſt of an exclamation.

It is an indiſpenſible preliminary to all diſputes, that oaths are no arguments.

If any diſputant ſlaps his hand upon the table, let him be informed that ſuch an action does not clinch his argument, and is only pardonable in a blackſmith or a butcher.

If any diſputant offers a wager, it is plain he has nothing elſe to offer, and there the diſpute ſhould end.

Any gentleman who ſpeaks above the natural key of his voice caſts an imputation on his own courage,

for cowards are loudeſt, when they are out of danger.

Contradictions are no arguments, nor any expreſſions to be made uſe of, ſuch as—That I deny——There you are miſtaken—That is impoſſible—*or any of the like blunt aſſertions, which only irritate, and do not elucidate.*

The advantages of rank or fortune are no advantages in argumentation; neither is an inferior to offer, or a ſuperior to extort the ſubmiſſion of the underſtanding on ſuch occaſions; for every man's reaſon has the ſame pedigree; it begins and ends with himſelf.

If a man diſputes in a provincial dialect, or trips in his grammar, or, (being Scotch or Iriſh) uſes national expreſſions, provided they convey his meaning to the underſtanding of his opponent, it is a fooliſh jeſt to turn them into ridicule, for a man can only expreſs his ideas in ſuch language as he is maſter of.

Let the diſputant who confutes another, forbear from triumph; foraſmuch as he, who increaſes his knowledge by conviction, gains more in the conteſt, than he who converts another to his opinion; and the triumph more becomes the conquered, than the conqueror.

Let every diſputant make truth the only object of his controverſy, and whether it be of his own finding,

finding, or of any other man's beſtowing, let him think it worth his acceptance and entertain it accordingly.

N° XXVII.

THE following ſtory is ſo extraordinary, that if I had not had it from good authority in the country, where it happened, I ſhould have conſidered it as the invention of ſome poet for the fable of a drama.

A Portugueſe gentleman, whom I ſhall beg leave to deſcribe no otherwiſe than by the name of Don Juan, was lately brought to trial for poiſoning his half-ſiſter by the ſame father, after ſhe was with child by him. This gentleman had for ſome years before his trial led a very ſolitary life at his caſtle in the neighbourhood of Montremos, a town on the road between Liſbon and Badajos, the frontier garriſon of Spain: I was ſhewn his caſtle, as I paſſed through that diſmal country, about a mile diſtant from the road, in a bottom ſurrounded with cork-trees, and never ſaw a more melancholy habitation. The circumſtances, which made againſt this gentleman, were ſo ſtrong

ſtrong and the ſtory was in ſuch general circulation in the neighbourhood, where he lived, that although he laid out the greateſt part of a conſiderable income in acts of charity, no body ever entered his gates to thank him for his bounty, or ſolicit relief, except one poor father of the Jeronymite convent in Montremos, who was his confeſſor and acted as his almoner at diſcretion.

A charge of ſo black a nature, involving the crime of inceſt as well as murder, at length reached the ears of juſtice, and a commiſſion was ſent to Montremos to make enquiry into the caſe: The ſuppoſed criminal made no attempt to eſcape, but readily attended the ſummons of the commiſſioners. Upon the trial it came out from the confeſſion of the priſoner, as well as from the depoſition of witneſſes, that Don Juan had lived from his infancy in the family of a rich merchant at Liſbon, who carried on a conſiderable trade and correſpondence in the Brazils; Don Juan being allowed to take this merchant's name, it was generally ſuppoſed that he was his natural ſon, and a clandeſtine affair of love having been carried on between him and the merchant's daughter Joſepha, who was an only child, ſhe became pregnant, and a medicine being adminiſtered to her by the hands

of Don Juan, ſhe died in a few hours after with all the ſymptoms of a perſon, who had taken poiſon. The mother of the young lady ſurvived her but a few days, and the father threw himſelf into a convent of Mendicants, making over by deed of gift the whole of his property to the ſuppoſed murderer.

In this account there ſeemed a ſtrange obſcurity of facts, for ſome made ſtrongly to the crimination of Don Juan, and the laſt-mentioned circumſtance was of ſo contradictory a nature, as to throw the whole into perplexity; and therefore to compel the priſoner to a further elucidation of the caſe, it was thought proper to interrogate him by torture.

Whilſt this was preparing, Don Juan without betraying the leaſt alarm upon what was going forward, told his judges that it would ſave them and himſelf ſome trouble, if they would receive his confeſſion upon certain points, to which he ſhould truly ſpeak, but beyond which all the tortures in the world could not force one ſyllable: He ſaid that he was not the ſon as it was ſuppoſed of the merchant, with whom he lived, nor allied to the deceaſed Joſepha any otherwiſe than by the tendereſt ties of mutual affection and a promiſe of marriage, which however he acknowledged had not been ſolemnized: That

he was the ſon of a gentleman of conſiderable fortune in the Brazils, who left him an infant to the care of the merchant in queſtion; that the merchant for reaſons beſt known to himſelf choſe to call him by his own name, and this being done in his infancy, he was taught to believe, that he was an orphan youth, the ſon of a diſtant relation of the perſon who adopted him; he begged his judges therefore to obſerve that he never underſtood Joſepha to be his ſiſter; that as to her being with child by him, he acknowledged it, and prayed God forgiveneſs for an offence, which it had been his intention to repair by marrying her; that with reſpect to the medicine, he certainly did give it to her with his own hands, for that ſhe was ſick in conſequence of her pregnancy, and being afraid of creating alarm or ſuſpicion in her parents, had required him to order certain drugs from an apothecary, as if for himſelf, which he accordingly did, and he verily believed they were faithfully mixed, inaſmuch as he ſtood by the man, whilſt he prepared the medicine, and ſaw every ingredient ſeparately put in.

The judges thereupon aſked him, if he would take it on his conſcience to ſay, that the lady did not die by poiſon: Don Juan, burſting into tears for the firſt time, anſwered, to his eternal

ſorrow he knew that ſhe did die by poiſon.—Was that poiſon contained in the medicine ſhe took?—It was.——Did he impute the crime of mixing the poiſon in the medicine to the apothecary; or did he take it on himſelf?—Neither the apothecary, nor himſelf, was guilty.—Did the lady from a principle of ſhame, (he was then aſked) commit the act of ſuicide, and infuſe the poiſon without his knowledge?—He ſtarted into horror at the queſtion and took God to witneſs, that ſhe was innocent of the deed.

The judges ſeemed now confounded, and for a time abſtained from any further interrogatories, debating the matter amongſt themſelves by whiſpers; when one of them obſerved to the priſoner, that according to his confeſſion he had ſaid ſhe did die by poiſon, and yet by the anſwers he had now given, it ſhould ſeem as if he meant to acquit every perſon, on whom ſuſpicion could poſſibly reſt; there was however one interrogatory left, which unnatural as it was, he would put to him for form's ſake only, before they proceeded to greater extremities, and that queſtion involved the father or mother of the lady.—Did he mean to impute the horrid intention of murdering their child to the parents?—No, replied the priſoner in a firm tone of voice, I am certain no ſuch intention ever entered the hearts of the unhappy parents,

parents, and I ſhould be the worſt of ſinners, if I imputed it to them.—The judges upon this declared with one voice that he was trifling with the court, and gave orders for the rack; they would however for the laſt time demand of him, if he knew who it was that did poiſon Joſepha: to which he anſwered without heſitation, that he did know, but that no tortures ſhould force him to declare it; as to life, he was weary of it, and they might diſpoſe of it, as they ſaw fit; he could not die in greater tortures than he had lived.

They now took this peremptory recuſant, and ſtripping him of his upper garments, laid him on the rack; a ſurgeon was called in, who kept his fingers on his pulſe; and the executioners were directed to begin their tortures; they had given him one ſevere ſtretch by ligatures fixed to his extremities and paſſed over an axle, which was turned by a windlaſs; the ſtrain upon his muſcles and joints by the action of this infernal engine was dreadful, and nature ſpoke her ſufferings by a horrid craſh in every limb; the ſweat ſtarted in large drops upon his face and boſom, yet the man was firm amidſt the agonies of the machine, not a groan eſcaped, and the fiend who was ſuperintendant of the helliſh work, declared they might encreaſe his tortures upon the next tug, for that his pulſe had not varied a ſtroke

nor abated of its ſtrength in the ſmalleſt degree.

The tormentors had now begun a ſecond operation with more violence than the former, which their deviliſh ingenuity had contrived to vary ſo as to extort acuter pains from the application of the engine to parts, that had not yet had their full ſhare of the firſt agony; when ſuddenly a monk ruſhed into the chamber and called out to th judges to deſiſt from torturing that innocent man, and take the confeſſion of the murderer from his own lips. Upon a ſignal from the judges, the executioners let go the engine at once, and the joints ſnapped audibly into their ſockets with the elaſticity of a bow. Nature ſunk under the revulſion, and Don Juan fainted on the rack. The monk immediately with a loud voice exclaimed——"Inhuman "wretches, delegates of hell and agents of the "devil, make ready your engine for the guilty, "and take off your bloody hands from the inno-"cent, for behold!" (and ſo ſaying he threw back his cowl) "behold the father and the mur-"derer of Joſepha!—"

The whole aſſembly ſtarted with aſtoniſhment; the judges ſtood aghaſt, and even the dæmons of torture rolled their eye-balls on the monk with horror and diſmay.

"If

"If you are willing," ſays he to the judges, "to receive my confeſſion, whilſt your tormen-"tors are preparing their rack for the vileſt cri-"minal, ever ſtretched upon it; hear me! If not, "ſet your engine to work without further en-"quiry, and glut your appetites with human "agonies, which once in your lives you may "now inflict with juſtice."

"Proceed," ſaid the ſenior judge.

"That guiltleſs ſufferer, who now lies inſenſi-"ble before my eyes," ſaid the monk, "is the "ſon of an excellent father, who was once my "deareſt friend: He was confided to my charge, "being then an infant, and my friend followed "his fortunes to our ſettlements in the Brazils: "He reſided there twenty years without viſiting "Portugal once in the time; he remitted to me "many ſums of money on his ſon's account; at "this time a helliſh thought aroſe in my mind, "which the diſtreſs of my affairs and a paſſion "for extravagance inſpired, of converting the "property of my charge to my own account; I "imparted theſe ſuggeſtions to my unhappy wife, "who is now at her accompt; let me do her "juſtice to confeſs ſhe withſtood them firmly for "a time; ſtill fortune frowned upon me, and I "was ſinking in my credit every hour; ruin "ſtared me in the face, and nothing ſtood be-

" tween me and immediate diſgrace, but this " infamous expedient.

" At laſt perſuaſion, menaces, and the impend- " ing preſſure of neceſſity conquered her virtue, " and ſhe acceded to the fraud. We agreed to " adopt the infant as the orphan ſon of a diſtant " relation of our own name; I maintained a " correſpondence with his father by letters pre- " tending to be written by the ſon, and I ſup- " ported my family in a ſplendid extravagance by " the aſſignments I received from the Brazils. " At length the father of Don Juan died, and by " will bequeathed his fortune to me in failure of " his ſon and his heirs. I had already advanced " ſo far in guilt, that the temptation of this con- " tingency met no reſiſtance in my mind, and I " determined upon removing this bar to my " ambition, and propoſed to my wife to ſecure " the prize, that fortune had hung within our " reach, by the aſſaſſination of the heir. She re- " volted from the idea with horror, and for ſome " time her thoughts remained in ſo diſturbed a " ſtate, that I did not think it prudent to renew " the attack: After ſome time the agent of the " deceaſed arrived in Liſbon from the Brazils, " and as he was privy to my correſpondence, it " became neceſſary for me to diſcover to Don " Juan who he was, and alſo what fortune he

" was

" was intitled to. In this criſis, threatened with
" ſhame and detection on one hand, and tempted
" by avarice, pride, and the devil on the other,
" I won over my reluctant wife to a participa-
" tion of my crime, and we mixed that doſe
" with poiſon, which we believed was intended
" for Don Juan, but which in fact was deſtined
" for our only child: She took it; heaven diſ-
" charged its vengeance on our heads, and we
" ſaw our daughter expire in agonies before our
" eyes, with the bitter aggravation of a double
" murder, for the child was alive within her.
" Are there words in language to expreſs our
" lamentations? Are there tortures in the reach
" of even your invention to compare with thoſe
" we felt? Wonderful were the ſtruggles of na-
" ture in the heart of our expiring child: She
" bewailed us; ſhe conſoled, nay ſhe even forgave
" us. To Don Juan we made immediate con-
" feſſion of our guilt, and conjured him to inflict
" that puniſhment upon us, which juſtice de-
" manded and our crimes deſerved. It was in
" this dreadful moment that our daughter with
" her laſt breath by the moſt ſolemn adjurations
" exacted and obtained a promiſe from Don Juan
" not to expoſe her parents to a public exe-
" cution by diſcloſing what had paſſed. Alas!
" alas! we ſee too plainly how he kept his word:

" Behold,

" Behold, he dies a martyr to honour! your in-
" fernal tortures have deſtroyed him—"

No ſooner had the monk pronounced theſe words in a loud and furious tone, than the wretched Don Juan drew a ſigh; a ſecond would have followed, but heaven no longer could tolerate the agonies of innocence, and ſtopped his heart for ever.

The monk had fixed his eyes upon him, ghaſtly with terror, and as he ſtretched out his mangled limbs at life's laſt gaſp—" Accurſed
" monſters," he exclaimed, " may God requite
" his murder on your ſouls at the great day of
" judgment! His blood be on your heads, ye
" miniſters of darkneſs! For me, if heavenly
" vengeance is not yet appeaſed by my contri-
" tion, in the midſt of flames my aggrieved ſoul
" will find ſome conſolation in the thought, that
" you partake its torments."

Having uttered this in a voice ſcarce human, he plunged a knife to his heart, and whilſt his blood ſpouted on the pavement dropped dead upon the body of Don Juan, and expired without a groan.

N° XXVIII.

N° XXVIII.

Quid dignum tanto ferat hic promiſſor hiatu?

I THINK it much to be lamented that our Engliſh news-papers have ſuch an extenſive circulation through Europe, unleſs proper means could be taken to reſtrain their exceſſive licentiouſneſs. As few foreigners will believe any government ſo void of reſource in this particular, they can no otherwiſe account for our not correcting theſe abuſes of the preſs, but becauſe we want the will and not the power. Amongſt the cauſes that have lately operated to increaſe their circulation and ſucceſs, I hope for the honour of human nature, their licentiouſneſs is not one; and yet it appears as if their encouragement had kept pace with their malignance. If I had not experienced the bad effects they have upon the minds of people in other countries, I ſhould not have thought ſuch publications capable of ſuch miſchief. Though the conductors of them ſeem careleſs about conſequences, I will not believe it was in their minds to do a deliberate injury to their country; but as they are not diſpoſed to put a bridle on themſelves, it were to

be

be wiſhed ſome prudent hand would do the office for them; though I ſee the difficulty of finding ſuch a curb as ſhall not gall the mouth of Freedom.

I am not at preſent diſpoſed to be any longer ſerious on this ſubject, and therefore waving all the weighter matters of my charge, I ſhall take notice only of one ridiculous circumſtance in which they abound, vulgarly called *Puffing*.

I have been turning over ſome papers to find out the chief profeſſors of this art, which I believe is now carried to its higheſt ſtate of improvement: Truth compels me to ſay, that with regret I have diſcovered ſeveral amongſt them, who ought to have underſtood themſelves better, but whilſt there is hope they will amend, I am contented they ſhould eſcape; at leaſt I ſhall paſs them over in ſilence, regarding them for the preſent as perſons ſurprized into bad company, and chargeable with indiſcretion rather than depravity.

Our advertiſing Quacks or Empirics are an antient and numerous claſs of *Puffers*. A colliſion of rival intereſts occaſions theſe gentlemen to run foul of each other in their general undertakings, and betrays their natural modeſty into a warmer ſtile of colouring their own merits, than the liberal ſtudy of phyſic and the public-ſpirited

principle

principle on which they pretend to act, would otherwiſe warrant: If the candid reader can find an excuſe for them in their zeal and anxiety to recommend the bleſſings which they offer to mankind, I will not impede the plea. A fooliſh partiality ſome people ſtill have for phyſicians regularly bred, and a ſqueamiſh unwillingneſs to repair to back-doors and blind alleys for relief, oblige them to uſe ſtrong words to combat ſtrong prejudices. But though they are at ſome pains to convince us that our bills of natural deaths might be all compriſed under the ſingle article of old age, there is yet here and there an obſtinate man who will die *felo de ſe* before the age of threeſcore years and ten.

Whilſt the ſages are *puffing* off our diſtempers in one page, the auctioneers are *puffing* off our property in another. If this iſland of ours is to be credited for their deſcription of it, it muſt paſs for a terreſtrial paradiſe: It makes an Engliſh ear tingle to hear of the boundleſs variety of lawns, groves, and parks; lakes, rivers, and rivulets; decorated farms and fruitful gardens; ſuperb and matchleſs collections of pictures, jewels, plate, furniture, and equipages; town-houſes and country-houſes; hot-houſes and ice-houſes; obſervatories and conſervatories; offices attached and detached; with all the numerous

etceteras

etceteras that glitter down the columns of our public prints. Numerous as theſe are, it is leſs a matter of ſurprize with me where purchaſers are found, than why any one, whoſe neceſſities are not his reaſon, will be a vender of ſuch enchanting poſſeſſions. Though a man's caprice may be tired of a beautiful object long enjoyed, yet when he ſees an old acquaintance dreſſed out in new colours, and glowing in the flowery deſcription of theſe luxuriant writers, I ſhould expect that his affection would revive, and that he would recall the cruel ſentence of alienation. Pliny never ſo deſcribed his villa, as theſe *Puffers* will ſet forth the caſt-off manſion of a weary owner. Put a vicious, lame, and ſtumbling horſe into their hands, and he comes out ſafe and ſound the next morning, and is fit to carry the firſt lady in the land: Weed your collections of their copies and counterfeits, by the help of a perſuaſive tongue, quick eye, and energetic hammer, they are knocked down for originals and antiques, and the happy buyer bears them off delighted with his bargain. What is the harp of an Orpheus compared to the hammer of an Auctioneer!

I muſt in the next place requeſt the reader's attention to the Poliſhing *Puffers*; a title by which I would be underſtood to ſpeak of thoſe venerable

venerable teachers and inſtructors, who are endowed with the happy faculty of inſtilling arts and ſciences into their diſciples, like fixed air into a vapid menſtruum: Theſe are the beatified ſpirits whom Virgil places in his poetical Elyſium: Fooliſh men amongſt the Greeks, ſuch as Socrates, Plato, and others, trained their pupils ſtep by ſtep in knowledge and made a bugbear of inſtruction; Pythagoras in particular kept his ſcholars five years in probationary ſilence, as if wiſdom was not to be learned without labour; our modern poliſhers *puff* it into us in a morning; the poliſh is laid on at a ſtroke, juſt as boys turn a braſs buckle into a ſilver one with a little quickſilver and brick-duſt; the poliſht buckle indeed ſoon repents of its tranſmutation, but it is to be hoped the alluſion does not hold through, and that the poliſht mind or body does not relapſe as ſoon to its primitive ruſticity. Strange! that any body will be a clown, when the Graces invite us to their private hops with hand-bills and advertiſements: Why do not the whole court of Aldermen dance at my Lord Mayor's ball inſtead of ſtanding with their hands in their pockets, when grown gentlemen (let them grow to what ſize they may) are taught to *walk a minuet* gracefully in three lectures? Amazing art! only to be equalled by the

the obſtinacy that reſiſts it. How are the times degenerated! Orpheus fiddles and the brutes won't dance. Go to the courts of law, liſten to the bellowing of the bar; mount the gallery of the ſenate, obſerve how *this here* and *that there* orator breaks poor Priſcian's head for the good of his country; enter our theatres—does that gentleman ſpeak to a ghoſt, as a ghoſt ought to be ſpoken to? Walk into a church, if you have any feeling for the ſacred ſublimity of our ſervice, you will never walk into another where it is ſo mangled: Every one of theſe parricides might be taught not to murder his mother-tongue without mercy, if he would but believe an advertiſement and betake himſelf to the Poliſher. Education at our public ſchools and univerſities is travelling in a waggon for expedition, when there is a bridle road will take you by a ſhort cut to Parnaſſus, and the Poliſher has got the key of it; he has elocution for all cuſtomers, lawyers, players, parſons, or ſenators; ready-made talents for all profeſſions, the bar, the ſtage, the pulpit, or the parliament.

There is another claſs of *Puffers*, who ſpeak ſtrongly to the paſſions, and uſe many curious devices to allure the ſenſes, fitting out their Lottery-offices, like fowlers who catch birds by night with looking-glaſſes and candles, to entice

us to their ſnare. Some of them hang out the goddeſs of good-fortune in perſon with money-bags in her hands, a tempting emblem; others recommmend themſelves under the auſpices of ſome lucky name, confounding our heads with cabaliſtical numbers, unintelligible calculations, and myſterious predictions, whoſe abſurdity is their recommendation, and whoſe obſcurity makes the temptation irreſiſtible:

Omnia enim ſtolidi magis admirantur amantque,
Inverſis quæ ſub verbis latitantia cernunt.

Eſſences, coſmetics, and a hundred articles of pretended invention for the frivolous adorning of our perſons engroſs a conſiderable ſhare of our public papers; the *Puffs* from this quarter are replete with all the gums and odours of Arabia; the chemiſts of Laputa were not more ſubtle extractors of ſunbeams than theſe artiſts, who can fetch powder of pearls out of rotten bones and mercury, odour of roſes from a turnip, and the breath of zephyrs out of a cabbage-ſtalk; they can furniſh your dreſſing-room with the toilette of Juno, bring you bloom from the cheeks of Hebe, and a noſegay from the boſom of Flora. Theſe *Puffers* never fail to tell you after a court birth-day that their waſhes, powders, and odours, were the favorites of the

drawing-room, and that the reigning beauties of the aſſembly bought their charms at their counters.

After theſe follow a rabble of raree-ſhew-men with mermaids, man-tygers, ourang-outangs, and every monſter and abortion in creation; columns of giants and light-infantry companies of dwarfs; conjurers, rope-dancers, and poſture-maſters; tooth-drawers, oculiſts, and chiropodiſts; every one *puffs* himſelf off to the public in a ſtile as proud as Antient Piſtol's; every fellow, who can twirl upon his toe, or ride a gallop on his head, paſtes himſelf up in effigy on our public offices and churches, and takes all the courts in Europe to witneſs to the fame of his performances. If a raſcal can ſhew a louſe thro' a microſcope, he expects all the heads in England to itch till they behold it; if a ſon of the gallows can ſlide down a rope from the top of a ſteeple, he *puffs* off his flight in Pindarics, that would make a moderate man's head giddy to read; nay, we have ſeen a gambling-houſe and a brothel thrown open to the town, and public lectures in obſcenity audaciouſly advertiſed in a Chriſtian city, which would not have been tolerated in Sodom or Gomorrah.

I cannot diſmiſs this ſubject without hinting to the proprietors of our Royal Theatres, that this

this expedient of *puffing* is pardonable only in a troop of ſtrollers, or the maſter of a puppet-ſhew. Whilſt the Muſes keep poſſeſſion of our theatre, and genius treads the ſtage, every friend to the national drama will condemn the practice, and hold them inexcuſable, who are reſponſible for it, if they do not diſcontinue it. It is hardly poſſible that any cauſe can be profited by *puffing*; if any can, it muſt be a contemptible one; the intereſts of literature are amongſt the laſt that can expect advantage from it, or that ſhould condeſcend to ſo mean a reſource: Inſtead of attracting curioſity, it creates diſguſt; inſtead of anſwering the temporary object of profit, it ſinks the permanent fund of reputation. As to the impolicy of the meaſure many reaſons may be given, but theſe I ſhall forbear to mention, leſt whilſt I am ſtating dangers I ſhould appear to ſuggeſt them. In concluſion, I have no doubt but the good ſenſe of the proprietors will determine on a reform; for I am perſuaded they cannot be profited by houſes of their own filling, nor any author flattered by applauſes of his own beſtowing.

N° XXIX.

SOCIETY in deſpotic governments is narrowed according to the degree of rigour, which the ruling tyrant exerciſes over his ſubjects. In ſome countries it is in a manner annihilated. As deſpotiſm relaxes towards limited monarchy, ſociety is dilated in the ſame proportion. If we conſider freedom of condition in no other light than as it affects ſociety, a monarchy limited by law, like this of ours, is perhaps the freeſt conſtitution upon earth; becauſe was it to diverge from the center on which it now reſts, either towards deſpotiſm on one hand, or democracy on the other, the reſtraints upon ſocial freedom would operate in the ſame degree, tho' not in the ſame mode; for whether that reſtraint is produced by the awe of a court, or the promiſcuous licentiouſneſs of a rabble, the barrier is in either caſe broken down; and whether it lets the cobler or the king's meſſenger into our company, the tyranny is inſupportable and ſociety is enſlaved.

When an Engliſhman is admitted into what are called the beſt circles in Paris, he generally finds ſomething captivating in them on a firſt acquaintance; for without ſpeaking of their

internal recommendations, it is apt to flatter a man's vanity to find himſelf in an excluſive party, and to ſurmount thoſe difficulties, which others cannot. As ſoon as he has had time to examine the component parts of this circle, into which he has ſo happily ſtept, he readily diſcovers that it is a circle, for he goes round and round without one excurſion; the whole party follows the ſame ſtated revolution, their minds and bodies keep the ſame orbit, their opinions riſe and ſet with the regularity of planets, and for what is paſſing without their ſphere they know nothing of it. In this junto it rarely happens but ſome predominant ſpirit takes the lead, and if he is ambitious of making a maſter-ſtroke indeed, he may go the length to declare, *that he has the honour to profeſs himſelf an Atheiſt.* The creed of this leading ſpirit is the creed of the junto; there is no fear of controverſy; inveſtigation does not reach them, and that liberality of mind, which a colliſion of ideas only can produce, does not belong to them; you muſt fall in with their ſentiments, or keep out of their ſociety: and hence ariſes that over-ruling ſelf-opinion ſo peculiar to the French, that aſſumed ſuperiority ſo conſpicuous in their manners, which deſtroys the very eſſence of that politeneſs, which they boaſt to excel in.

Politeneſs is nothing more than an elegant and concealed ſpecies of flattery, tending to put the perſon to whom it is addreſſed in good-humour and reſpect with himſelf: But if there is a parade and diſplay affected in the exertion of it, if a man ſeems to ſay—*Look how condeſcending and gracious I am!*—whilſt he has only the common offices of civility to perform, ſuch politeneſs ſeems founded in miſtake, and calculated to recommend the wrong perſon; and this miſtake I have obſerved frequently to occur in French manners.

The national character of the Spaniards is very different from that of the French, and the habits of life in Madrid as oppoſite as may be from thoſe which obtain at Paris. The Spaniards have been a great and free people, and though that grandeur and that freedom are no more, their traces are yet to be ſeen amongſt the Caſtilians in particular. The common people have not yet contracted that obſequiouſneſs and ſubmiſſion, which the rigour of their government, if no revolution occurs to redreſs it, muſt in time reduce them to. The condition, which this gallant nation is now found in, between the deſpotiſm of the throne and the terrors of the Inquiſition, cannot be aggravated by deſcription; body and mind are held in ſuch compleat ſlavery

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by theſe two gloomy powers, that men are not willing to expoſe their perſons for the ſake of their opinions, and ſociety is of courſe exceedingly circumſcribed; to trifle away time ſeems all they aſpire to; converſation turns upon few topics, and they are ſuch as will not carry a diſpute; neither glowing with the zeal of party, nor the cordial interchange of mutual confidence; day after day rolls in the ſame languid round through life; their ſeminaries of education, eſpecially ſince the expulſion of the Jeſuits, are grievouſly in decline; learning is extinct; their faculties are whelmed in ſuperſtition, and ignorance covers them with a cloud of darkneſs, through which the brighteſt parts cannot find their way.

If this country ſaw its own intereſts in their true light, it would conciliate the affections of the Spaniſh nation, who are naturally diſpoſed towards England; the hoſtile policy of maintaining a haughty fortreſs on the extremity of their coaſt, which is no longer valuable than whilſt they continue to attack it, has driven them into a compact with France, odious to all true Spaniards, and which this country has the obvious means of diſſolving. It is by an alliance with England that Spain will recover her priſtine greatneſs; France is plunging her into provin-

cial dependency; there is ſtill virtue in the Spaniſh nation; honeſty, ſimplicity, and ſobriety are ſtill characteriſtics of the Caſtilian; he is brave, patient, unrepining; no ſoldier lives harder, ſleeps leſs, or marches longer; treat him like a gentleman, and you may work him like a mule; his word is a paſſport in affairs of honour, and a bond in matters of property. That dignity of nature, which in the higheſt orders of the ſtate is miſerably debaſed, ſtill keeps its vigour in the bulk of the people, and will aſſuredly break out into ſome ſudden and general convulſion for their deliverance. If there are virtue and good ſenſe in the adminiſtration of this country, we ſhall ſeize the opportunity yet open to us.

It now remains that I ſhould ſpeak of England, and when I turn my thoughts to my native iſland, and conſider it with the impartiality of a citizen of the world, I diſcern in it all advantages in perfection, which man in a ſocial ſtate can enjoy. A conſtitution of government ſufficiently monarchical to preſerve order and decorum in ſociety, and popular enough to ſecure freedom; a climate ſo happily tempered, that the human genius is neither exhauſted by heat, nor cramped and made torpid by cold; a land abounding in all manner of productions, that can encourage induſtry, invite exerciſe and promote

promote health; a lot of earth ſo ſingularly located, as marks it out by Providence to be the emporium of plenty and the aſylum of peace; a religion, whoſe eſtabliſhment leaves all men free, neither endangering their perſons, nor enſlaving their minds; a ſyſtem of enlightened education ſo general, and a vein of genius ſo characteriſtical, that under the banners of a free preſs muſt ſecure to the nation a ſtanding body of learned men, to ſpread its language to the ends of the world and its fame to all poſterity.

What is it then, which interrupts the enjoyments of ſocial life, and diſturbs the harmony of its inhabitants? Why do foreigners complain that time hangs heavy on their hands in England, that private houſes are ſhut againſt them, and that, were it not for the reſource of public places, they would find themſelves in a ſolitude, or (more properly ſpeaking) ſolitary in a crowd? How comes it to paſs that country gentlemen, who occaſionally viſit town, ſee themſelves neglected and forgotten by thoſe very people, who have been welcomed to their houſes and regaled with their hoſpitality; and men of talents and character, formed to grace and delight our convivial hours, are left to pace the Park and ſtreets of London by themſelves, as if they were the exiles from ſociety?

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The fact is, trade occupies one end of the town, and politics engroſs the other: As for foreigners of diſtinction, who ought in good policy to be conſidered as the gueſts of the ſtate, after they have gone through the dull ceremonial of a drawing-room, the court takes no further concern about them. The crown has no officer charged with their reception, provides no table within or without the palace for their entertainment; parliamentary or official avocations are a ſtanding plea for every ſtate miniſter in his turn to neglect them. The winter climate and coaſt of England is ſo deterring to natives of more temperate latitudes, that they commonly pay their viſits to the capital in the ſummer, when it is deſerted; ſo that after billeting themſelves in ſome empty hotel amidſt the fumes of paint and noiſe of repairs, they wear out a few tedious days, and then take flight, as if they had eſcaped from a priſon. When parliament is ſitting and the town is full, a man, who does not intereſt himſelf in the politics and party of the day, will find the capital an unſocial place; that degree of freedom, which in other reſpects, is the life of ſociety, now becomes its mortal foe; the zeal, and even fury, with which people abet their party, and the latitude they give themſelves in opinion and diſcourſe, extinguiſh every voice, that

that would ſpeak peace and pleaſure to the board, and turn good fellowſhip into loud contention and a ſtrife of tongues.

The right aſſumed by our news-papers of publiſhing what they are pleaſed to call Parliamentary Debates I muſt regard as one of the greateſt evils of the time, replete with foreign and domeſtic miſchief: Our orators ſpeak pamphlets, and the ſenate is turned into a theatre. The late hours of parliament, which to a degree are become faſhionable, are in effect deſtructive to ſociety. I cannot diſpenſe with obſerving collaterally on this occaſion that profeſſional men in England conſort more excluſively amongſt themſelves, and communicate leſs generally than in other countries, which gives their converſation, however informing, an air of pedantry, contracted by long habits, great ardour for their profeſſion and deep learning in it.

As for ſlander, which amongſt other evils owes much of its propagation to the ſame vehicle of the daily preſs, it is the poiſon of ſociety; depreſſes virtuous ambition, damps the early ſhoots of genius, puts the innocent to pain, and drives the guilty to deſperation; it infuſes ſuſpicion into the beſt natures, and looſens the cement of the ſtrongeſt friendſhips; very

very many affect to deſpiſe it, few are ſo high-minded as not to feel it; though common ſlanderers ſeldom have it in their power to hurt eſtabliſhed reputations, yet they can always contrive to ſpoil company, and put honeſt men to the trouble of turning them out of it.

It is a common ſaying that authors are more ſpiteful to each other, and more irritable under an attack, than other men; I do not believe the obſervation is well founded; every ſenſible man knows, that his fame, eſpecially of the literary kind, before it can paſs current in the world, pays a duty on entrance, like ſome ſort of merchandize, *ad valorem*; he knows that there are always ſome who live upon the plunder of condemned reputations, watching the tides of popular favour in hopes of making ſeizures to their own account—*Habent venenum pro victu, immo pro deliciis.*—The little injury ſuch men do to letters chiefly conſiſts in the ſtupidity of their own productions: They may to a certain degree check a man's living fame, but if he writes to poſterity, he is out of their reach, becauſe he appeals to a court, where they can never appear againſt him.

When we give our praiſe to any man's character or performances, let us give it abſolutely, and without compariſon, for it is juſtly remarked by

by foreigners, that we ſeldom commend poſitively: This remark bears both againſt our good-nature and our good ſenſe; but let no man by this or any other declamation againſt ſlander be awed into that timid prudence, which affecting the name of candour, dares not to condemn, and of courſe is not intitled to applaud. Truth and juſtice have their claims upon us, and our teſtimony againſt vice, folly and hypocriſy is due to ſociety; manly reſentment againſt miſchievous characters, cleanly ridicule of vanity and impertinence, and fair criticiſm of what is under public review are the prerogatives of a free ſpirit; they peculiarly belong to Engliſhmen, and he betrays a right conſtitutionally inherent in him, who from mean and perſonal motives forbears to exerciſe it.

When I have ſaid this, I think it right to add, that I cannot ſtate a caſe, in which a man can be juſtified in treating another's name with freedom, and concealing his own.

N° XXX.

N° XXX.

Et quando uberior vitiorum copia? quando
Major avaritiæ patuit Sinus? ALEA quando
Hos animos? neque enim loculis comitantibus itur
Ad caſum tabulæ, poſitâ ſed luditur arcâ.

(JUVENAL. Sat. 1.)

THE paſſage, which I have ſelected for the motto of this paper, will ſhew that I intend to devote it to the conſideration of the vice of *Gaming*; and I forbore to ſtate it in my preceding eſſay amongſt the cauſes, that affect ſociety in this country, becauſe I regarded it as an evil too enormous to be brought within the brief enumeration therein contained, reſolving to treat it with that particular reſpect and attention, which its high ſtation and dignity in miſchief have a claim to.

Though I have no heſitation at beginning the attack, I beg leave to premiſe that I am totally without hope of carrying it. I may ſay to my antagoniſts in the words, though not altogether in the ſenſe, that the angel Gabriel does to his—

"Satan, I know thy ſtrength, and thou know'ſt mine."

What avails my hurling a feeble eſſay at the

heads of this hydra, when the immortal drama of *The Gameſter* lies trodden under his feet?

Conſcious that I do not poſſeſs the ſtrength, I ſhall not aſſume the importance of a champion, and as I am not of dignity enough to be angry, I ſhall keep my temper and my diſtance too, ſkirmiſhing like thoſe inſignificant gentry, who play the part of teazers in the Spaniſh bull-fights, ſticking arrows in his creſt to provoke him to bellow, whilſt bolder combatants engage him at the point of his horns.

It is well for Gameſters, that they are ſo numerous as to make a ſociety of themſelves, for it would be a ſtrange abuſe of terms to rank them amongſt ſociety at large, whoſe profeſſion it is to prey upon all who compoſe it. Strictly ſpeaking it will bear a doubt, if a Gameſter has any other title to be called a man, except under the diſtinction of Hobbes, and upon claim to the charter of *Homo Homini Lupus*—As a *Human Wolf* I grant he has a right to his *wolfiſh prerogatives:* He, who ſo far ſurprizes my reaſon or debauches my principle, as to make me a party in my own deſtruction, is a worſe enemy than he who robs me of my property by force and violence, becauſe he ſinks me in my own opinion; and if there was virtue in mankind, ſufficient for their own defence, honeſt men would

would expel gameſters as outlaws from ſociety, and good citizens drive them from the ſtate, as the deſtroyers of human happineſs, wretches, who make the parent childleſs and the wife a widow.

But what avail a parcel of ſtatutes againſt gaming, when they, who make them, conſpire together for the infraction of them? Why declare gaming-debts void in law, when that ſilly principle, ſo falſely called honour (at once the idol and the ideot of the world) takes all thoſe debts upon itſelf and calls them debts of honour? It is not amongſt things practicable to put gaming down by ſtatute. If the face of ſociety was ſet ſteadily againſt the vice; if parents were agreed to ſpurn at the alliance of a gameſter, however ennobled; if our ſeminaries of education would enforce their diſcipline againſt early habits of play; if the crown, as the fountain of honour, and the virtuous part of the fair ſex, as the diſpenſers of happineſs, would reprobate all men addicted to this deſperate paſſion, ſomething might perhaps be done. If tradeſmen would conſult their own intereſt, and give no credit to gameſters; if the infamous gang of money-lenders could be abſolutely extinguiſhed, and the people at large, inſtead of riſing againſt a loyal fellow-ſubject, becauſe he worſhips God according

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ing to the religion of his anceſtors at a Catholic altar, would exerciſe their reſentment againſt thoſe illegal places of reſort, where deſperadoes meet for nightly pillage, this contagious evil might poſſibly be checked; but when it is only to be hoped that a combination of remedies might ſtem the diſeaſe, how can we expect a recovery, when no one of them all is adminiſtered?

Though domeſtic miſery muſt follow an alliance with a gameſter, matches of this ſort are made every day; a parent, who conſents ſo to ſacrifice his child, muſt either place his hope in her reforming her huſband, or elſe he muſt have made up his mind to ſet conſequences at defiance; a very fooliſh hope, or a very fatal principle. There can be no domeſtic comfort in the arms of a gameſter, no conjugal aſylum in his heart: Weak and ignorant young women may be duped into ſuch connections; vain and ſelf-conceited ones may adventure with their eyes open, and truſt to their attractions for ſecurity againſt misfortune; but let them be aſſured there is not a page in the world's hiſtory, that will furniſh them with an example to palliate their preſumption; eager to ſnatch the preſent pleaſures of a voluptuous proſpect, they care little for the ruin, which futurity keeps out of ſight.

With the cleareſt conviction in my mind of the general advantages of public education, I muſt acknowledge a ſuſpicion that due attention is not paid in our great ſeminaries of education to reſtrain this fatal paſſion in its firſt approaches. I fear there are ſome evidences of a guilty negligence now in operation, ſpreading poiſon as they flow, and carrying with them in their courſe all the charms of eloquence, the flow of wit, and faſcinating ſpell of ſcience; ſanctified by faſhion, Gaming-houſes, which out-peer the royal palace, riſe around it in defiance; trophies and monuments of the triumphs of diſſipation. The wife, whoſe huſband enters thoſe doors, and the parent, who owns a ſon within them, muſt either eradicate affection and nature from their hearts, or take leave of happineſs for ever. Woe be to the nation, whoſe police cannot, or dare not, correct ſuch an evil! 'Tis fooliſh to lament the amputation of a limb, when the mortality is in our vitals.

I ſhall not take upon myſelf to lay down rules for kings, or affect to pronounce what a ſovereign can, or cannot, do to diſcountenance gaming in this kingdom; but I will venture to ſay that ſomething more is requiſite than mere example. *It was in the decline of Rome, when the provinces were falling off from her empire, whilſt a virtuous*

but unfortunate prince poſſeſſed the throne, that the greateſt part of Africa was in revolt: The General, who commanded the Roman legions, was a ſoldier of approved courage in the field, but of mean talents and diſſolute manners. This man in the moſt imminent criſis for the intereſts of Rome, ſuffered and encouraged ſuch a ſpirit of gaming to obtain amongſt his officers in their military quarters, that the fineſt army in the world entirely loſt their diſcipline, and remained inactive, whilſt a few levies of raw inſurgents wreſted from the Roman arms the richeſt provinces of the empire. Hiſtory records nothing further of this man's fate or fortune, but leaves us to conclude that the reproaches of his own conſcience and the execrations of poſterity were all the puniſhment he met with. The empire was rent by faction, and his party reſcued him from the diſgrace he merited.

The laſt reſource in all deſperate caſes, which the law cannot, or will not, reach, lies with the people at large: It is not without reaſon I ſtate it as the laſt, becauſe their method of curing diſorders is like the violent medicines of empirics, never to be applied to but in abſolute extremity. If the people were, like Shakeſpear's Julius Cæſar, *never to do wrong but with juſt cauſe*, I ſhould not ſo much dread the operation of their remedies; I ſhall therefore venture no further, than

to expreſs an humble wiſh, that when it ſhall be their high and mighty pleaſure to proceed again to the pulling down and burning of houſes, thoſe houſes may not be the repoſitories of ſcience, but the receptacles of gameſters.

When a man of fortune turns gameſter, the act is ſo devoid of reaſon, that we are at a loſs to find a motive for it; but when one of deſperate circumſtances takes to the trade, it only proves that he determines againſt an honeſt courſe of life for a maintenance, and having his choice to make between robbery and gaming, prefers that mode of depredation, which expoſes him to leaſt danger, and has a coward's plea for his vocation. Such an one may ſay with Antient Piſtol—

" I'll live by Nym, and Nym ſhall live by me,
" And friendſhip ſhall combine and brotherhood;
" Is not this juſt?——"

In the juſtice of his league I do not join with Antient Piſtol, but I am ready to allow there is ſome degree of common ſenſe in this claſs of the brotherhood, of which common ſenſe I cannot trace a ſhadow amongſt the others. A preference therefore in point of underſtanding is clearly due to the vagabonds and deſperadoes; as to the man, who, for the ſilly chance of winning what

what he does not want, riſques every thing he ought to value, his defence is in his folly, and if we rob him of that, we probably take from him the only harmleſs quality he is poſſeſſed of. If however ſuch an inſtance ſhall occur, and the dæmon of gaming ſhall enter the ſame breaſt, where honour, courage, wit, wiſdom reſide, ſuch a mind is like a motley ſuit of cards, where *kings*, *queens* and *knaves* are packed together, and make up the game with temporary good-fellowſhip, but it is a hundred to one but *the knave will beat them all out of doors* in the end.

As there are ſeparate gangs of gameſters, ſo there are different modes of gaming; ſome ſet their property upon games of ſimple chance, ſome depend upon ſkill, others upon fraud.

The gameſters of the firſt deſcription run upon luck: a ſilly crew of Fortune's fools; this kind of play is only fit for them, whoſe circumſtances cannot be made worſe by loſing, otherwiſe there is no proportion between the good and the evil of the chance; for the good of doubling a man's property bears no compariſon with the evil of loſing the whole; in the one caſe he only gains ſuperfluities, in the other he loſes neceſſaries; and he, who ſtakes what life wants againſt that which life wants not, makes a fooliſh bet, to ſay no worſe of it. Games of chance

chance are traps to catch ſchool-boy novices and gaping country-ſquires, who begin with a guinea and end with a mortgage; whilſt the old ſtagers in the game, keeping their paſſions in check, watch the ebb and flow of fortune, till the booby they are pillaging ſees his acres melt at every caſt.

In games of ſkill, depending upon practice, rule and calculation, the accompliſhed profeſſor has advantages, which may bid defiance to fortune; and the extreme of art approaches ſo cloſely to the beginning of fraud, that they are apt to run one into the other: in theſe engagements, ſelf-conceit in one party and diſſimulation in the other are ſure to produce ruin, and the ſufferer has ſomething more than chance to arraign, when he reviews the wreck of his fortune and the diſtreſſes of his family.

The drama of a gameſter commonly has ſelf-murder for its cataſtrophe, and authors, who write to the paſſions, are apt to dwell upon this ſcene with partial attention, as the ſtriking moral of the piece; I confeſs it is a moral, that does not ſtrike me; for as this action, whenever it happens, devolves to the ſhare of the loſing, not of the winning gameſter, I cannot diſcover any particular edification, nor feel any extraordinary pathos, in a man's falling by his own hand, when

when he is no longer in a capacity of doing or ſuffering further injury in ſociety. I look upon every man as a ſuicide from the moment he takes the dice-box deſperately in hand, and all that follows in his career from that fatal time is only ſharpening the dagger before he ſtrikes it to his heart.

My proper concern in this ſhort eſſay is to ſhew, that Gaming is the chief obſtructing cauſe, that affects the ſtate of ſociety in this nation, and I am ſenſible I need not have employed ſo many words to convince my reader that gameſters are very dull and very dangerous companions. When blockheads rattle the dice-box, when fellows of vulgar and baſe minds ſit up whole nights contemplating the turn of a card, their ſtupid occupation is in character; but whenever a cultivated underſtanding ſtoops to the tyranny of ſo vile a paſſion, the friend of mankind ſees the injury to ſociety with that ſort of aggravation, as would attend the taking of his purſe on the highway, if upon ſeizure of the felon, he was unexpectedly to diſcover the perſon of a judge.

END OF THE FIRST VOLUME.

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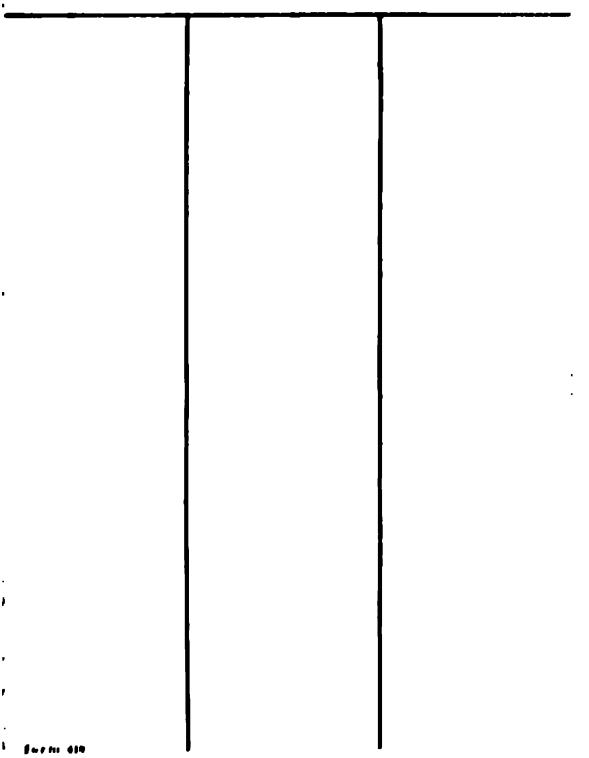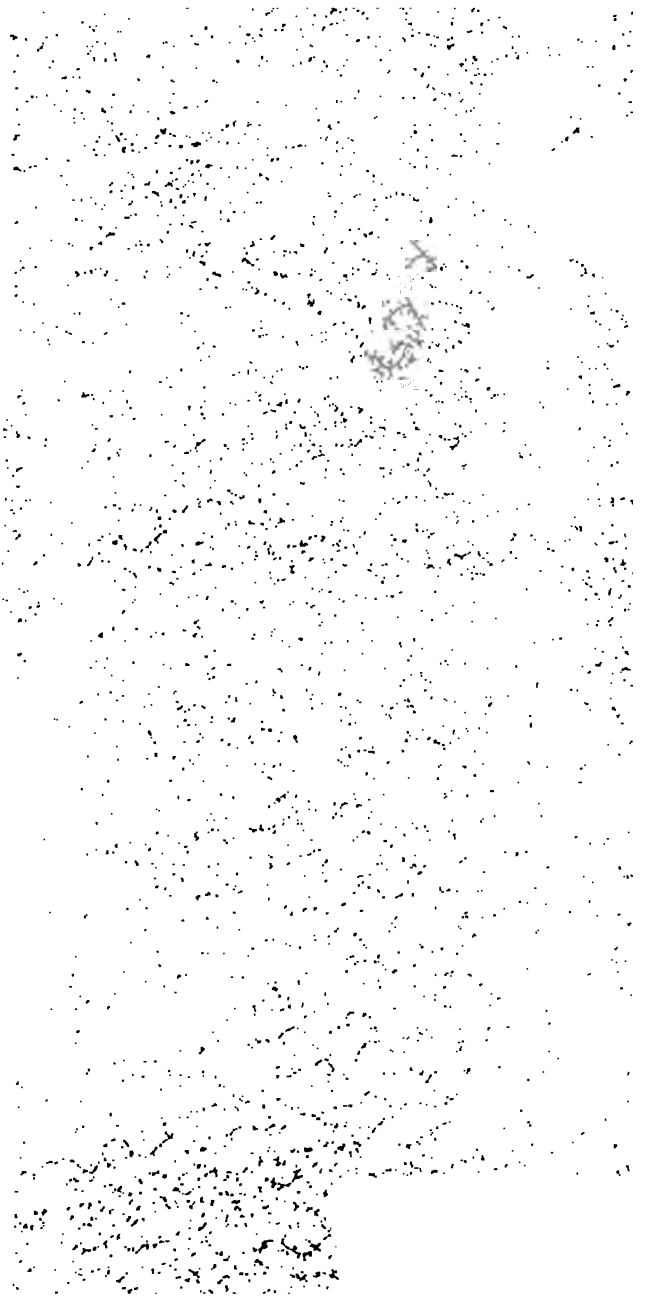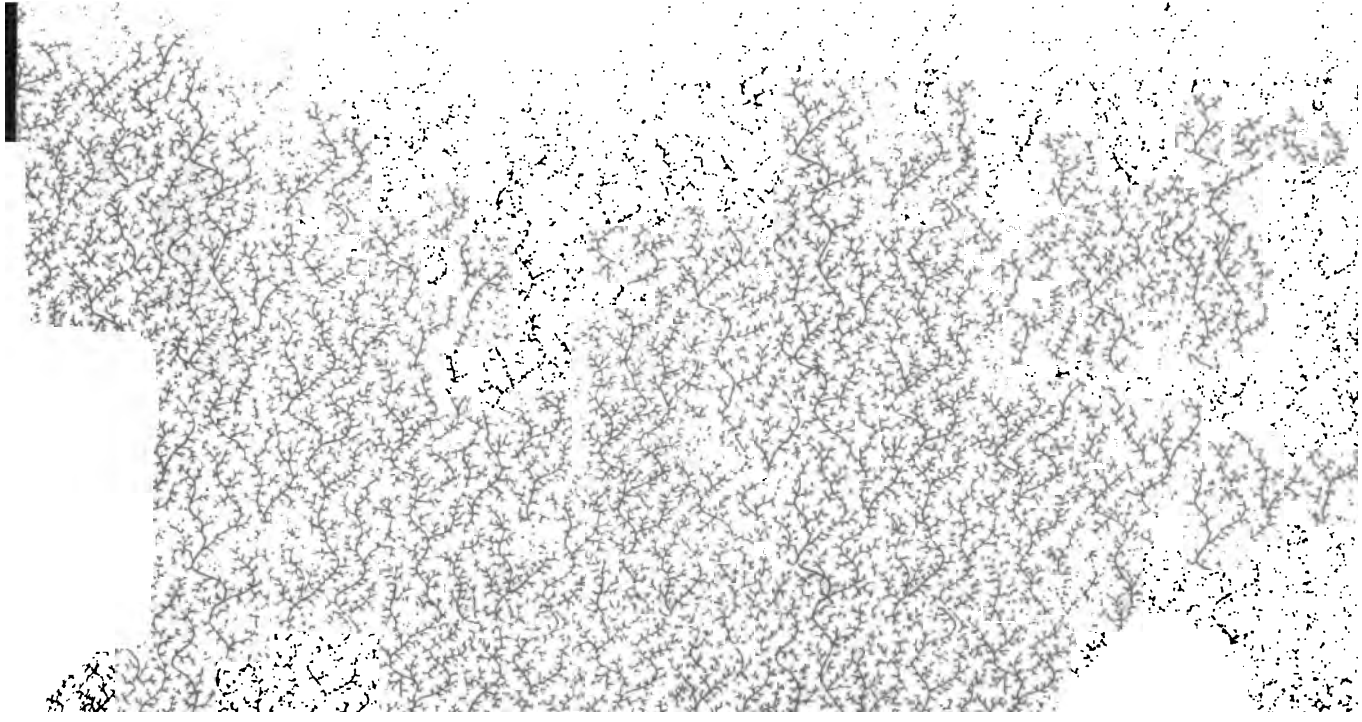
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